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THE PEDAGOGUES AT ARMAGEDDON

BY H. E. BUCHHOLZ

DURING the past twelve months organized American education, trading under the name of the National Education Association, has made marked progress,—but characteristically, along very dubious paths.

In an earlier article, "The Pedagogues Leap To Save Us,"¹ I related the story of how a highly meritorious professional organization of teachers was debauched by the two small groups now in control of it. Founded in 1857, the association pursued a creditable course up to about the time of the World War. It was then that a clique of glory-seeking pedagogues, having conceived the idea of forcing on the country a Federal Department of Education, with a Cabinet job for one of their own number, got a death-grip on the organization. Concurrently, a pious Campbellite from Nebraska, James William Crabtree by name, was put in charge of the headquarters office as secretary, and permitted to surround himself with a staff composed of ardent Methodists and Baptists, all of the uplift school. This second camorra aspired to convert the profession into "a vast unordained ministry of religion who

will find their mission at the teacher's desk," and to that end it proceeded to round up recruits on a wholesale scale. In a relatively short while it had run the membership from the 7,000 representative educators who composed the NEA when Brother Crabtree came on the scene to more than 220,000 pedagogues of any and all sorts, a majority of them teachers who signed up on specific instructions from their superiors.

These two groups—the proponents of a Federal Department of Education and the theological crusaders—found it easily possible to work in harmony, for though they had the common aim of exploiting the public-school teachers *en masse* for their own purposes, those purposes were different and non-conflicting. The Cabinet-job boys reasoned that if the organization became sufficiently large to be a formidable political force they could easily scare Congress into acceptance of their demand for a Department with a portfolio attached, and the do-gooders reasoned that on the basis of the same substantial supporting army they would be able to set up a gigantic reform factory. Under this dual control the real purpose of the association was

¹ THE AMERICAN MERCURY, July, 1932.

gradually submerged, and the time soon came when the crusaders, who were always the noisier, could boast about national conventions at which professional matters were purposely avoided in order that a type of emotionalism could be let loose that suggested the red-hot atmosphere of an old-fashioned Negro camp-meeting.

Only a year back the consecrated Headquarters Staff appeared to be well on the way toward converting, not only all the pedagogues who had been herded into the NEA, but the whole body of American school children as well, into an uplift army that was to make Prohibition permanent, force tobacco advertising from both periodicals and radio programmes through boycott on the one hand and legislation against the other, and godfather a sister to the Mann Act prohibiting the transportation from one State to another of any book or picture that a pedagogical snooper might regard as improper.

In this heroic campaign the official *Journal of the National Education Association*, under the editorship of Brother Joy Elmer Morgan, a Nebraska Methodist, was the leader. Its pages fairly sizzled with inspired tirades—articles, posters, editorials, and quotations—against everything not approved by the Methodist bench of bishops. Typical of these pronunciamientos was the following from Balboa in the Canal Zone:

DRY LAW SETTLED

Speaking tonight from the pulpit of the Union Church here, Senator Smith W. Brookhart of Iowa said Prohibition is a settled question in the United States and most people are not even thinking about it any more. Criticizing newspapers which oppose the Prohibition laws, the Senator asserted: "They joined the agitation *because they would get advertising revenue from the booze business*. There was nothing

for them in Prohibition. Editorial opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment," he said, "is the widest system of falsehood and deception ever put out by any people in the world."

But that was before the Democratic and Republican National Conventions met in Chicago last June.

II

Since then there has been a radical and highly significant change in the tune. In all the numbers of the *Journal* that have come out to the time I write there has been no editorial mention of Prohibition whatever, and even the formal resolutions of the association disclose a remarkable softening of heart toward booze. In 1930 and again in 1931 the spirit was:

The National Education Association *re-affirms its stand in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment* and of the laws enacted thereunder. It urges their vigorous and impartial enforcement and *pledges its support to an active educational campaign in the schools* in behalf of habits of living for which the Eighteenth Amendment stands.

But in the Summer of 1932 a hand-picked resolutions committee working harmoniously with both the portfolio-seekers and the moral camorra got no further than this:

The National Education Association commends the efforts to prevent crime, indorses *the impartial enforcement of all laws*, including the Eighteenth Amendment, and urges teachers in the present emergency to stress particularly *the obligation of good citizenship*.

This sudden retirement of the association and its *Journal* from the Methodist communion was apparently due to a clash between the interests of the proponents of

a Federal Department of Education and those of Brother Crabtree's celestial choir. The farmer, seeing both great parties go wet, began to be uneasy, and when, in November, the wringing wet Mr. Roosevelt beat the half wet Mr. Hoover, there was a quick run for cover. So Brother Crabtree and company had to give up their plan to convert all the schoolma'ms of the country into Carry Nations. A hint of what thus went on under the cover is to be found in an article, "President Roosevelt and Education," which Frank P. Graves, New York State Commissioner of Education, contributed to the *Journal* for last March. I quote:

While President-elect Roosevelt has not spoken directly on education as a national problem, as a disciple of Jeffersonian democracy he ardently believes in the principle of "home rule" and of "State sovereignty" in most matters. His position on such questions is distinctly stated in a radio broadcast during *Collier's* hour on March 3, 1930:

"Wisely or unwisely, people know that under the Eighteenth Amendment, Congress has been given the right to legislate on this particular subject, [the Prohibition issue] *but this is not the case in the matter of a great number of other vital problems of government*, such as the conduct of public utilities, of banks, of insurance, of business, of agriculture, *of education*, of social welfare, and of a dozen other important features. In these, *Washington must not be encouraged to interfere. . . .* The preservation of this 'home rule' by the States is not a cry of jealous Commonwealths seeking their own aggrandizement at the expense of their sister States. *It is a fundamental necessity if we are to remain a truly united country.*"

Mr. Roosevelt has, however, repeatedly shown his faith in the expert and in organized research, *and he may possibly be persuaded* that educational investigation and dissemination are of sufficient importance to entitle them to a Cabinet position of their own.

In other words, let us be careful. The new President's leaning toward Jeffersonianism is disquieting, but if he is not alarmed otherwise, it may still be possible for the association, packed as it is with "experts" and saturated with "organized research," to win his support for the pedagogical portfolio. So the faithful quickly discarded, at least temporarily, their crêpe-draped toppers of Volsteadism, and now the fight for a Department may proceed merrily, if needs be even to the tune of a bacchanal.

This retreat left the uplifters hanging in the air. Having abandoned the war upon John Barleycorn, they had to find some other imaginary dragon that could be delineated as threatening the life and happiness of the American people, including especially the public-school teachers. The result is that now all the moral spit-blowers are being trained on the poor bankers. In this substitution there is evidence of shrewd political acumen, for the bankers are very unpopular, at the White House and elsewhere, and it is as safe and about as courageous to attack them as it would be for a hero outside prison walls to hurl abuse at a life-timer.

The following excerpts from the *Journal* are typical of the arguments now being employed to persuade the public that the mess in which the American educational system finds itself can be traced to the doors of designing Money Interests that are bent upon the ultimate destruction of the public schools:

Greedy bankers, manufacturers, and politicians try to save themselves, forgetting that in a time like this, he who would save his life must lose it in the common good. (*January, 1933.*)

It appears that *the New York bankers*, operating through the banks in the smaller cities and towns, *are attempting to force unnecessary reduction of school budgets.*

Local school leaders may wish to caution their banking friends about this matter, and to remind them that these are the same New York bankers who forced them to buy worthless foreign bonds. (*February, 1933.*)

Powerful forces that are fighting the schools are operating on a nation-wide basis. . . . The *New York* bankers, *who are trying to force down school expenditures*, represent the same group that sold the people of the nation five billion dollars' worth of real estate mortgage bonds which are now in default. (*March, 1933.*)

There are today nation-wide, highly organized, well-financed attacks on the schools *by greedy interests*. . . . Americans today are studying politics and economics as they did in the days of the Boston Tea Party. They are getting ready to throw off a new kind of tyranny—*that of the Wall Street Power Trust oligarchy*. (*March, 1933.*)

A WORD OF CAUTION—Let no teacher underestimate the magnitude of the attack on the schools. It is very powerful. It is highly financed by *greedy interests* who wish to escape taxes *or to keep the people in ignorance*. It is in the hand of forces who understand the importance of organization more clearly than teachers yet do. Their agents reach into every community. They deny the right of representatives of the people acting as members of boards of education to run the schools *in the interests of the people*. In the end the people will have to decide between the rights of their children and the selfish interests which would cripple the schools; between the *New York banker-power trust forces* and their own boards of education. (*April, 1933.*)

Apparently even the venerable John Dewey, of late sporting the pasteboard crown of "honorary life president" of the NEA, has caught the spirit of the boss pedagogues who thus feel it more politic to engage in pantomime battle with imaginary enemies of the tax-supported schools than to defend their own performances in the field of education. At the meeting

of the Department of Superintendence in Minneapolis in the latter part of February some of the innovations of present-day pedagogy came up for critical discussion. According to a semi-official report:¹

Although Professor Dewey was himself at the convention, he left the defense of the innovations that have sprung from or have been assisted by his theories largely in the hands of lieutenants, followers and colleagues. Professor Dewey was more immediately concerned with defending the schools against their outside enemies, *chief of which, in his opinion, is the United States Chamber of Commerce.*

III

If the NEA can make the schoolma'ms of the country believe that the future of the public schools is threatened by some such wicked octopus as Wall Street or the United States Chamber of Commerce, and that the association stands ready to fight for the pedagogues' lives, jobs, and *salaries*, the Headquarters Staff should be able to do a landoffice business in memberships at \$2 each a year. To that end the uplifters are belaboring the ma'ms with demands that they come in at once. For example:

Local, State, and national associations of teachers are rendering valiant service in this time of distress, *but they need the support of every teacher*—not just a loyal few. This year of all years every one in the profession should join *all three organizations*, thus giving stability and strength to the programmes of Service which these associations sponsor. *Let's hang to the rigging!* (*November, 1932.*)

No superintendent of schools, no principal, no board of education, can save the teaching profession during the next ten crucial years. It will require the devoted loyalty and more intelligent action of *the great body of teachers themselves*, working

¹ Boutwell, William Dow: "The Minneapolis Meeting," *School and Society*, March 18, 1933.

in the closest understanding and coöperation with *the parents of the children whom they serve.* (January, 1933.)

There is every indication that the schools are now facing a period of hard years which in many cases may involve their very existence. The time to emphasize *the work of interpretation* is now. (February, 1933.)

The *Journal*, of course, is ready to help in this "work of interpretation." It sells little leaflets for enclosure with report cards, and also has "the inexpensive Dollar Packet for Educational Interpretation, which is made up to meet the needs of each school ordering it."

These leaflets are designed to go to the homes each month. . . . Send in your order promptly. . . . If the schools in your community are threatened, do not sit idly by while the service to the children is cut off. . . . Even though the schools in your community or your State may not now be threatened, *do not neglect to keep close to the homes.* (March, 1933.)

The schools are now threatened so seriously that unless every teacher assumes his share of the responsibility for interpreting school service *to parents, citizens, and taxpayers*, the children are certain to suffer. Three effective ways of interpreting schools are: First, to visit the homes of pupils, to inquire about their needs, to express interest in their progress and the formation of their character; second, to send regularly to parents along with report cards *simple messages giving information and inspiration*; third, to take active part in parent-teacher meetings which are a most important phase of adult education. (February, 1933.)

The important point is to have a few pivotal facts and to emphasize and re-emphasize these facts until they are *well established in the thinking of all the people.* (Crabtree's Annual Report.)

There is constant drumming on the idea that one of the jobs of the public-school teacher is to go from door to door as a canvasser selling the schools to parents:

Nothing could do more to *humanize* the schools and *to tie them to the hearts of parents* than for every teacher to visit every home represented in his class in this friendly, understanding way. . . . If the teacher is too busy to perform this essential educational service, either there is bad planning or *the teaching load is too heavy.* (November, 1932.)

Let every teacher visit the home of every child represented in his classes. Let him express to the parents *his deep interest in the child's welfare.* . . . Let him find things in the child's development to praise. Let him lead both parents and child to think of the school as a place of happiness, opportunity, hard work, and wholesome play. (Crabtree's Annual Report.)

This missionary work, it appears, will not only save the schools from Wall Street, but also end the Depression and cure all the other sorrows of the age:

Visiting teachers and other social workers, who go directly into the homes, *can point the way from poverty, disease, ignorance and economic instability.* (April, 1933.)

Brother Crabtree is apparently convinced, in fact, that all that is necessary to bring in a new Golden Age is to set all of the schoolma'ms to pulling door-bells and hawking the Enlightenment. He says:

The National Education Association was born amid stress, fear, and uncertainty. When it was organized in 1857 there hung over the nation's life the dark cloud of slavery and the dread spectre of civil war and disunion. . . . While the new organization began its work *too late to prevent the Civil War*, it has been a leading factor in reuniting the North and the South in heart as well as in form.

Brother Crabtree here hit upon a novel and thrilling selling point, and the *Journal* has not been slow to follow the trail. Since he wrote, Brother Morgan, the editor, has been recalling proudly the wonderful ac-

accomplishments of the association in surmounting great national difficulties, especially panics, and whooping up the talent of the inspired pedagogues, male and female, for solving every imaginable public problem. For example:

1857 was a year of terrible panic. . . . Hardship was everywhere, and yet looking back to 1857 from this distance we can see that *it was a time of seed sowing*. The *Atlantic Monthly*, established in that year, began setting new literary standards for the nation. *The National Education Association was organized*. The foundations were laid at that time for preserving the Union. (*December, 1932.*)

It is the high privilege of the teachers of America to turn the minds of the people away from violence, whether the revolutionary ideas originate among the greedy who talk about the failure of democratic government, which they have always sought to weaken and undermine, or whether these ideas are born of injustice, want, and despair among the poor. *The teacher is the savior of the people. . . .* He is the employé and the servant of the entire people, in a position to *insist that on the part of both rich and poor there shall be justice and understanding*. (*March, 1933.*)

Unfortunately, the part that the pedagogues had in bringing about the present Depression is too obvious to require more than brief consideration. Certainly it received a substantial impetus when the tax-ridden American people began to realize that their cities were going bankrupt, and that the enormous cost of the public schools was largely to blame. The question is not whether or not other departments of the government besides that of public education helped to cause these bankruptcies. The schools, here under scrutiny, cannot refute the charge that the pace they set for money-spending was one that could not be maintained except in boom times, and that when boom times ended the

pedagogues were encouraged by those who dictate the NEA's politics to insist that there be no retrenchment in the matter of public education, but that, instead, a period of Depression represented the ideal time for expanding its scope and cost:

Out of these dire difficulties we may gain a new and wider recognition of the importance of education to the economic and social welfare of our nation; *an extension of the period of regular schooling to eighteen years*; a multiplication of the opportunity for adult education. (*Crabtree's Report.*)

And as late as February of this year, when unemployment seemed to have the country in a death grip, Ellwood P. Cubberly of Stanford University, addressing the Department of Superintendence of the NEA, blandly proposed that machines be used to replace more employed men so that more money would be available for the public schools, with the added hint that we have so many people in America that if some adults are killed by automobile accidents—or possibly starvation—it will not matter greatly to those who put the Child First:

The actual waste of money on our highways today in the employment of men to do by hand labor what could be done far better and far cheaper by machinery, is enormous. The proposals for grade-separation improvements, too, to prevent some careless or fate-tempting driver who scorns to "stop, look and listen" from killing himself, are tremendously expensive and could easily be postponed. One could maintain a good-size city school system for a year on what one important grade-separation project would cost. *With the present general surplus of population*, there is little need today for curtailing the education of thousands of school children that some careless or drunken driver should be prevented from killing himself by trying to dispute the right of way with a locomotive. (*School and Society, March 4, 1933.*)

IV

So far, so good. But a review of all that the pedagogical statesmen are now saying and advocating shows that there is still a considerable confusion among them. All the old reliable spellbinders have mounted the rostrum at the same time, and some of them are shouting words that are meaningless to others and maybe even to themselves. For example, at the meeting at which Joseph Rosier was elected president of the NEA, the organization passed a resolution condemning *particularly* reducing the salaries of teachers:

Either direct cuts or the substitution of cheap teachers for those who are competent, experienced, and reasonably paid is a blow to school morale and child welfare.

And yet Brother Rosier, in his first encyclical, a few weeks later, said:

The teachers of our country *do not rely upon materialistic conceptions of value* in their struggle for educational and professional advancement. They have learned to appreciate and understand the supreme intellectual and spiritual values.

In the *Journal* for March an article was published which certainly did not support Dr. Rosier's claim that pedagogues are not mercenary. It was entitled "Firm Stand Prevents Salary Cut," and it told how the municipal authorities of Newport, R. I., proposed a reduction in the salaries of all city employes, including firemen, policemen, and teachers. Charles Carroll of Providence, the NEA State director, raised the question whether the municipality had a right to reduce the salaries of the teachers, and the outcome was that the matter was submitted to the pedagogues themselves, with the suggestion that they take the proposed cut voluntarily. Despite their appreciation of "supreme intellectual and

spiritual values," they voted unanimously against any reduction. All of which prompted Mr. Carroll to observe:

It may open the eyes of some people to a wisdom in "schoolmasters and school-ma'ams" not usually possessed by politicians.

One group of the spellbinders for the public school racket is bent upon bluffing the tax-payer into believing that the system as it is now constituted is somehow sacred and beyond criticism: it aims to give the impression that only wicked politicians are for reducing its costs. At the same time another group of spellbinders, speaking for the same principle, but suspecting that if the present tax burden on real estate is increased property-owners may be thrown into bankruptcy, is flirting with the wicked politicians in the hope of getting permission to save the racket with Federal funds. From the 1932 NEA resolutions:

The Federal government, through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, should make available to the several States *sufficient funds to safeguard public education against retrenchment*. Congress should not overlook the fact that our public schools are self-liquidating enterprises, not in the sense that toll bridges are self-liquidating, *but in a sense more vital*. Particularly in the present crisis, retrenchment in education is dangerous, for education is the chief bulwark of the nation against the destructive forces of extreme radicalism.

Thus the pedagogues wander in Babel-dom. At the same time that one group is engaged in denying that any extravagances have been introduced into the schools, another group is explaining that responsibility for the more costly innovations rests upon the shoulders of laymen. At a Conference on the Crisis in Education held in Washington last January, according to the *Journal*:

Dean Judd, speaking for the American Council, called the attention of the delegates to the fact that many school innovations have been brought about *by social pressure* and not by over-ambitious members of the educational profession. He was seconded in this viewpoint by President Rosier of the National Education Association and Editor Morgan of the *Journal*.

But even if the Judd charge were true it would not clear the pedagogue of the complaints laid against him. Rather it would indicate that he is even more inefficient than has been suspected, in that he permitted the judgment of laymen to be substituted for his own supposedly "expert" judgment. As a matter of fact, however, Dr. Judd's alleged "social pressure" has invariably been instigated by the pedagogues themselves, and it has served admirably as an excuse for them to do the reckless things they wished to do.

Editor Morgan, who seconded the Judd charge, is the same man who, only a short time before, was advocating in the *Journal* all sorts of costly and preposterous innovations. High-schools were to be converted into colleges; the educational system was to be carried down to the infant level; teachers' loads were to be reduced to as little as ten pupils, so as to eliminate unemployment, and a Federal university was to be started in Washington, at an annual maintenance cost of a trifling \$6,146,000, to train superintendents and supervisors despite the present surplus of them.

Again, in an article entitled "The Kindergarten and Nursery School," by Professor George D. Stoddard, of the University of Iowa, which appeared in December, 1922, *Journal*—a few weeks before the Washington "Emergency" Conference—one finds this:

"For younger children, nursery schools and kindergartens to supplement home care."

These eleven words quoted from the official recommendations of the White House Conference constitute one of the most revolutionary proposals in American education. Translated into actuality in terms of buildings, equipment, staff, and training facilities, it amounts to a proposal to spend at least *a half billion dollars per year on the education of more than five million children thus far completely out of contact with our educational programme.*

And this:

[Here] we have a supplementing of home care rather than a replacement of it. At the same time freeing the mother during a certain portion of the day permits her *to carry on work for pay and recreational or cultural activities.*

In other words, half a billion more dollars of the groaning taxpayers' money is to be spent annually to afford mothers who cannot employ nurse-maids an opportunity to enter the already overcrowded field of unskilled, part-time wage-earners or to join a few more bridge clubs!

V

Let us now turn to another line of argument offered by the embattled pedagogues. Once more Professor Judd is the spokesman. His speech, "Education, the Nation's Safeguard," delivered in Washington in February, 1922, before the Department of Superintendence, so impressed the Headquarters Staff that it was published in the *Journal* and also issued as a pamphlet. I quote from it:

Formerly, industry protected many children and housed them in its factories. The protection which it gave was, to be sure, sometimes a fraud because it exploited children and profited by their cheap labor. As industrial processes became increasingly complicated, industry found it less and less profitable to keep the children in

factories. Of late years industry has not wanted children; it has shut its doors to them. Sometimes it has offered to the public the pretense that it is filled with the spirit of philanthropy. Many a law compelling children to attend school has been passed in the name of charity *when it was in fact a law excluding children from industry*. Go, if you will, today with the youth who has completed the curriculum of an elementary or secondary school, or, for that matter, of a college, and see him in the market place or at the door of the shop offering his services. See him ask for a place in the world of productive labor. You know how his application is received.

This may be supplemented with an excerpt from the Boutwell report on the Minneapolis meeting in February:

All that education asked was modest financial support and the useful employment of its pupil product. At Minneapolis organized education finally awakened to the fact that the only two demands it makes on American society are being rejected. Financial support is being withdrawn. *The only occupation open to its carefully prepared graduates is that of tramp.*

The so-called "modest financial support" calls for no comment; but the allegation that industry backed the school-attendance laws in order to get rid of applicants for work certainly deserve notice. Who but a pedagogue would believe this? Certainly it required no law to refuse employment to the young; moreover, if industry is really as crafty as Dr. Judd pictures it, it would not by statute lock the factory door to the employment of children lest the time come when it might wish to employ them again. Moreover, out of the Babel comes the *Journal*, taking the other side!

While millions of men are walking the streets of America jobless, hundreds of thousands of children *are being exploited in industry*. . . . There still remain unscrupulous employers and parents who are

willing to profit by the labor of children. . . . This type of child labor could and should be promptly and permanently eliminated *by properly enforced legislation.* (March, 1933.)

And at the same time Brother Crabtree, in his annual report, is proposing that the compulsory attendance age be raised to eighteen!

It was actually the pedagogues themselves, suffering from an itch to expand the school plant and its cost, who sold the public high-school to the country, just as they are now trying to sell it nursery schools. For years they filled the land with arguments that the earning capacity of any individual could be definitely increased, no matter what his native equipment, for every year that his schooling was prolonged. Schoolization, not education, was held forth as the vital thing. If the thought may arise that this was a humanistic move to force children from the streets into the schools, even if at public expense, the testimony of both Judd and Boutwell shows that the schools bungled the job they so recklessly undertook.

VI

Unintentionally, doubtless, the schoolmen's own kingfish, Commissioner of Education William John Cooper, has punctured the bladders with which the pedagogues have been walloping business men for the mess into which education has fallen. Speaking before the Department of Superintendence in February he said:

It seems to me that in this crisis business leadership has failed us. Will society turn to education and say: "You tell us what to do"? When I find that more than three-fourths of the high-school work of 1,000 prospective teachers in twenty-four universities and colleges has been in the fields of English, foreign languages, mathe-

matics and history, and that approximately a third of their college work is in these fields rather remote from present-day problems, I wonder whether we shall prove also to be without the preparation for the leadership which the age demands.

That Commissioner Cooper should have these doubts about the ability of the pedagogues to train efficient leaders, after his long years of noting the type of individual that organized pedagogy selects for its own leaders, is not surprising. The present mess of public education, in truth, is directly traceable to the wretched quality of its leadership. It would be unfair to presume that in the whole field of education there are no men capable of courageous and efficient leadership, just as it would be unfair to conclude that under the froth and scum there is not much that is sound and meritorious in the public schools. But those who are capable of sensible and decent leadership are used very sparingly by organized education.

Occasionally I am condemned by schoolmen as a destructive critic. If I am it is because the matters I discuss, when truthfully revealed, are commonly self-condemnatory. I could name a group of educators that would be able to lead public education out of the wilderness and keep it from straying back for at least a generation. Naturally, considering my associations, such a list must needs include some of my friends, but to protect it from the charge of personal bias a like number of educators with whom I have only slight acquaintance has been added and also a like number whom I know only through their work. Here is the list:

College presidents: Nicholas Murray Butler, Lotus D. Coffman, Harry W. Chase.
College deans: George F. Arps, J. B. Edmonson, John W. Hall.

College teachers: William C. Bagley, Edgar W. Knight, Henry C. Morrison.

State superintendents: Ernest W. Butterfield, James M. McConnell, Albert S. Cook.

City superintendents: Frank W. Ballou, Zenos E. Scott, R. G. Jones.

Would organized education in America entrust its destiny to such a group? I doubt it for two reasons: first, the two cliques that now dominate the NEA would be left out, and, secondly, the pedagogues in general have grown so accustomed to having quacks imposed on them that they are no longer capable of exercising sound judgment in choosing leaders. Note what Mr. Boutwell says:

A scene in the Peacock Alley of the Curtis Hotel on Monday afternoon caught, in a sense, the point of view of the convention. Seated in one of those throne-room type of hotel lobby chairs was nonchalant Mr. Howard Scott, prophet of Technocracy. Around him, three deep, bent forward in rapt attention, were school administrators. They were shooting questions at him. He was expounding, with technological trimmings, a combination of Spengler's "Decline of the West" and More's "Utopia." His listeners were playing hookey from some very worthy educational meetings to look into a new world.

In other words, the pedagogues as a whole are so stupid that in a time of Depression, with the public schools under fire and confronted with terrific problems, they play hookey from professional meetings called to discuss those problems, and sit idiotically at the feet of a man whose attempts at serious discussion were so comical that he was thrown out of the first professional group with which he sought to ally himself. Discarded and derided in New York, he journeys to Minneapolis and becomes a prophet to the pedagogues!

THE TRUTH BEHIND THE NEWS

BY MILDRED GILMAN

THE tabloid has created for its public a great catalogue of tried and tested bromides. Every news story must fit into its proper niche, from which it emerges clothed in the proper adjectives. Dull characters are romanticized, sordid details are glamorized. A drab prostitute becomes a Midnight Moll or a Light O' Love, and any young girl or boy who packs a gun is a Thrill Bandit, a Two-Gun Sally, or a Three-Gun Bill. Mrs. Michael Slatz, who kills her husband because she is tired of seeing him come home to her without a job, is a Hate Killer. A tired old man, befuddled with dope, who murders his bigamous second wife and burns her body to hide the evidence is a Torch Fiend.

Who would read a line about Mrs. Slatz if the reporter wrote honestly that she was a pinched, homely woman of forty-five, shapeless from child-bearing, toothless, frantic with hunger, who finally, in a moment of desperate rage, shot Mr. Slatz as he lay sleeping beside her? The story wouldn't make more than a small box on page eight. But after the reporter has dressed Mrs. Slatz up a bit, made her more attractive, brought in a possible Other Woman, a Soul Mate for poor Mr. Slatz, then the story begins to have promise. Yet this same truth-loving public is always shouting for "what really happens", the actual "lowdown" on the news. Radio talks are based on this new craze, and there are dozens of "truth" magazines

on the market. (One of the most famous of these truth magazines, incidentally, makes all of its contributors sign an affidavit before selling a story, swearing that none of the characters or incidents is taken from real life.)

If the public *really* begins to want the truth beyond the news, the bare unadorned facts, then the reporters' task will be much simpler. For it is not always easy to make stories fit into their proper molds. There was recently, for instance, the case of an Italian gangster's widow. I had orders to fit her into the Faithful Wife mold. Something like this:

SLAIN SHEIK'S WIFE FAITHFUL
AFTER BRIGHT LIGHTS SWEETIE
DESERTS HIM.

BULLET RIDDLED BEER KING
COMES HOME IN DEATH TO DE-
SERTED WIFE'S HUMBLE TENE-
MENT.

"I LOVE HIM EVEN THOUGH HE
WRONGED ME FOR ANOTHER
WOMAN AND LEFT ME TO STRUG-
GLE FOR HIS KIDDIES, WHILE HE
SPENT MONEY LIKE WATER."

FAITHFUL WIDOW FIGHTS FOR
CHURCH BURIAL FOR SLAIN BEER
BARON.

It seemed an easy story at first. There was the deserted wife, middle-aged, work-worn, weeping bitterly before the bier of her handsome husband. The tenement was humble and the Sheik's children looked thin and neglected. There was no

doubt he had been a dog to his wife and family, and had come back to them only when carried in a coffin, and because there was no place else for him to go.

He made an impressive corpse laid out in an imitation silver coffin, heaped with floral set-pieces, candles burning at his head and feet. There was a twisted smile on his smooth face: his widow told me that was where the undertaker had filled in one of the twenty-four bullet holes with wax. The Sheik's father, who owned a push-cart, rocked himself back and forth, staring down at his dead son, tears running through his dirty grey whiskers. His old mother lay, a moaning mass, against his coffin. She knocked over a Gates Ajar of tea roses with "To our Pal, Johnnie, Rest in Peace" worked across it in violets. Her daughter-in-law chided her and replaced the piece beside a broken column of carnations and a tall harp of lilies.

Someone shoved a thin-legged little girl into the room. She hid her face with her hands, screamed and fought her way out. The mother shrugged her shoulders, shouted a curse after the girl, and explained: "She's afraid to look at her own father, rest in peace. She never seen him much."

One of the wife's relatives came over to me and nodded toward the corpse. "He was dirty to her when he was alive, but my sister, she'll be rich now. He's filthy with dough. A friend of mine went to his night club, seen him throw away a fifty dollar bill one night. Threw it away just to show off. But he couldn't even buy shoes for his kiddies." He made a subdued Bronx cheer in the direction of the corpse, but his sister did not appreciate his solicitude for her. She rushed over to the Sheik, crossed herself, wiped her nose, and then swooped down and kissed his cold hand.

It was part of my assignment to inform the widow that she wasn't going to inherit anything from her handsome husband. The latest word was that his night club was on the verge of bankruptcy. He was trying to recoup his finances when he was killed by a rival gangster. I explained lamely to the widow, but she didn't understand the word "bankrupt".

Then I mentioned Ada Louise, the cabaret dancer. That was enough. She had heard of that viper, that fiend in human form who had stolen the love of her husband from her, and made him blind to everything good and decent. Hanging was too good for such a girl, but now, God be praised, he was free of her at last, safe at home in the bosom of his family and about to be returned to his Maker. Here she wept vigorously and explained with sobs that no amount of talking, no amount of piety in Johnnie's immediate family, could persuade the parish priest to allow him to lie in consecrated ground, or have the burial service read over him.

I had one more thing to tell her and I was eager to get it over with and leave the crowded room. I felt ill. The odors of garlic and sweat mingled with the stale over-sweet smell of lilies, all of it permeated by the faint odor of death.

"What did you think about his making out all his insurance to Ada Louise?" I asked dutifully.

She caught what I meant instantly. I was the first to break the news. She snatched my arm and ground her fingers into it. The close tenement parlor electrified suddenly, with relatives closing in on me. Johnnie alone remained oblivious, smirking, serenely unconscious of the fuss he had created, laid out with faultless correctness in his professional dinner clothes. Even his old mother deserted his side in her curiosity.

They screamed all at once, Johnnie's relatives fighting with the wife's relatives. I tried to push my way out of the crowd toward the back door, but the widow lunged after me. Someone pulled me out of her way; someone else held her. There was blood in her eye. When she saw I was out of her reach, she turned toward Johnnie, screaming, cursing. I didn't want to look. Men shouted, children wept. I hurried down the stuffy back stairs and to the office to write my story.

The public would not like an evil-smelling story of a wife attacking her dead husband because he had left her no money. So I began:

There is one little woman who has clung to the murdered beer baron, Johnnie the Sheik, in spite of his cruel neglect of her —his wife.

II

There is an unwritten law among the thrill papers for the protection of their readers: never admit that a killer is insane until you have to, and fight even then for his sanity. Insanity ruins a story. It detracts from the menace and brilliant wickedness of the killer, it cheapens the crime, it ruins the lugubrious threat of the last walk to the electric chair. If it is too obvious the trial itself will be lost.

It was for the protection of the public which likes to see a crime story well handled that no one admitted the obvious insanity of a New Jersey baby-killer, although now that the smoke and fire of her trial and twenty-year sentence have died away, she is actually in an institution for the criminally insane.

Iron Mae, the Sphinx Woman, adored children. She was unmarried and had none of her own, so when her cousin died she begged to be allowed to adopt the

cousin's two youngest, a boy of two and a girl of four years. She was given custody of the children, although, according to testimony brought out later, her relatives knew that she had a fierce, uncontrolled temper. Months later the skeletons of the two infants were found crudely buried in vacant fields, and shortly afterward Iron Mae was tracked down and taken into custody. Then the dual battle began, first to break down the Sphinx Woman and make her confess, second to maintain at all costs the illusion of her sanity. The reporters worked hard for the preservation of her sanity, and the new district attorney with his first murder trial at stake also worked hard. Had this fight to keep Mae sane broken down, the story could have been covered in six barren lines:

Mae —, a dangerous paranoic who has frequently exhibited homicidal tendencies, has been committed to the State Asylum for the Criminally Insane. She tortured two infants committed to her care until death resulted.

The prosecutor, in despair of ever getting a confession, decided to "reënact the crime". To that end he first visited the house in which Mae admitted she had temporarily secreted the body of the older child because she was afraid the manner of its death would be questioned. She said it fell down and died after a gentle slap administered by herself. The prosecutor barred reporters, so I decided to go ahead to the house, which now lodged a poor family, and try to remain there while Mae was being questioned. The poor people welcomed me, glad to be forewarned of the prosecutor's visit. I told them that it was important that Mae should not recognize me, and they gave me an old coat and a pair of spectacles for a disguise. They also let me hold one of the

sniveling babies. I was part of the family when the prosecutor, the detectives, and Mae entered the house.

I soon learned why reporters had been excluded. Midnight Mae, the murderess, was more than a match for her questioners. She entered the shabby house haughtily, the perfect lady that she frequently stated herself to be. Although she had been a hostess in a cheap dance-hall, and a prostitute, she bore an air of refinement, her clothes were neat and tastefully fitted, her make-up was subtle and not garish. She considered herself far above the shouting mobs who hurled threats of lynching at her whenever she appeared.

"Yes," she said, half closing her eyes, "I recognize this house."

The prosecutor roared at her, pointing down a narrow dark stairway: "Is that the basement where you buried poor Tommy?"

"It was Dolly I buried down there," she replied haughtily, "not Tommy. *Please* don't use that tone of voice to me."

She stopped to arrange her hair and powder her nose in front of a hall mirror before going down into the basement with the detectives. The descent was plainly distasteful to her. She avoided the loose dirt with her high-heeled slippers, and ducked her blonde head, holding her hat in one hand so that it would not be soiled. She identified the spot where she had buried the older child's body.

Still the prosecutor had no good first degree murder charge against her. Mae explained again casually, for the hundredth time, how the two-year-old child had fallen downstairs. She pointed out the curving, narrow second-floor stairs patiently. She made a gesture toward the kitchen sink, where she said she had held his head under the faucet trying to revive him.

The detectives and prosecutor looked ill and shaken with the cold horror of her recital. How could they break her? How could they make her admit the obvious murders? There were no witnesses, although neighbors had testified that they heard frequent childish screams when Mae lived in this house, that she kept the children locked in, that occasional glimpses of them at windows showed bruised, ghost-like little faces. Mae herself admitted that they often went for days without food.

"Is that all?" she asked finally in a bored tone. She had been through three days and nights of steady grilling and it was growing tiresome for her. "You keep asking me the same questions," she said, annoyed. But she was rather amused at finding herself in her old home. She recognized a kitchen cupboard. She chuckled the baby I held in my arms playfully under the chin. Her hard grey-green eyes softened.

"I just adore babies," she said.

III

Another criminal type the public enjoys vastly is the Boy Desperado, the don't-give-a-damn, two-gun type of thrill bandit who shoots his way to the electric chair.

The Bad Boy Killer of York, Pa., was made for the headlines. He claimed to be only fourteen years old, but he was as big as a man. The headlines ran riot:

BAD BOY RING-LEADER OF HEX MURDER TRIO.

BOY WITCH KILLER DISHONORABLY DISCHARGED FROM NAVY AT THIRTEEN FOR FALSIFYING AGE.

YOUTHFUL DESPERADO SAID TO HAVE PLOTTED MURDER OF AGED HERMIT.

PRECOCIOUS YOUTH INSISTS HE
"DID IT FOR A THRILL."

"I WANTED TO SEE WHAT THIS
WITCH BUSINESS IS ALL ABOUT,"
SAYS SLAYER OF AGED WITCH
DOCTOR.

People shuddered when they thought of this dreadful young desperado. At last he had fulfilled the prophesies of his family and his home town by helping to murder an old man. He and two grown men, one of them more than twice his age, insisted that their victim was a witch-doctor who had held a spell over one of them. They said they were trying to obtain a lock of his hair to bury nine feet deep in the ground in order to lift the spell. In his struggle to keep his hair, he was beaten to death.

The Boy Desperado maintained his pose well. Newspaper pictures always showed a crooked smile on his smooth, handsome face. He leered at his interviewers in the jail and read the *Police Gazette*. He crossed his long trousered legs and let a cigarette hang out of the corner of his mouth. Nobody believed he was only fourteen years old. He was delighted at being considered older than his age.

Even on the stand, fighting for his life, he lived up to his public's expectations of him. He described the murder coolly, with the slanting smile still on his face. He grinned when the prosecutor referred to him as "this man who claims to be a boy."

Then the defence lawyer asked him about his step-father, who was supposed to have treated him badly. Suddenly without warning the Desperado crumpled, and a scared little boy burst into sobs and cried out for his mother.

She took the stand later, frightened at facing so many people. She referred to her second husband as Pop.

"Pop used to get behind the barn and throw stones at John when John wasn't much more than a baby. Once he turned John out of the house when he was sick. John couldn't work and Pop said he was lazy. He had to go to my cousin's and he nearly died of pneumonia." Later she said, "I should have left Pop before all this happened. He just wouldn't quit devilling John. I guess he's satisfied, now the boy's in jail."

The judge gave John a life sentence. The town was glad to be rid of him.

I walked home with his mother after the trial. When we reached her grey, shabby doorstep she stooped down and picked up an envelope that had been half shoved under the door.

She opened it. "It's John's birth certificate. I sent for it over a week ago. Now, if this had just come yesterday instead of today, those men would have *had* to believe he's only fourteen."

IV

As a result of these York trials the public demand for witch stories was intense. We had orders to scour the countryside for them. The public wanted its blood chilled with magic. We wrote:

WITCHES TERRIFY COUNTY—
LIFE SAVINGS OF POOR WRESTED
FROM THEM.

FARMERS OF PENNSYLVANIA
TERRORIZED BY HEX-DOCTORS.

MURDER BARES QUAKER STATE
FANTASIES—VOODOOISTS VIE
WITH DEITY IN PENNSYLVANIA.

HUNDREDS OF INNOCENT
BABES ARE POW-WOW VICTIMS.

I felt nervous going to call on one of the oldest of the witch-doctors, a crone of eighty, famous for her cures. With misgivings I instructed my taxi-driver to

break into the house if I didn't reappear within a reasonable time.

The witch-doctor met me at the door of her little paintless house. She was bent and frail, and looked even older than her eighty years. I told her that I didn't feel well, that my appetite was bad, and that I suffered from loneliness.

She felt me about the ribs with her long claw-like hands and shook her head sadly.

"You've got the opnemma," she said, and seeing me bewildered, added, "That's the takin'-off, and you got it bad. You need the cure."

"What is the takin'-off?"

"It's a fallin' away of the flesh from the ribs, and a sickenin' of the spirit."

She led me up rickety stairs to an upper room and fetched a ball of white wool from a bureau drawer.

"Take off your clothes down to the waist, dear," she said. "Now, don't be afraid. I ain't going to hurt you. I never hurt anyone yet and everyone around here can tell you the lives I saved. And another thing"—her steel spectacles shook with wrath—"all this stuff you're reading in the papers about witch-doctors, don't you believe it. That's a pack of lies. Them fellows that killed that old man they weren't no kind of doctors; they were just plain crooks looking for his money. They didn't think he had no spell on them at all."

"Did they get any money?"

"Somewheres around thirty dollars." She was busy winding the wool thrice around my waist. It was dark in the room, the one small window cut off by the slope of the roof. The old woman lighted a kerosene lamp and set it on the bureau in the center of a mat with a red embroidered motto: "God Loves Me."

She mumbled a prayer, and laid a wide circle of wool on the floor and I had to

jump in and out of it three times. Everything went by the magic number three. She burned the shell of an egg wrapped three times with wool and again shook her head sadly.

"You've got a stubborn case, and it ain't taking hold like it should. It's worse than I thought at first."

I looked worried and she said, "Don't expect to notice any lessenin' of the ailment till you've been here three times. I want you twice more." Her stiff old fingers helped me on with my blouse.

She wouldn't take money for the first treatment, not till the cure was finished and satisfactory. She was vehement about that. She wore men's shoes and her sharp elbows had broken through the careful darning of her grey sweater. Suddenly she said, "Don't believe any of them newspaper lies—about killing babies. Why, say, I've straightened hundreds of little babies out of convulsions, and I've saved lots more from the takin'-off—just like I'm going to save you. It's wicked, printing that stuff. I'm going right on practising, even if they come along and take me off to jail. I know my work's good and the Lord don't want me to stop it."

There were tears in her eyes. She seemed lonesome in the dismal little house all by herself. I could see, in the kitchen, a single pot boiling on the woodstove.

She pulled me down to her and kissed me quickly on one cheek. "God bless you," she said. "You're lucky you come here to me. I'll make you all right, dear. Some of them doctors downtown, they're bad. They live like kings and swindle money away from the poor. I don't call them doctors. I call them crooks. They practise black magic. There's as much difference between black magic and white as there is between night and day."

"What is the difference?"

"Them black magic fellows are in with the Devil. They claim they can grow an arm or leg back on you, and they can pull the evil spirits right out of you. White magic don't make no such claims. White magic cures up simple things like erisipilus and opnemma and convulsions and epileptic fits and bad chest colds. White magic is good magic. Come back tomorrow, dear. Goodbye."

V

Sometimes a criminal finds it pretty hard going when he falls into the wrong newspaper category. There is no getting out of it. Once a Torch Fiend, always a Torch Fiend. The first reporters at the scene of the crime set the tone of it. Ruth Snyder made a bad mistake in her relations with the press and slipped into the Iron Woman category instead of into that of the sympathetic, misunderstood wife. She tried being hard-boiled like the Boy Witch Killer. She thought she could defy the world. If she had been less flippant and more deft she might have escaped the electric chair as so many pretty husband killers have done, and be applying for a pardon today.

More than once the central character of a story has been sacrificed to give the public its thrill. I recall a woman whose baby had been kidnapped. She was frantic with grief, and the public apparently shared her grief. But it couldn't go on weeping at the same picture of her all the time. New pictures were needed to keep sympathy inflamed. So a sob-sister was sent to the mother with the encouraging news that a baby had just been turned in at Bellevue. She rushed the woman, full of hope, to the hospital. There the poor mother discovered that the newly found infant was a colored baby. Her

grief was redoubled. She staggered down the steps weeping blindly.

A photographer stationed at the bottom of the steps took a picture of her agony. The public got its good cry.

GRIEVING MOTHER DISCOVERS THAT BELLEVUE INFANT IS NOT HERS.

MOTHER'S HOPES DASHED BY BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.

Every once in a while the bored housewives of the nation need a good vicarious Orgy. They are more contented with their lot if they can thrill to the glammers of illicit love and the Price That Every Woman Pays.

The trial of Earle Peacox in White Plains for the murder of his wife produced a very good one. A great to-do was made by the reporters and the prosecution about the brazen prostitute who had gone to Earle's home after his wife had left him to live in New York. Stories were written about the Crimson Delights enjoyed by Earle and this Midnight Moll, their wild orgies in the little home which should have been sacred to Earle's wife, even though she had deserted it. The headlines thus heralded the girl's appearance on the stand:

SCARLET WOMAN TO REVEAL SEX ORGIES WITH TORCH FIEND.

DIME-A-DANCE GIRL TO TELL OF INTIMATE RELATIONS WITH WIFE-SLAYER.

Then the Scarlet Woman took the stand. She was very young and frightened, and pathetically eager to do and say the right thing. She worried about her dress and hitched it down over her knees. Her skin had an unhealthy color from her long detention in jail.

She told naively of her orgies with Earle. "Sometimes we went to the movies,

and sometimes we danced, and if Earle had the money we took a taxi to his place in Mt. Vernon. If he didn't, we took the subway. When we got to Earle's place we went out in the kitchen and ate ham and pickles that Earle bought at a delicatessen on the way home."

All the orgies were the same, ending with ham and pickles. The Scarlet Woman had faded into a drab little taxi-dancer of moron mentality. No amount

of newspaper garnishing could return her to her former splendor of wickedness. Her presence was intended by the prosecution to condemn the defendant, but instead she evoked pity for herself and for the boy who had tried to forget his wife's desertion and his other sorrows in wanton wickedness, and had failed miserably.

We did our best, but the Scarlet Woman, with her midnight lunches of ham and pickles, let us down.

UNCLE SAM'S BLACK STEP-CHILD

BY GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

LIBERIA is at once the hope and the despair of all race-conscious Negroes and friendly whites. In its early years it seemed a glorious vindication of the black race's capacity for self-government, but today only the lunatic fringe of Garveyite Aframaniacs remains deluded.

The Aframerican who goes there a resolute advocate of Liberian independence is more than likely to come away convinced of the necessity for American intervention. Arriving in Monrovia, the capital, enthusiastic over being at last in a country ruled by black men, he is shocked by the lack of common sanitation, the unpaved, rock-strewn, meandering, weed-grown, unlighted streets, the swarms of rats, and the general atmosphere of shiftlessness and decay.

He finds a government combining the worst corruptions of American democracy with complete incompetence and barbaric cruelty. He finds a ruling class that is lazy, shiftless and unprincipled. He finds the trade of the country in the hands of Germans, Britishers, Frenchmen, Dutchmen and Syrians, and the only bank, controlled by the Firestone Company, an American concern. He learns that no one will employ Liberians because of their incurable untrustworthiness. He discovers that every literate Liberian is after a job on the government payroll, while agriculture languishes and each day the jungle crowds in closer to the settlements. He

finds the terrorized aborigines fleeing to the neighboring colonies of the European Powers or hiding deep in the primeval forest to escape the tax-gatherers.

He is puzzled when he is warned at the American Legation to think twice before he becomes a Liberian citizen. Is this not the Black Man's Land, the haven of colored folk eager to escape white oppression? He is reluctant to believe the story of the American Negro who arrived with \$800 in cash, immediately became naturalized, a week later was defrauded of all his money by native slicksters, and left to rush back to the American Legation, begging vainly for assistance. He is amazed at the story of the colored woman who debarked with \$400 and a son of twelve years—and two weeks later both were found poisoned, and their money stolen. He listens with dismay to the tales of Aframerican farmers who came out with high hopes to till farms, only to find there were no roads to bring their produce to town. He is surprised to learn that no money is to be earned in Liberia in the practice of his trade or profession, whatever it may be, and that every time an American freighter visits the port of Monrovia, stranded Aframericans beg for an opportunity to work their way back to the United States.

Soon he hears about an Aframerican nicknamed Sweet Candy. Sweet Candy was a very race-conscious Negro who came out to Liberia to make his home

and run a candy-store. At the start he did pretty well but in the course of time the Liberian soldiers took to visiting his little store and grabbing handfuls of candy. He complained to the authorities, but they only laughed at him. He warned the soldiers away but they paid no attention. Finally, enraged beyond endurance, he fired on several of them, whereupon, led by their officers, they chased him to the home of his lawyer, where he sought refuge. The house was surrounded by a yelling mob but his aim was too accurate for them to rush him. So they set fire to the place and poor Sweet Candy was incinerated.

II

Conditions in Liberia were not always so bad. The early settlers, from the United States, for all their faults, were a pretty sturdy lot, and they made up in industry, thrift and ambition what they lacked in knowledge, capital and experience. These pioneers raised large quantities of ginger, rice, cocoa, sugar and tobacco, and reared big flocks of goats, sheep and cattle. They prepared and shipped palm oil, kola nuts and piassava fibre. Beginning in 1858 they held big fairs at Monrovia, exhibiting produce, cattle and handicrafts. At the largest fair of all, held in 1890, there was exhibited the first bale of cotton raised in the new land and yams weighing from 200 to 300 pounds. Cargoes were not only shipped in foreign bottoms but also in four Liberian ships manned by Liberians, and the Liberian flag appeared in the ports of Liverpool and New York. Many of the big planters, born in slavery in our Southern States, became wealthy. But today their plantations have disappeared in the ever encroaching bush, and their sawmills, sugar mills and homes have gone to ruin.

America fathered Liberia, but has failed to mother her. White Americans, including slaveholders, founded the American Colonization Society in 1816 for the repatriation of black freedmen. Bushrod Washington, nephew of the immortal George, was its first president. The Northern philanthropists among its members were touched by the uncomfortable status of emancipated blacks in the United States, and the slaveholders feared their influence on the slaves, who were daily becoming more valuable with the increasing demand for cotton.

The first group of eighty-eight colonists, led by three white men—the Rev. Samuel Bacon, John Bankson and Dr. S. Crozier—reached Africa in 1820. They landed in what is now Sierra Leone, but because of the bad climate they were later transferred by the U.S.S. *Alligator* to Providence Island, opposite the present site of Monrovia, arriving on January 7, 1822. The following April they crossed to the mainland, and settled on a small tract of land purchased from native kings. Glad to have the colonists as a buffer between their people and the slave raiders, the kings later presented the newcomers with a 150-mile strip of coast land.

Slave dealers along the coast incited some of the natives to attack the settlements, but in bloody battles fought in October and December, 1822, the attackers were driven off. Late in 1826 a hundred colonists led by Jehudi Ashmun, an American white man, assisted by three United States brigs of war, routed the private army of two rich slavers, Theodore Canot and Don Pedro Blanco, and destroyed their base seventy miles below Monrovia. In 1839 the savage and warlike Kru tribesmen were defeated, and later in that year the colonists beat the powerful Golas in several engagements, being led by Thomas

Buchanan of Philadelphia, cousin of President James Buchanan and the first Governor of the colony. Other engagements and skirmishes were fought in 1851, 1861, 1893, 1915, 1917-18 and 1931, mostly against the Krus, Buzis and Greboes.

The colonists settled along the coast on lands acquired by treaty and purchase. One treaty with the Vai kings around Grand Cape Mount stipulated that land so acquired should not be sold to foreign subjects or governments. This stipulation was later embodied in the Liberian Constitution (Section 13, Article V):

The great object of forming these colonies being to provide a home for the dispersed and oppressed children of Africa and to regenerate and enlighten this benighted continent, none but Negroes or persons of Negro descent shall be admitted to citizenship in this Republic.

Unfortunately, Governor Thomas Buchanan died of the fever in 1841. At the time he was trying to persuade the United States to purchase all the territory below Liberia down to what is now Nigeria and to develop the whole vast area as an American colony, a home for freed Negroes. Had he lived he might have succeeded, for his proposal should have appealed to the nervous American slaveholders who controlled the Washington administration down to 1860. Had the United States been far-sighted enough to do as he suggested it would have obtained very cheaply a vast African territory, at once a valuable market for manufactured articles, a source of raw materials, and a means of solving the vexatious problem of what to do with the emancipated Negroes before and after the Civil War.

West Africa is richer in natural resources than the Philippines and is not so far away. Back in 1841 the European Powers scarcely controlled any of it. But the

Americans of the time were busy ousting the Indians from their lands, settling the West, plotting to grab Mexican territory, and rehearsing the impending conflict between North and South, so they did nothing in Africa.

Alarmed over the rising territorial ambitions of the French, Liberia in 1842 purchased the remaining important sites on the littoral. British traders, however, ignored its revenue laws and continued smuggling goods to the natives. The American Colonization Society appealed to the United States, which requested an explanation from the British government. In reply Great Britain said that she "could not recognize the sovereign powers of Liberia, which is a mere commercial experiment of a philanthropic society." The United States then dropped the matter, and the Colonization Society was compelled to abandon the colony. In January, 1846, it told the Liberians:

The time has come when it is expedient for the people of the Commonwealth of Liberia to take into their own hands the whole work of self-government, including the management of their foreign relations.

Accordingly, on July 26, 1847, the Liberians adopted a constitution declaring Liberia a free and independent state. An American white man, James Greenleaf, wrote this constitution, which provided for a form of government almost identical with that of the United States. Unluckily, it was wholly unsuited to the administration of a primitive African state. Its author never saw Liberia and knew nothing about its needs.

Great Britain, France and Prussia soon recognized the new state. The first President, Roberts, an octoroon, journeyed to England and was received by Queen Victoria aboard the royal yacht. She afterward made Liberia a present of a war-

ship, which she replaced with another when the first became unfit. The French also became friendly. Singularly enough, the United States did not recognize Liberia until 1862. Nevertheless, it spent \$60,778.98 for the repatriation of some 13,000 Negroes (Congoes) taken from captured slaving vessels. Arrangements were also made for the education, training and maintenance of these unfortunates and Congress appropriated \$150 apiece for their support.

This was a windfall for the settlers. They promptly divided up the Congoes among the leading Liberian families and set them to work clearing the jungle and planting crops. The money appropriated by the United States for their support was apportioned among the best people. This marked the appearance of a definite Americo-Liberian aristocracy, living, like their former white masters, off the labor of black serfs. The aristocracy still persists, despite Liberia's motto: "The Love of Liberty Brought Us Here."

Society soon became sharply stratified. At the top were the "old" families, often mulattoes, who owned large estates and many slaves and controlled the government. Below them were the poorer free farmers, and still farther down the tribalized natives and Congoes. Back in the hinterland were some two million warlike aborigines who for nearly a century defied the authority of the coast government.

Color distinctions soon arose, based on this stratification. The ruling class, being mulattoes and often the offspring of their former white masters in America, had better opportunities than the blacks, and made the most of them. But in the course of time the blacks began to agitate against this mulatto aristocracy and especially against mulatto Presidents. A white Amer-

ican visiting Liberia during the campaign of 1855, when President Roberts, an octoroon who had served four two-year terms, was being opposed by Stephen A. Benson, a black, was told by a Liberian:

The folks say as how we darkies aint fitten to take care o' oursels—aint capable. Roberts is a very fine gentleman, but he is more white than black. Benson is colored people all over. There's no use talking government and making laws and that kind of thing if they aint going to keep 'um up. I vote for Benson, sir, 'cause I want to know if we's going to stay nigger or turn monkey.

Benson, the "pure" Negro, was elected. Since then a decline in immigration from America and intermarriage with the aborigines has appreciably darkened the population on the coast, and the color question is now almost dead.

III

Few American Negroes emigrated to Liberia after the Civil War. The last considerable group of colonists, some 300 West Indian Negroes, mostly Barbadians, went out in 1865. Unreplenished by fresh blood, the "old" stock quickly lost its vigor, and the pressure of Africa made itself felt. Native girls were easily obtainable as concubines. Native boys could be induced or forced to work for nothing. It was more comfortable to loll in a hammock on a shady verandah than to labor under the relentless tropical sun.

By 1871, the government was in financial difficulties and a \$500,000 loan at 7% was floated in England. The Liberians actually got but \$100,000 of it, and that partly in goods, after the bankers had made their deductions. The furious citizenry, learning the facts, promptly assassinated President Edward J. Roye, whom they accused of having accepted a hand-

some commission for his part in arranging the loan. Liberia defaulted on this loan in 1874. In 1883, after many armed threats, the British government seized the Sherbro and Gahlinas territories in what is now Sierra Leone, and which Liberia had purchased for \$100,000 thirty years before. In 1902, an effort to sell mining rights in the country to a British concern with Liberian stockholders fell through when the people heard rumors of bribery.

Money was still urgently needed. Owing to foreign competition and the failure of the local nabobs to improve the quality of the agricultural output, Liberia's trade in sugar, cocoa, coffee and palm oil declined. Leisure had taken the place of labor and it was easier to borrow money than to earn it. In 1906 a \$500,000 loan at 6% was got from Erlanger & Company, London bankers, through another British concern, the Liberian Rubber Development Company, of which Sir Harry A. Johnson was president. Part of the money was spent financing a survey of the resources and peoples of the country by Johnson which later appeared in two volumes. The rubber company also borrowed a part to build a road which the torrential tropical rains promptly destroyed. Liberia really got only about one-third of the loan. The rubber company finally failed but there was enough money left in the Liberian treasury to organize a constabulary, the Liberian Frontier Force, which has ruthlessly subdued the hinterland folk opposed to taxation without visible benefits.

Soon Liberia was broke again and seeking another loan. Wary now of the British, a delegation was dispatched in 1908 to the United States. In 1909 an American commission went out to study conditions and make recommendations. The result was the \$1,700,000 5% international

loan of 1912 in which Great Britain, France, Germany and the United States participated. The expense of four receivers, one from each country concerned, was saddled on to the country. In 1913, the total foreign debt exceeded \$2,000,000.

Then came the Fernando Poo "boy" racket. An agreement was made between the Liberians and the Spanish to furnish laborers for the cocoa and coffee plantations on Fernando Poo, a fever-ridden island 1200 miles to the southward. The Liberian politicians were overjoyed at the prospect of getting some ready cash once more. The Spaniards paid \$50 a head for the "boys," and there was a golden opportunity to chisel "back taxes" from those who survived the yellow fever, yaws, elephantiasis and sleeping sickness prevalent on the island, and returned to Liberia after their two-year period of toil. Right away 260 "boys" were snatched by the Frontier Force and shipped to the Spanish planters. The civilized Powers were too busy murdering each other to be concerned about this revival of the slave trade. But while the Liberian politicians grew rich, the treasury remained empty.

When President C. D. B. King assumed office in 1919 he proceeded to negotiate a \$5,000,000 "war" loan from the United States. (Liberia had also declared war against Germany!) He journeyed to the United States with three other prominent Liberians and \$15,000 spending money, but after eight months returned aboard the U.S.S. *Richmond*, the Senate having somehow failed to ratify the loan.

Enter now Marcus Garvey and his Back-to-Africa movement. He wanted to use Liberia as the headquarters of his grandiose plan to wrest Africa from the clutches of the white nations. He sent out a commission to study conditions and make overtures to the Liberian politicians.

The 1923 presidential campaign was impending and certain Liberians thirsting for office agreed with Garvey's agents to buy the election for \$50,000 and install a régime favorable to his designs.

But time passed and no money was cabled. Frantic messages from the Liberian conspirators fruitlessly deluged the dingy headquarters of Garvey's Universal Negro Improvement Association in Harlem, for at this time the "Provisional President of Africa" was in the clutches of Uncle Sam for using the mails to defraud his dupes. The Liberian Redemption Fund, from which the \$50,000 slush money was to come, had to be used in a vain effort to keep him from behind the bars. Immediately upon King's reelection, he had the Constitution amended to bar Garveyites from Liberia forever.

Then came Harvey S. Firestone, the rubber man. When the Liberian politicians learned he was eager to break the British rubber monopoly, they sent a former Cabinet officer all the way to the United States to track him down. In return for a 1,000,000-acre concession, Firestone agreed to float a \$5,000,000 loan for Liberia through the Finance Corporation of America, which he controls. The agreement was signed by the then Secretary of State, Edwin Barclay, who is now, as President, loudly denouncing it. The Liberian politicians were delighted by the prospect of some more ready money after the lean years in which their only revenue had come from selling "boys" to the Spaniards. Big times were had with the first receipts. Pompous officials bounced over the rocky streets in expensive automobiles and the din from cabarets vied with the rumble and rattle of native drums down in the native quarter.

But the celebration was shortlived. The service of the loan weighed heavily and

the customs revenues grew smaller. To add insult to injury, there arose an international hue and cry over the forced labor of the natives at home and the sale of "boys" to Fernando Poo. An international commission consisting of an American, an Englishman and a Liberian was appointed at the "invitation" of Liberia to investigate the charges. Its published findings were so shocking that President King, Vice President Yancey and several other high officials were forced to resign.

Broke again, the Liberian government requested the help of the League of Nations. A commission was sent out to Monrovia in the Summer of 1931. Upon returning to Geneva it drew up a Plan of Assistance calling for white administrative officers, sanitary improvements, the reorganization of the Frontier Force, the cessation of ruthless food requisitions in the hinterland, and an ending of forced labor and disguised slavery. The Firestone Company agreed to release \$100,000 of the \$2,500,000 remaining of the \$5,000,000 loan to enable the plan to function. But on December 15, 1932, the Liberian Legislature, impatient at the delays and eager to pay back salaries, spoiled everything by stopping payments on the loan. The United States sent Major General Blanton Winship, Judge Advocate General of the Army, to Monrovia in March, 1933, in an effort to straighten out the financial tangle, and there the matter rests at present.

IV

Liberia is about the size and shape of Virginia, and of somewhat similar topographical arrangement, but is almost completely covered with jungles, swamps and virgin forest. It is watered by numerous rivers and streams, any one of them capable of supplying considerable hydroelec-

tric power. Its natural resources are gold, iron, oil, diamonds, copper, zinc and valuable woods. Its products are ginger, rice, coffee, cocoa, kola nuts, gum copal, palm oil, fan palms, cocoanuts, rubber, ivory, tortoise shell, goats, sheep, cattle, horses and donkeys. The forests, valleys and plateaus are teeming with elephants, bush cows, deer, chimpanzees, monkeys and leopards. Its streams and lakes swarm with fish.

The country begins to rise a few miles from the sea and the ascent continues gradually until great mountain ranges, in some places nearly 10,000 feet high, are encountered. It is not as unhealthful nor is the climate as oppressive as one might think. Even on the coast there is usually a breeze in the evenings during the hottest months of the year, and in the mountainous hinterland a fire and a blanket are not at all uncomfortable at night. Only on the coastal plain are mosquito-bars obligatory. There are many beautiful parklike plateaus, numerous forbidding miasmatic swamps, and great primeval forests with enormous, vine-festooned, interlaced trees rising hundreds of feet. One can well accept the general opinion that Liberia is the most beautiful country in West Africa. Certainly the hunting is excellent.

Except on the 50,000-acre Firestone rubber plantations, which are located near the coast, there are not 100 miles of roads worthy of the name in the entire Republic. The best highway is little better than a wide trail and almost four hours are required to motor its forty-five miles. The only other means of communication is by trail or canoe, and unless one is transported in the jungles by a hammock swung from the shoulders of husky carriers one must walk. Riding in a hammock is much like journeying by camel back or going to sea in a small boat.

There are estimated to be close to 2,000,000 natives in the hinterland, divided between ten or twelve tribes or nations, each speaking a different dialect, which changes about every forty miles. Towns are ten, fifteen or twenty miles apart, each one surrounded by a circle of agricultural settlements buried in the jungle within a radius of three or four miles. The natives are of a fine type, physically and morally, save where they have been corrupted by misguided missionaries and their Liberian masters.

In striking contrast to the towns of the "civilized" coast folk, the native villages are well-drained by ditches around the huts, always well swept, and noticeably free from refuse. The huts are built of hardened clay from the ant hills laid on a sturdy framework of posts interlaced with vines. The walls are very thick and the interiors are cool by day and warm by night. The roofs of palm thatch are conical and steep. Many of the larger huts have three and four rooms.

Unlike their masters, the natives are self-sufficient economically and socially. They cultivate rice, cotton, cassava, coffee, vegetables and grain; they spin, dye and weave their own cloth; they keep cattle, build sturdy canoes and ingenious suspension bridges, make nets and baskets, mine and smelt iron, make pottery and ornaments, collect ivory and tan leather. Their religion is mainly animistic, although the Vais and Mandingoes are Mohammedans, and their educational system adequately fits the children for adulthood.

The Liberian politicians control the aborigines by appointing their paramount chiefs or kings. These rulers were in the old days selected by the people, but the Liberians learned by experience that sometimes an unpliant fellow got into power that way. In deposing a paramount chief

reported to be friendly to the opposition party, the Secretary of the Interior informed him in quaint Africanese: "A log has fallen across your path. Until you can remove that log, you cannot become paramount chief."

Through control of the paramount chiefs, the politicians also control the witch doctors and the Leopard Society or native Ku Klux Klan. The former are a combination of clergyman and physician; the latter is a savage fraternal order whose members prowl at night draped in leopard skins and armed with iron claws to lacerate unpopular natives. In one district in 1930 a score of men were carried off within a month and their mutilated bodies found afterward in the jungle. In several instances officers sent out by the internal revenue collector (white) have been scared away from villages by "devils" sent out by the witch doctors at the instigation of Americo-Liberian officials who desired themselves to collect the taxes and appropriate them. From these witch doctors the Liberians have learned so much about the art of poisoning that they bid fair to outdo the Borgias.

The natives are systematically fined, overtaxed, robbed of their produce and cattle, and beaten up or shot down if they resist. They run pell-mell from their villages when a party of Liberians approaches. Labor is impressed for "road work"—and sent to work on the farms of officials. Soldiers debauch the native girls without restraint, requisition carriers without compensation, and commit other atrocities at will. The writer has been begged by many a town chief far in the back country to ask the America Man (the American Minister) in Monrovia to save his people from the vengeance of the soldiers. One chief, with tears of humiliation in his eyes, told of soldiers carrying

off his men as porters and then coming back and breaking down some of his huts when he sent a messenger to the Secretary of War complaining against the outrage. In 1931 an expedition was sent down the Kru coast to punish the natives for alleged non-payment of taxes. Over 600 men, women and children were murdered and their huts burned.

The hut tax is five shillings annually but it is collected often as many as three or four times a year. Since it must be paid in British silver, which is difficult to get in exchange for produce because of the lack of transportation facilities to the traders on the coast, the natives are frequently unable to pay it. This invites reprisals in the form of heavy fines, increased food requisitions, and the whipping of the chiefs in the presence of their people.

The answer of many natives is flight. They desert their villages, hide in the deep bush or go into the French colonies of Guinea and the Ivory Coast. I have entered villages of 200 huts absolutely deserted, though in good physical condition. On one occasion, pledged to secrecy, I was taken many miles through the matted jungle along the bed of a stream to a remote settlement of these fugitives.

V.

Christian missionaries have been in Liberia from the first. They constitute three-fourths of the foreign white population of 200. There are about sixty missions now: Episcopal, Baptist, Methodist, Lutheran and Catholic. The Liberians, of course, are Fundamentalists, even though they have adopted many of the superstitions of the natives, such as the use of witch doctors when ill. They fill their churches every Sunday, rain or shine.

The numerous mission schools teach about 4000 children. All but a half dozen of these stations are located in the coast region and are mostly headed and staffed by whites with colored assistants. A few are supported by American Negro denominations and run by colored missionaries sent from the States. All in all, these disciples of the Lord are a callous, muddle-headed, incompetent lot; patronizing, pitying and despising the natives, teaching them to sing hymns and parrot prayers in various dialects, and closing their eyes to Americo-Liberian atrocities. Their books are filled with pictures of white angels and supposed likenesses of Jesus making Him resemble a Norse deity. Thus the native children exposed to their training soon come to look down upon the simple, communistic life of their parents and to glorify everything white. The graduates of these schools are among the most untrustworthy natives in Liberia.

This missionary business, indeed, appears to be just another racket, with the gentlemen and ladies of the Lord living easy lives and commanding swarms of barefoot black boys to wait upon them and carry their hammocks. People who could not earn \$30 a week in the States live at the mission stations like little kings. According to them, the natives are benighted children whose manner of living is all wrong, despite its survival through several thousands of years. They denounce the superstitions of the aborigines but teach them that the Hebrew children walked into the fiery furnace and emerged unscathed, that a multitude was fed on a basket of fish and bread, that Jonah was swallowed by a big fish and lived to tell the story, and that the dead will rise. It is not strange that the natives, whose beliefs are no more absurd, generally cling to their animism.

While these missionary schools are supposed to include some industrial training in their curricula, it is next to impossible to find a competent artisan in Liberia. Carpenters and masons have to be imported from Sierra Leone. Several missionaries admitted to me confidentially that the Firestone Company had taught the natives more along this line in five years than they had in seventy-five. There are missionary "colleges" in Cape Palmas and Monrovia, but they are really only second-rate high-schools.

The forty or fifty public schools in Liberia enroll some 2000 children when they are open, and seldom go beyond the fourth grade. The Liberia College busily grinds out lawyers, though the legal gentry in Liberia are numerous and generally briefless. The Department of Public Instruction is a political machine. Little is known there about the school system and even the examination papers that come in are not graded. There are bales of them in closets, succumbing to the appetites of rats and termites.

The Liberians are past masters at the art of extortion. Kru seamen who formerly resided in Monrovia now choose to live in Freetown, Accra and Lagos rather than submit to payment of "back taxes" every time they return from a trip with a pocket full of wages. It is a common thing for native towns to be "fined" £100 or £200 by officials short of funds. A white motorist was once arrested for speeding in Monrovia. How this was possible in view of the condition of the streets is a mystery, but arrested he was. He was fined \$25. The judge accepted the testimony of a barefoot traffic policeman who had determined the speed of the car by a device which he had borrowed from a man named Joe. Neither Joe nor the device was presented in court.

Another white motorist was arrested for killing a female dog about to have pups. The judge fined him \$10 for killing the dog and twelve shillings each for killing the six puppies she would have had. It was assumed that she would have had six puppies because she had had two the first time and four the second time. It is a common practice to fine black clerks the exact amount of their monthly salaries for alleged disturbances of the peace.

Public officials seldom turn in any money they collect. In one year only \$1400 was received from \$15,000 consular fees due the Treasury. The government had to close its customs houses on the boundary because so little money came from them. Customs officials threatening to fine ships' captains are mollified with provisions from the refrigerator, a phonograph, or a cheap firearm. A Negro bishop from the United States could get no official to release his baggage from the customs, but when he presented the right man with ten shillings the trunks were released without any inspection whatever.

Ever since 1924 there has been an opposition political group, the People's party, headed by Thomas J. R. Faulkner, a naturalized Americo-Liberian who came from the United States over thirty years ago. Many of the more progressive young Liberians belong to it and if it could gain power there might be considerable hope for Liberia. Unfortunately, overthrowing the reigning True Whig party, which has been in power for over thirty years and is dominated by an oligarchy of six or seven families, is almost impossible. In comparison to Liberian practices, the political thuggery of Tammany and the Southern oligarchies pales into puerility.

Although there are but 15,000 qualified voters in Liberia, in the 1927 elections

President King received 243,000 votes and Faulkner received 9000. In Sinoe, a town of scarcely 4000 population, the registrar submitted a bill for \$948 for registering supposedly qualified voters at two cents each. During the 1931 campaign President Barclay was accused by Faulkner of distributing thousands of blank deeds to property among his party henchmen. These deeds were presented to the registrars by True Whigs actually propertyless and thus ineligible to vote, but were accepted nevertheless. In only one of the five counties did anything go wrong: Maryland. There the People's party garnered 1669 votes while the True Whigs got but 367. This accident was promptly remedied by the Secretary of State, who declared the captured legislative seats vacant and arrested the People's party leaders on charges of sedition before calling for another election.

Sensing the probability of armed revolt in the near future, the Barclay régime has recently passed a Sedition Act establishing penalties of seven years' imprisonment for criticising the President. One editor who dared do so was promptly thrown into a filthy jail. Dr. F. M. Morais, a representative of the Grebo nation who went to Geneva to protest to the League of Nations against the Liberian terror, now languishes in a prison far in the jungle. Others have suffered a similar fate. Whether these steps will stave off a revolution remains to be seen. It is the consensus of opinion among the Americans in Liberia that the thing most necessary there now is American intervention and benevolent supervision for a few years, with perhaps intelligently directed immigration of Aframerican farmers and artisans later on to infuse some new life into our African step-child.

CATHOLICS IN A PROTESTANT CHURCH

BY EVELYN A. CUMMINS

THIS year the Protestant Episcopal Church, along with the Church of England, is celebrating the centenary of the Oxford Movement, which, because of its tendency to emphasize the term Catholic, has now become known as the Catholic Movement in both churches. It had its inception in the world-famous Assize Sermon preached at Oxford on July 14, 1833, by the Rev. John Keble. With the anniversary comes a weighing of the merits of Protestant "Catholicism", which has attained so much notoriety and effect that it has been likened by many to a little Reformation.

Before ten years had passed the Oxford Movement had produced a strict drawing of party lines within the Protestant Episcopal Church, the erection of ever-higher barriers between it and the other Protestant churches, and a deluge of controversy from the pens of bishops, clergy and laity in the form of books, pamphlets and party magazines, the course of which has continued to the present day. The General Conventions of the Church have been rocked with opposition to and support of "Catholic" doctrine, and it has been the force behind a great deal of acrimonious ecclesiastical politics.

Following closely upon the Assize Sermon came the publication of the Tracts for the Times, the idea of which originated with John Henry Newman, later a Cardinal in the Roman Church. These tracts stressed the ancient Catholic herit-

age of the Church of England, maintaining that its teaching, while rightfully Evangelical, nevertheless did not include all that the Church lawfully possessed. In other words, they set up the thesis that the cardinal principles of the Church of England as to doctrine and worship were capable of two interpretations: one Protestant, if its adherents were so inclined, and the other Catholic, if they so desired to believe.

The theology, like the ritual of the Movement, was furiously opposed both in England and in America. In England the Evangelicals of the State Church were joined by the non-conformists in the battle cry of "No Popery!" A clergyman preaching in a surplice caused crowds to gather week after week at St. George's Church in London, and the mob shouted him down. Substitution of an alms bag for an alms basin in St. Peter's, Plymouth, drew the epithet of "the Judas Bag of St. Peter's" from the more Evangelical newspapers. When the Rev. John Mason Neale, a noted clergyman, introduced a funeral pall at a service, his house was attacked by a mob which tried to set it afire. This same Neale was inhibited by the bishop of his diocese for having an altar cross, candlesticks, and flowers placed upon the altar of his church, and for having a cross marked upon the cover of the Bible used therein, and he remained under episcopal disapproval for fourteen years. Even thereafter, though the official condemnation

was removed, he continued to be the object of various attacks, and was mobbed on a London street only a few months before his death in 1866.

The progress of the Catholic Movement was at first slower in the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States than in England, for the Tracts were not published in this country until 1839. But as early as 1834, the Rev. Samuel Farmer Jarvis stirred up an ecclesiastical hornet's nest by declaring in a sermon before the Board of Missions of the Church:

We have no right to banish from our Communion those whose notions of the Real Presence of Christ in the Sacraments rise to a mysterious change by which the very elements themselves, though they retain their original properties, are corporeally united with or transformed into Christ.

But so definite and outspoken a declaration for Transubstantiation was still rare in America at that time. It was not until about 1840 that the Evangelicals began to be seriously disturbed about the ornaments in some of the churches and the ritual used in the services, as well as about the sacramental teaching of the Movement. As late as the 60's and 70's High Churchmanship in some parts of New England consisted only in installing stained-glass windows and decorating the church with flowers and trimmings at Easter and Christmas, although parishes calling themselves "Catholic" began to be established shortly after 1840. They were violently opposed.

Indeed, it was not at all an uncommon practice in the middle of the Nineteenth Century for a bishop arriving at some parish for a visitation to look first into the church, and, discovering something which displeased or horrified him, to refuse to conduct the service until the of-

fending object had been removed. Bishop Charles P. McIlvaine of Ohio announced that he would refuse to consecrate any church in his diocese that had an altar and not a table. Bishop Benjamin B. Smith of Kentucky refused to participate in a church service in his diocese until an altar-frontal, upon which there was an embroidered cross, had been removed. The frontal in itself was not objectionable to him, he said, but it hid the open space under the communion table, thus making it look like an altar.

At that time a communion table must be just that, a table with four visible legs and an open space underneath, and nothing more. In back of the table were painted boards, with passages from the Scriptures, "How dreadful is this place", being a favorite text. The main objection to the altar by the Evangelicals was that it emphasized the importance of the Eucharist rather than preaching as the main object of the service. Every point of ritual was objected to by them because of the meaning behind it, not because of the ritual in itself. But today an altar, with an altar cross, is an accepted article in every type of parish in the Church.

The cross may have been only an outward and visible sign of the means whereby a sinful race was redeemed, but it was nevertheless considered a superstitious and vain sign if it were used as an ornament in the early days of the "Catholic" Movement. An altar cross was almost an unheard of thing, and a cross in a window behind the altar in the Church of the Advent in Boston caused the Bishop of Massachusetts to refuse to visit the church for any services whatsoever. Similarly, a member of the faculty in charge at the General Theological Seminary in New York was greatly disturbed when he discovered that there was a cross decorating

the front railing of the Seminary chapel at Christmas, and he ordered it removed immediately.

In the Virginia Seminary chapel, the builder had some material left over, and erected crosses on the ends of the pews. Bishop William Meade, coming to a service in the building, discovered the crosses, and would not proceed with the service. The crosses were thereupon sawed off, and the service went forward.

But the proponents of such symbols were not silent. In 1836 Bishop Benjamin T. Onderdonk of New York told his diocesan convention, assembled in Trinity Church, New York, about a cross on the spire of a church in Medina, saying that it was one of two churches in his diocese to have such an emblem raised aloft. He argued in support of the erection of the cross, asking why the emblem, "the very name of which is made in Holy Writ to represent the essence of the Christian's faith", should be discarded. Said he, "Why should it be given over to degrading association with heresy, corruption, and idolatry?"

A classical story is told, usually of the Rev. Dr. William A. Muhlenberg, one of the most celebrated characters in the Episcopal Church, founder of St. Luke's Hospital in New York in 1850, and the organizer of the first religious order for women in the Church, who first insisted upon the necessity of holding weekly Communion services and daily services in the Protestant Episcopal Church. It is said that he was reproached for using the processional cross. "Well then", he responded to the objector, "would you have us sing our processional hymn,

"Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Stuck behind the door?"

II

It was the habit of the Episcopal clergy in those days to preach and sometimes even to administer the Sacraments in a plain black gown. The surplice, which was not wholly approved of, inasmuch as it was considered by some a sign of Roman tendencies, was in earlier times split open to permit it passing over a powdered wig. It gradually came to be generally worn, and has now in many parishes been superseded by a white Eucharistic vestment. The story is told of Bishop Coxe of Western New York that when he was a young man in orders his father, who was a minister of another denomination, was mistaken for him. "Oh no", replied the father, "if you want young Dr. Coxe, he is in the church around the corner, praying in his night-shirt."

The prayer desk in those days was placed so that the clergyman faced the congregation. It is related that once when Dr. Theodore Edson, of Lowell, a famous clergyman, was making the daring innovation of reading the prayers stallwise, Bishop Manton Eastburn, who was present, arose, took the good doctor by the shoulders, and forced him around to face the congregation for the rest of the prayers.

The customary services in Episcopal Churches at the inception of the "Catholic" Movement were Morning Prayer and Litany, and Evening Prayer, with the administration of the Holy Communion three or four times a year. Miss Elizabeth Seton, a devout member of old Trinity Church, New York, had sought from her rector, who was sympathetic toward "Catholic" teachings, more frequent celebrations of Holy Communion, but he felt obliged, in the face of what the conse-

quences might be, to refuse her request. Thereupon Miss Seton joined the Roman Catholic Church, and subsequently formed the Order of the Sisters of Charity. Grim warnings began to be issued, by 1840, by the Evangelicals, of the dangers of the new doctrines, and of attempts to "Romanize" and "deprotestantize" the Church. "What will be the end", wrote Bishop Alexander V. Griswold of Massachusetts to Bishop William Meade of Virginia, about "the present gloomy times", "the Lord only knows."

Confirmation in the early American Church had been considered of little importance, and indeed had been viewed so lightly that a certain bishop was accustomed to begin his address after the ceremony with the following words:

"This very interesting, and (as I hold it to be) perfectly unobjectionable ceremony in which we have been engaged . . ."

Bishop Robert Smith, the first Episcopal bishop of South Carolina, never confirmed or held an ordination, while Bishop William White of Pennsylvania, one of the first American bishops, had probably never even been confirmed himself. Now, of course, confirmation is stressed in all Episcopal parishes, and it is taught in "Catholic" parishes that it is one of the Seven Sacraments. But the official Church teaching is that there are two Sacraments only.

In the early days the Rev. Oliver S. Prescott was inhibited because he taught openly that members of the Protestant Episcopal Church had the right and privilege of demanding confession from their clergy. But what one bishop could do another could undo, and Dr. William R. Whittingham, who became Bishop of Maryland in 1840, invited Mr. Prescott into his diocese, where he was allowed to

carry on "Catholic" teaching and practices without episcopal disfavor. Nowadays confession is a common practice in the Episcopal Church in the more "advanced" parishes.

After 1840 the Oxford Movement occupied the Church conventions for many years. In 1866, Bishop John Henry Hopkins of Vermont, the Presiding Bishop of the Church, issued by request a book on "The Law of Ritualism," and the conventions for years thereafter were filled with memorials, discussions, and resolutions on the subject. In 1867 a declaration was signed by twenty-four bishops holding that the Book of Common Prayer contained all the ceremonies and rites which could legally be observed in worship, and that no foreign usages and "no Prayer Book of the Church of England, in the reign of whatever Sovereign set forth", could be endured. The usages referred to were the "use of incense, the burning of lights in the Order for the Holy Communion, and reverences to the Holy Table, or to the Elements themselves", all of which are common practices today in parishes of the "Catholic" persuasion.

Controversies about the Atonement, baptismal regeneration, Justification, and the Real Presence shook the Church for many years, and from one end of the country to the other. The Rev. Dr. James de Koven, of Racine, a saintly man and a famous debater, was elected Bishop of Illinois in 1875, but his election failed of confirmation because he had for many years held that the Eucharist contained the Real Presence. In 1874, alarmed at the rise of ritualism, the General Convention passed a Canon designed to prohibit all outward signs of adoration to Christ in the service of Holy Communion. But no disciplinary action ever was taken un-

order this Canon, which declared that no adoration should be paid to the elements in the service of Holy Communion, and it was repealed in 1904.

Meanwhile, in the face of stern and acrid opposition, the "Catholic" Movement continued to make headway. Bishops of the Church, attending the Lambeth Conferences in England, the first of which was held in 1867, came into contact with it there, and finding that many of its leading figures were men of piety and scholarship, began to look upon it with more favor. They further began to ape their brethren of the English Episcopate, and copes and mitres came to be commonly used in dioceses where the movement had made headway. Some of the bishops even began to carry pastoral staffs, and to assume a pontifical dignity that was unknown in their order fifty years before.

Two of the most prominent of them, Bishop Doane of Albany and Bishop Gratton of Fond du Lac, went so far as to adopt the street costume of English bishops, and wore gaiters and aprons. Bishop Doane, following the English custom, also signed himself, not William Doane but William Albany.

III

Today the "Catholic" Movement is probably strongest in the Middle West, where, incidentally, as the Evangelicals like to point out, the Protestant Episcopal Church is supposed to be weakest. But it is strong on the Atlantic seaboard as well, and most of the large cities of the country can boast of at least one church where Mass is said, confessions are heard, and Perpetual Reservation practiced. The movement has made little progress in the South, and in the Far West it is not strong.

Thus the movement has by no means made the Church, as a whole, "Catholic". "Catholic" dioceses and parishes continue to be in the minority, and the doctrines taught in the Church range all the way from ultra-Liberalism to ultra-Catholicism. And since the aim of the leaders in the "Catholic" party has not been only to impose a colorful ritual on the Church, but, rather, Catholic faith and practice, the movement so far has not accomplished its fundamental purpose. However, in spite of the fact that it has never completely won the Church, it has undoubtedly transformed it in certain important ways.

A hundred years ago Holy Communion was celebrated but three or four times a year, but today it is celebrated in almost every Protestant Episcopal Church at least once a week, and frequently far more often. The services even in the average Low Church parish are conducted nowadays with a far greater emphasis upon a dignified and reverent amount of ritual than was known in most of the "advanced" churches of the past. The Movement, moreover, has made the Episcopal Church aware of much that is in good taste in ecclesiastical art and practice. To it must go credit for the Gothic renaissance that has swept over all the Protestant churches of the country, making edifices that are both outwardly and inwardly examples of the best types of religious architecture and decoration.

A modern "Catholic" church edifice of the Protestant Episcopal Church differs little from a Roman Catholic church. There are stations of the cross, confessionals, and statues. The altar is arrayed with gorgeous hangings, flowers, and numerous candles. The altar cross is supplanted by an altar crucifix. In the center of the altar, on which the crucifix stands, is the tabernacle. In this the consecrated

Host is kept. A hanging lamp burns perpetually before it, indicating the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. The consecrated Host to a modern "Catholic" Episcopalian is precisely what it is to a Roman Catholic. That is to say, it is God Himself. As such it is worshipped. It is worshipped reposing in the tabernacle, in a monstrance on the altar, or in a monstrance carried in procession. However, to the Roman Catholic the Episcopalian priest has not, of course, the power of really consecrating the Host. And while the "Catholic" Episcopalian may, and often does, worship in a Roman Catholic church, the Roman Catholic does not do so in an Episcopal church, however "Catholic" it may be.

The current cry of the "Catholic" Movement is: "It's the Mass that matters." An effort is made to make the Mass the chief service, and the host is also used for the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. This service, lately introduced from the Roman Catholic Church, customarily follows an evening service. The Host is put in a monstrance. It fits in a round part of the monstrance covered with glass on both sides, and is visible to all. Incense is swung, hymns are sung to the Host, and finally the celebrant rises, takes the monstrance in his hands, and making the sign of the cross with it over the kneeling congregation, thus blesses the people.

It is a service thoroughly of Roman origin, and has no authority in the Protestant Episcopal Church, but, in spite of all that, it is very popular. Early in the present century the late Bishop Potter of New York refused to visit St. Ignatius' Church until the rector, the Rev. Dr. Ritchie, abandoned Benediction, which he eventually did to appease the bishop. But the present Bishop of New York has

not raised an Episcopal finger against the service, which takes place weekly in several of the parishes in his diocese.

Closely allied with it is a service known as the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament. In this the Host is again placed in the monstrance. A priest, arrayed in a cope, carries the Host about the aisles of the church while the kneeling congregation sings hymns. Above the priest, who is supported on either side by another priest, similarly vested, is held a canopy, supported, as a rule, by four laymen of the parish known for their piety. Little girls, garbed in white and with veils on their heads, walk before the Host scattering rose petals on the procession's way, while young men swing incense before the monstrance as the priest carries it about. Sometimes these thurifers walk backwards so that they will not offend God by turning their backs to Him. At intervals the procession pauses, and the people in the procession kneel down, bow deeply to the Host, rise and proceed on their way, repeating this many times in the course of the walk about the aisles of the church.

Masses are now said at all hours in Episcopal "Catholic" parishes. At the Church of St. Mary the Virgin in New York there are fourteen Masses on Christmas day. On Sundays, in this same parish, there are five Masses, said hourly from seven to eleven. The High Mass in an Episcopal "Catholic" service is not a Mass for Communion. Whole portions of the Prayer Book Communion Service are omitted and Roman Catholic usages are introduced.

This service of the Mass is but one of several instances of wholesale borrowing from Roman rites and ceremonies. During Holy Week, for example, the "Catholic" parishes have to borrow from the Roman use for the services which they con-

duct on Maundy Thursday, Good Friday and Easter Even. On Maundy Thursday there is a High Mass, after which the single Host remaining is taken in procession to what is termed the Altar of Repose, which is a side altar, decorated with flowers and candles. The Host is deposited on this altar, and it remains there until the next day, during which time it is watched over by at least two acolytes or priests, and frequently they are kept company by a large number of the faithful.

On Good Friday morning this single Host is brought back to the high altar of the church, again in procession, and consumed at what is called the Mass of the Pre-sanctified—that is to say, it is a Mass without any consecration, since the Host was consecrated the day before.

After this Mass comes the mediaeval ceremony of the Worship of the Cross, or, to give it its old English name, the Creeping to the Cross. A large crucifix on a pillow is placed near the entrance to the sanctuary, after which the priests come forward, one by one, genuflect to it, and then kneel and kiss the *corpus*. Occasionally an alms basin is placed near the crucifix so that the faithful may not forget to make their sacrifice as they kiss Him who made the sacrifice for them.

The day after Good Friday is Easter Even, and the “Catholic” parishes borrow again from the Roman rite to celebrate the day as they think fitting. There are a great number of services, each distinct in itself, but following one another without interruption, so that the effect is as of one complete service. These services, which last from three to four hours, according to the speed of the priests who officiate, consist of the Blessing of the Font, the Lighting of the New Fire, the Singing of the Prophecies, the Blessing

of the Paschal Candle, the First Mass of Easter, and finally, the First Vespers of Easter. One searches the Book of Common Prayer in vain to find any of these services within its chaste pages.

All are performed with the greatest care and propriety, and a Roman Catholic priest who once witnessed them is said to have remarked:

“It’s all very fine, no doubt, but I believe that I prefer our own simple way of doing things.”

Indeed, a High Mass in a Roman Catholic church is simplicity itself compared to the complexity of the same Mass in a “Catholic” parish of the Protestant Episcopal Church. In a service where Roman Catholics light two candles, Episcopal “Catholics” may light half a dozen or even fourteen. Where Roman Catholics ring a bell three times, Episcopal “Catholics” may if they wish ring it seven times. They may have the whole or any part of any Catholic service or ritual they wish. Episcopal “Catholics” are a law unto themselves, being, as Protestants, entitled to the right of private judgment. They are free to combine Protestant and Catholic ritual in any way that meets their own ideas of propriety. They have not only taken over the Roman Catholic ritual almost in its entirety, but they have added to it.

They celebrate Masses votive to the Virgin Mary and to the Saints, while Requiem Masses for the repose of souls in Purgatory are very common. In the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. Mary the Virgin in New York one can, for the sum of \$25, enroll the name of a dead person in the chantry book, and it will be commemorated four times a year at the Requiem Mass celebrated in the Chantry of Our Lady of Solace. The cultus of the Sacred Heart is now flourishing in “Catholic” parishes of the Church, and

the Masses of First Friday are, as the Roman obedience commands, votive Masses of the Sacred Heart.

Rosaries are used during the celebration of Mass and for private devotions; and statues of the Virgin are looked upon with great favor. Votive candles, with signs asking the penitent and suppliant to deposit coins in the box beneath the statues, are also now common in numerous churches. Religious orders for men and women also flourish, as do "Catholic" societies. "Catholic" Congresses are held throughout the country at stated intervals.

IV

The "Catholic" Movement has thus gained a pro-Roman momentum that its first leaders never imagined. It is certain that if Pusey and Keble should happen into an ultra-"Catholic" parish of the Protestant Episcopal Church they would be astounded, as would all of the American proponents of the early Movement. New-

man, alone, perhaps might feel at home, thinking that he were in a parish of his own obedience. Teachings and ritual which are perplexing and troublous to less advanced "Catholics," as well as to Liberals and Evangelicals, are rampant. Strife and argument are common even in the "Catholic" party over the merits of ultra-"Catholicism." Low Church and High Church forces are forever closely organized for battle, and the entire subject of "Catholicism" and its rights in the Church is still a source of bitter controversy and often causes vast upheavals in General Conventions.

It is popularly said in the Episcopal Church that every bishop of the Church, whether Protestant or "Catholic," since the Oxford Movement began, because of the continuous struggle between "Catholic" and Protestant clergy, has had as a private motto the famous Prayer Book phrase, with an unusual emphasis placed upon one word of it: "Give peace in *our* time, O Lord."

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA

BY PHILIP WAGNER

IN THE year 1889 a prominent grocer of San Francisco was offering a list of some thirty wines, all of them bearing distinguished names. Among the clarets were such interesting growths as Margaux, Lafite, Pontet Canet, Mouton Rothschild, Pichon Longueville; among the Burgundies, Romanée Conti, and Clos Vougeot. For white wines he had a number of Sauternes, including Château Yquem 1874, an important Rhenish growth, and several other things. As a contemporary writer observed, this list did not include a single local wine. There was nothing on it to show that San Francisco lay at the very center of California's wine district. In any self-respecting wine-growing region every dealer has the local wines at the top of his list in large letters. He doesn't want and wouldn't dare to do otherwise.

But the service of this grocer to San Francisco's œnophiles did not stop with providing this imposing selection of European names; his prices were equally interesting. He asked only \$25 a case for his Vougeot, and a mere \$54 for his Romanée Conti, a wine which in France, in a good year, is very nearly worth its weight in gold. It is not usually considered a grocer's wine.

The truth is, of course, that these wines were not at all what they purported to be. The chances are that every one of them was produced within a radius of 200 miles of the grocery-store—only the

wine-makers had sold their birthright for a mess of fancy foreign labels.

This ability to reproduce the wines of Europe is at once the greatest blessing and the greatest misfortune of vine-growing California. It is only in California that the Old World Grape, the species *Vitis vinifera*, from which Europe's several thousand varieties of wine-grape have sprung, can be grown successfully. So, unlike the grape-growing regions East of the Rockies, where domesticated varieties of the native species are cultivated exclusively, California's vineyards have always been devoted to the European varieties.

It is not merely the wines of some one part of Europe that California may reproduce, but the wines of practically every part of that wine-growing continent. For California is a very large State, and within its boundaries are to be found a great many different soils and every variety of climate. The vineyards of Europe all lie within fourteen degrees of latitude; California extends over ten degrees. Thus every part of wine-growing Europe, from the northernmost slopes of the Rhine valley to the hot alluvial lands of the Midi, finds its counterpart there.

The Coast Counties, by common consent, yield California's best dry wines, red and white. These fifteen counties have San Francisco Bay as their hub and stretch out to the North and South of it. In general, the rule is that those which

run directly into the bay produce the finest wines. The two exceptions to the rule are Marin and San Mateo counties, which form respectively the North and South sides of the Golden Gate and suffer much from fogs and chill, which hinder ripening and increase the susceptibility of the vines to disease.

The very finest of the wines have always come from the vineyards of Sonoma, Napa and Alameda counties (the Livermore valley of the latter), with Santa Clara and San Benito pushing them closely. It is here that the vines of real distinction—the Pinot of Burgundy, the Cabernet of the Gironde, the Riesling and Traminer of the Rhine and Moselle—come to their finest bearing; it is only in these counties, as a matter of fact, that they have ever been planted on any considerable scale. The wines produced from them may never, perhaps, have been noble, but they have at least been fine—the best, in the European style, that the United States could offer.

The vineyards of the Coast Counties, however, have always been small as compared to those of the great interior valley. This valley, which extends down the length of California for 400 miles, between the Coastal ranges on the West and the Sierras on the East, consists of the Sacramento valley at the north, the San Joaquin valley at the South, and the Central valley in between.

This enormous tract of land is the greatest raisin-growing region of the world, and the great table-grape region of the United States. Here, especially in the San Joaquin valley, thousands upon thousands of acres are given over to the Muscat of Alexandria, the grape from which muscat or malaga raisins are made, and which also yields a coarse and highly alcoholic sweet wine, with a bouquet that

George Husmann has described quite adequately as “leonine,” which is much loved by Italo-Americans.

This is also the principal growing region for the Sultanina, usually called Thompson’s Seedless, from which the seedless raisins are made. The Sultanina has also become very popular lately as a table grape, and during Prohibition it has been used a good deal for making a dry white wine of no particular distinction. In the Central valley the dominating grape is the Tokay, which is not the true Tokay wine grape but an Arabian grape named Ahmar abu Ahmar, “Red father of Red”. The Tokay is popular partly because it is pleasing to look at, and partly because it has an iron constitution and is not upset by long rides in refrigerator cars. It is definitely not a wine grape. In the Sacramento valley this so-called Tokay is also the dominating variety.

But in this inland valley large quantities of the less distinguished and more prolific wine varieties are likewise grown, and it is almost certain that if the United States ever becomes a wine-drinking nation the cheap and wholesome common wines which the region can produce so bountifully will become the staples of the trade. The soil is unbelievably fertile and yields prodigious crops, though in many parts it requires irrigation, and it is ideally suited to the growing of such varieties as have been cultivated for years in the South of France. Scattered throughout its length there are also many unirrigated areas where wines much better than ordinary may be grown, and there still exist vast stretches, particularly in the foothills of the Sierras, which have never yet come under the vine.

To the South, around Los Angeles, lies California’s third great viticultural region. In general, this district is much too hot

for the production of good dry wines. It is here that the best of the highly alcoholic sweet and fortified wines have always been made.

II

It was in this Southern region that California's first vines were planted. Varieties of the European wine grape had been brought into Central Mexico by the Spaniards as early as the first quarter of the Sixteenth Century, and planted by the *padres*. As their missions advanced, the wine grape went with them. In 1697 the Mission of Loreto was established on the peninsula of Lower California, and this was followed by others, until a chain of them extended the whole length of the peninsula. Each new mission stemmed from an established mission, and each new mission vineyard stemmed from the established vines. The first vineyard in California proper was that of the Mission of San Diego, which was founded in 1769; the next, that of San Gabriel, was planted in 1771; others followed, until the chain had reached Sonoma, north of the present San Francisco.

For some reason, or more probably for a variety of reasons, these missions had but one grape, which not unnaturally came to be known as the Mission. Its characteristics are unlike those of any of the better-known European varieties, though there can be no question of its origin; Bioletti, the great California viticulturist, says that it resembles very closely a grape that is grown in Sardinia, the Monica. It is pleasant to speculate by what tenuous thread of coincidence a grape of Sardinia should alone have reached California and have demonstrated its wine-growing possibilities. Its survival through all the vicissitudes of its

long, slow journey is partly explained by the fact that it is a very vigorous and dependable grower, and seems to thrive in California wherever it is given a root-hold.

Its vigor is attested by certain famous individual vines. One of these, called the Trinity, was planted on the property of the San Gabriel Mission in Los Angeles county in 1775, and still lives. Its trunk, just below the surface of the soil, is nine feet in circumference, and its arbor covers more than 9,000 square feet. Another, La Viña Grande, growing near the town of Carpenter in Santa Barbara county, had a somewhat more strenuous career. It was planted in 1842, and it grew so rapidly that at the time of its death in 1915 it covered a quarter-acre. Its greatest yield was in 1895, when it produced ten tons of grapes. Throughout California there exist a number of vineyards and relics of vineyards which have been in bearing for three-quarters of a century or longer.

The chroniclers can hardly be blamed for having overworked the picturesque and sentimental aspect of the origin of the California industry, for it is beyond denial that throughout history the Church has been the chief and most passionate conservator of the vine. But it must be admitted that in California the contribution of the Franciscans consisted of little beyond the bare demonstration that the European grape would grow there. Their wines were indifferent at best, and it is significant that they entered hardly at all into the trade of those early days. The Mission, for all its sterling qualities as a plant, does not yield a first-rate wine, and though it is still used to some extent for the making of sweet wines, it has been losing ground for years before later arrivals of far better quality.

The first American settlers did not be-

gin to arrive in California in considerable numbers until the 40's, and then they were too busy seeking for gold to bother about the possibilities of the land itself. But behind the gold-seekers came not only the camp-followers, the riff-raff to be found wherever new land is opened, but also a few substantial citizens. Among these latter was a Hungarian, Count Augustin Haraszthy. The count had settled in Sauk City, Wisconsin, in 1840, and in 1848 he set out for California partly to escape the asthma and partly to test its wine-growing possibilities. Somewhere between Sauk City and California he ceased to be a count and became a colonel.

At any rate, when he finally reached California he set about exploring its viticultural possibilities with great vigor. Almost immediately he arranged for the importation of some vine cuttings from Europe. In 1851 he received the Alexandria (Muscat of Alexandria), thus laying the foundation of California's present raisin industry. In the following year he received a half-dozen varieties from Hungary. Just what they were is now lost to the record, but it seems probable that one of them was the grape called Zinfandel, which in a comparatively short time ousted the Mission as the staple variety. The Zinfandel, a red-wine grape, is not known by that name in Hungary; if it is a corruption of the Hungarian Zierfahndler it is a double corruption, for the Zierfahndler is a white grape. Some consider that it is a sub-variety of the Kadarka, which provides the bulk of the dry red Hungarian wines. For many years it was more extensively grown than any other grape, and it is still very popular, especially among the Italo-Americans.

For a number of years Colonel Haraszthy carried on almost single-handed. He distributed cuttings and vines with

an almost fanatical generosity; he lectured, and he addressed papers to agricultural societies. But he had a good deal of inertia to overcome. The report of the Patent Office for 1856 (this was the parent of the Department of Agriculture), though it treats of grapes and wine-making at great length, makes no mention whatever of California.

Haraszthy's first vineyards were in San Mateo, just south of San Francisco Bay; but there they did not succeed very well. Undaunted, he searched about for more suitable land, and finally hit upon a tract in the Sonoma valley; the knowledge that the best of the Franciscan wines had come from Sonoma doubtless had some influence on his choice. He set to work, with his son Attila, and within two years he had a vineyard of 85,500 vines and a nursery of 460,000 rooted cuttings.

There was no stopping the man, and gradually he gathered about him a group of enthusiasts. By the end of the decade he had, almost single-handed, sown the seeds of a wine-growing boom. In 1861 he got the State to establish a Viticultural Commission, and almost as a matter of course was appointed one of the three commissioners; the other two, with the colonel around, were almost necessarily sleeping commissioners. Armed with his official title, and at his own expense, he promptly set forth upon a viticultural tour of Europe. His son Attila accompanied him. His other son, Arpad, was established in an œnological school in France.

The record of the whirlwind trip through Europe, which Colonel Haraszthy caused to be published as a book upon his return, is so full of zest that it might almost have been written by a Twentieth Century Californian. Its style, though perhaps lacking polish, at times

attained an almost mystical exaltation. He wrote, for instance:

I visited various parts of France, the Netherlands, Holland, Rhenish Prussia, Bavaria, Nassau, Baden, Switzerland, Spain, Italy, and England. Various examinations confirmed my previous conviction that California is superior in all the conditions of soil, climate, and other natural advantages to the most favored wine-producing districts of Europe.

The colonel returned from his mad dash across Europe with something considerably more valuable than his heightened opinion of California: he brought 200,000 vines and cuttings, included among which were examples of practically all of the most important varieties of Europe. These he set out in nursery vineyards, then distributed throughout the State, in order to discover to what conditions of soil, temperature and rainfall each variety responded best. There is no doubt that in his enthusiasm he made mistakes and confused some of his labels; yet there can be no doubt that, almost single-handed and in a single decade, he endowed California with the fruits of two thousand years of European grape-growing.

III

The result of all this hoopla was naturally a great spurt in wine-making. The first annual report of the Commissioner of Agriculture, which was addressed to President Abraham Lincoln in 1862 (the year of the great Haraszthian tour), makes recognition of the fact by devoting several pages to California's wine-growing possibilities. The State's yield of grapes and wine increased steadily, and by 1877 the vintage had reached the very considerable bulk of 4,000,000 gallons.

But most of the early wine growers,

though they shared the colonel's enthusiasm, did not share his good sense nor his experience. They did not heed his caution that they make their haste slowly. They did not understand that nothing can take the place of patience and care in this art. The result was wine of a very inferior sort, and an industry that soon became notorious for its dubious and definitely fraudulent practices. The first wines to be shipped out of the State were just plain bad—badly fermented, of the wrong grapes, improperly aged and poorly put up. Having conducted their business in a rash and slap-dash manner, the growers found themselves with large quantities of diseased and undrinkable wine on their hands. Instead of consigning this, as they should have, to the distillery or the vinegar vat, they tried to dose it with artificial preservatives and pass it off as sound.

Having thus earned a bad name for themselves with their first assault upon the wine-drinking world, the Californians then undertook other means of disposing of their wares. Much of it was shipped to France, where, being of generous alcoholic content, it was blended with the small wines produced in the Midi. (It is a mistake to think that all French wines are good wines.) In Bordeaux and elsewhere the blend of California and Midi wines was bottled, and finally found its way to the indiscriminating markets of the United States, where it was passed off as French wine. Other California shippers, more sophisticated, did not bother to send their wine to France for the Gallic blessing, but did their labelling at home. Thousands of bottles were shipped to the East, in French boxes, nailed with French nails, in French straw, and provided with an assortment of French names. Thus they sought to get around their reputa-

tion for bad wines by denying their good wines also.

Conditions became so nearly intolerable that finally the better wine growers banded together and got the State Legislature to pass a Pure Wine Law, adequately implemented, for the purpose of wiping out the grosser types of fraud, eliminating the use of such dangerous substances as aniline dyes, salicylic acid, alum and other chemical antiseptics, and defining such traditional and unexceptionable practices as fining and the use of tannin. Simultaneously a State Board of Viticulture was set up for the dissemination of reliable information on viticulture, wine-making, cellar management and trade practices. This moderate and reasonable law had, of course, the adherence of every respectable wine-maker, for these knew that without some curb on their unscrupulous brethren California could never rise above its earlier reputation.

The law had the effect of wiping out, very promptly, the more vicious types of adulteration, and the Board of Viticulture did much to spread enlightenment. An example of its influence was a bulletin on fermenting practice, by Prof. E. W. Hilgard, which was issued by the State in 1888, a bulletin in which were presented in admirable form the results of a series of tests in which the wine-making practices of the world were applied to California conditions. It could be used, with changes only in detail, as a textbook on vinous fermentation today.

In consequence of this work, and also because of the absence of hampering traditions, many California wineries became models of up-to-date practice. The California wines, freed of their taint if not entirely of the memory of it, began to offer stiff competition in the Eastern markets

to the products of the wine makers of New York, Virginia and Ohio, who were working with native grapes, and also to the imported wines. The cost of the commission to the State of California was nothing in comparison to the services which it rendered, not merely to the producers but to the American stomach.

During this Era of Reform the outline of California's viticulture began to be filled in and the advantages and limitations of each district to be understood more accurately. Naturally, a good many mistakes were made. Such things are not done over night, for a grape vine does not begin to bear until it is three years old, and a cautious viticulturist will not commit himself as to the suitability of a variety for a given region in less than twenty years. Many of the great viticultural stations in Europe which are specializing in the adaption of rootstocks to various soils will not release the results of their work that soon. Nevertheless, it was quickly apparent that the best of the dry wines would come from the Coast Counties, and there certain vineyards began to stand out as definitely superior. The practice of estate-bottling—which is the surest proof of pride in the making and of good faith in the selling—was adopted by the proprietors of many of these better vineyards.

Between 1877 and 1895 the production jumped from 4,000,000 gallons to 15,000,000 gallons. A good deal never left the State—California has always been the great wine-drinking region of the United States—, but the shipments to the Eastern States nevertheless grew steadily, and there even developed a modest foreign trade. Mexico was the first foreign nation to use California wines, and was followed by Hawaii, and Central America, and then the Orient. The first effort to

break into Europe was in 1880, before the Era of Reform had really got under-way, when the bark *Stella* set forth upon its now notorious voyage to Germany, laden with 95,000 gallons of assorted California wines. The red wines, made from the Mission, were pronounced quite dreadful by everyone in Europe who tasted them; the white wines, both dry and sweet, were pronounced drinkable but refused as being inexcusably expensive considering their quality.

Financially, the venture was a complete flop; but it did have the effect of making Europe realize the existence of California. In confirmation of the theory that any advertising is good advertising, a modest demand for the California wines began to develop in Germany, Holland, Belgium, the Scandinavian countries and Great Britain. By the end of the century they had established themselves, after a fashion. The growers and shippers entered their wines with dogged persistence in every International Exposition and duly received a share of blue ribbons and medals.

The great test was to be the Paris Exposition of 1900. Dr. Harvey W. (Pure Food) Wiley was by that time deeply involved in his rites of purification. He determined, together with the American growers, to flaunt American wines under the very noses of the French and to show them what pure wine really was. Dr. Wiley had been invited to be a member of the wine-jury, but this was nevertheless packed for France; of the eighty-one members, seventy-seven were French. At the doctor's urging a collection of our finest wines, some Eastern but most of them Californian, was brought together. After a series of harrowing mishaps, including the freezing of a number of the entries, the collection finally reached

France. The wine jury was hard at work on the 36,000 different wines which had been submitted from all parts of the world, working in relays.

The date set for the tasting of the American wines was June 19. The American delegation worked feverishly to prepare the wines on which the reputation of the Stars and Stripes would stand or fall, and on the morning of the great day everything was ready. The wines were on the tables, the jury had assembled. Then someone suddenly popped up with a resolution to the effect that wines "from France or from foreign countries with labels affixed bearing a false indication of origin shall not be examined, and consequently not compete."

The resolution had obviously been produced in order to eliminate the entire American display, for even under the Era of Reform our growers and shippers were accustomed to give their wines such type names as Burgundy, Bordeaux, Sauterne, Chablis, etc. Dr. Wiley almost collapsed with surprise and chagrin, and in vain did his assistant explain in flowing French that these type-names did not imply imitation. The resolution was adopted unanimously (Dr. Wiley not voting). The American wines were hastily withdrawn after this distressing contretemps, that the fight might go on at a more leisurely pace. Dr. Wiley was on pretty thin ice, it must be admitted, for a big pure food man.

But there was a lot to be said on his side of the argument. Burgundy, in the United States, does not mean a wine grown in that part of France, but merely a rich, generous and deeply colored red wine. Rhine wine is not something grown on the banks of the Rhine but an exceedingly dry white wine possessing the bouquet which is characteristic of the Ries-

ling grapes. Dr. Wiley pressed his argument with great vigor and earnestness. He was doubtless helped by the knowledge that a big pure food man, though fifty million Frenchmen disagree with him, can't be wrong. The jury began to retreat before his salvos of moral indignation, and finally agreed to examine the wines and rate them, but not actually and officially to give awards. So the jurors fell once more to their smelling and tasting and peering, and in no time at all a generous proportion of the wines were rated as deserving gold, silver and bronze medals, and honorable mentions, even though they were not to receive them.

This was probably the severest blow to their pride that the reformed wine-makers of California had ever received. Yet, in a way, it was flattery too. For it was obvious that the preponderantly French jury had set out, in the engaging French way, to do a dirty trick, and that the Californians, characteristically, had managed to turn it into a compliment. As Mr. Henry Lachman, one of the exhibitors, wrote some time later:

There is no question that the wine produced in California comes nearer to the European product than that produced in any other country in the New World. We are convinced of this by the action of the jury at the Paris Exposition in putting out of competition all California wines bearing labels designating their types, which the French considered as imitations, although they had allowed these same labeled wines to enter into competition for the last twenty years.

Dr. Wiley also managed to put the experience to a practical use, for when he got home he composed an official document, filled with the most delicately subtle distinctions, in which he contrived at once to defend the American practice against the French and to urge the Amer-

icans to cut loose from it in order to avoid all possible reproach of imitation.

This proved to be more easily talked about than done, for the demand has always been predominantly for wines of European types. And wine makers, like literary gentlemen, get small comfort out of their produce if they can get no one to swallow it. Mr. Charles A. Wetmore, another of the distinguished wine makers of the last generation and long a member of the Viticultural Commission, put it very neatly in one of his reports, when he said:

Whenever foreigners—and I include New Yorkers as among the most foreign people we have to deal with—will become satisfied with the best that each of our districts can produce without any attempt to imitate European styles, it will be time for them to complain that we do not produce typical California wines; but so long as the markets demand styles like favorite European brands, so long must California producers and dealers make attempts to please them, either with ignorantly devised methods and blends, or false labels.

IV

Yet even this explanation has its weak points. For when all is said and done California's wines are *naturally* after the European style. However important the influences of soil and climate may be, the best wines made from, say, the Pinot Noir in California must still have a family resemblance to the wines made from the same grape in Europe. The stubborn fact is that California wines are, and always will be, "imitations" of the European types—until such time as the Californians develop by hybridization unique and distinctive vines of their own.

So in spite of Dr. Wiley's brilliant logical counterpoint, the uproar attending the

1900 Exposition did not, actually, alter the course of California viticulture at all. The growers continued to make their Margaux Souvenir, their Special Burgundy, their Chablis Type, their Château This-and-that, and so on. In 1895 the total production in California was 17,000,000 gallons; by 1909 it had jumped to around 50,000,000 gallons. It never went higher than that, though exports continued to show a moderate but healthy annual increase. Long since, the California wines had taken first place over the wines produced by native grapes in the East.

Then the forces of Prohibition began their victorious march toward the goal of the Eighteenth Amendment. State after State was closed to the wine-makers; gradually their market melted away. The less said of this painful struggle, the better. Finally the Prohibitionists won their battle, and the vine-growers were thrown into panic. Thousands of acres of excellent vines were torn up and the prune and the apricot planted in their places. The Eighteenth Amendment was written into law, and the California growers and vintners found themselves with large stocks of mature and aging wine in their cellars, representing a very considerable investment.

The deadline was January 16, 1920, and the official ruling was that all wine for export must be on board ship and actually out of port on that day. During the late months of 1919, shipments for export jumped tremendously. On December 31, according to H. F. Stoll, the editor of the *California Grower*, a million-dollar shipment of wine left San Francisco on a Dollar liner, bound for the Orient. It contained 10,000 cases of sparkling wines and about 7000 barrels of California's finest still wines.

Thus, after a short and exciting life of

little more than sixty years—little more, that is, than the life of a good sherry—California's wine making industry was ruthlessly destroyed. When Prohibition became the law California had, according to the *California Grower*, some 700 wineries. Of these, 520 were in the Coast Counties—256 in Sonoma, 120 in Napa, and the rest divided largely between Santa Clara, Contra Costa, Alameda, Mendocino and Santa Cruz. In the interior valleys there were some 158 wineries; and in Southern California there were 22, many of them of huge capacity and controlling the vintage from enormous acreages.

Some held on for a year or two as bonded wineries and warehouses, and then passed out of existence. With them went many proud names—Gundlach-Bundschu, William Hoelscher, Lachman and Jacobi, Cresta Blanca, A. Finke's Widow, Charles Krug, and others. Some of these may one day be revived; others are gone forever.

V

But though Prohibition meant death to California's efforts to produce wines of real breed and distinction, it actually brought a new prosperity to many growers of wine grapes. Indeed, its effect on the economic status of the State's vineyardists makes one of the most grotesque and ridiculous chapters in the whole farcical story. Prohibition proved merely to be a ban on *good* wines. Congress had left a loophole which allowed the making of wines at home. So instead of selling their grapes to the wineries many of the growers had the enterprise to load them into refrigerator cars and ship them East, especially to the big cities with large foreign-born populations.

And here developed another surprise. The amateur wine-makers of the East knew nothing of the differences between one grape and another; they knew only the distinction between "black" grapes and "white" grapes, that one made red wine and the other white. It is notorious that the best wine grapes are not the most beautiful, so these amateurs walked right by them in the markets and leaped upon the prettiest. The small and spotted Cabernet, the undistinguished-looking Pinot, the thin-skinned and sticky Riesling and Sauvignon—these went begging, while the coarse and abundant varieties, with thick skins and placid dispositions, were snapped up hastily.

The result was an almost complete reversal in the order of prices. The grapes which brought the high prices—from \$1 to \$2 for a twenty-four pound "lug"—were the common black varieties, such as Zinfandel, Alicante Bouschet, Carignan, Mataro, Grenache—all good, sound, reliable red-wine grapes but capable of yielding nothing like a really fine wine. Their wines, as the French say, are for *consommation* but not for *degustation*. Before Prohibition they brought from \$12 to \$18 a ton.

So the bulk vineyards flourished, and the growers who had labored for quality were forced to cut down their noble plants and graft the cheap and highly productive varieties upon their roots. Under Prohibition California's annual production of wine grapes has greatly increased, and only the conscientious growers of fine vines have been penalized.

But for two other factors, we might find ourselves today with no fine vines at all. One of these is, of course, the steady demand for sacramental wines. Some of the clergy appear to find the light Rhine wines best suited to their

sacred mysteries, whilst others detect a special efficacy in the light clarets and mellow Burgundies. Still another group will use none but the heavily fortified liquorous wines from the South, the ports and sherries. Thanks to these differences of opinion, the Church has once more proved itself a faithful friend of the vine.

The other factor was more surprising. That was the rise and growth of the concentrate industry, with the assistance of the Federal government. The technique of concentrating grape juices by evaporation or by freezing had long been known, and it is used in many parts of the world in the making of some kinds of sweet wines. It was discovered that these concentrates might be sold to amateurs, who in turn could dilute them to the original consistency of the juice and allow them to ferment in the privacy of their hall closets.

Then, thanks largely to the legal dexterity of Mrs. Willebrandt, a technique for "servicing" these concentrates was worked out. It became possible to place one's order with a salesman, who installed the diluted concentrate of whatever variety might be desired, inoculated it with a culture of pure wine yeast, and presided over its fermentation, finally filtering, bottling, capping and pasting on the labels. The rise of this industry naturally brought some relief to those dauntless growers who had refused to sacrifice their good vines. But the concentrate industry began to flourish so late in the Prohibition era that there was not time to bring the vineyards back to their better grapes again.

The state of California viticulture is at the moment utterly confused. In June of last year there were about 7,000,000 gallons of dry wines and 8,000,000 gallons of sweet wines in the bonded cellars. En-

couraged by the growth of anti-Prohibition sentiment, the Californians last Fall made some 10,000,000 additional gallons (which, however, won't be fit to drink for some time yet). All of this put together is only about half of one year's demand in the years prior to Prohibition. It is much less than half if the sensational increase in wine-drinking under Prohibition is taken into account. So when real wine is legalized, the Californians will have to start from scratch.

The stop-gap legalization of 3.2% wine is useless from the standpoint of the wine-

makers. There is not, and never has been, any such thing as a 3.2% wine; to legalize such a beverage is merely, again, to penalize those who seek to produce pure, sound healthy wines and to favor the unscrupulous merchant who will produce anything that he can sell. Not until Congress allows the making and selling of the pure and naturally fermented juice of the grape, without such idiotic specifications as to the precise degree of alcoholic content, will California be allowed to resume its place as one of the world's great vine-growing regions.

AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

SERMON subject at the Antioch Missionary Baptist Church, one of the show places of Little Rock:

THE WASHED SOW AND THE VOMIT-LOVING DOG, OR RELIGION ONLY SKIN DEEP.

RESOLUTION before the General Assembly of this great State:

Whereas John C. Futrall is president of the University of Arkansas and has been such president for many years, and

Whereas the State of Arkansas pays him a salary of \$10,000 a year, and

Whereas it is rumored that the said John C. Futrall has working under his direction an instructor of law, in the law department of said university, at a salary of nearly \$500 per month, whose teaching is such as tends to help destroy our governmental interest as stated in a communication from a citizen from the city of Fayetteville, where the university is situated, and

Whereas from such statements it seems that about 75% of the instructors are foreigners of the rankest kind and extremely Northerners and being big-headed and think we Southern people have no sense at all, and

Whereas from said statements we are making ourselves keep up a bunch of foreigners and make it possible for them to get all the jobs in the State, and

Whereas from said statement it takes a half million or more per year to pay salaries alone at the university and to a bunch of people that have no use for us, and

Whereas we pay them so much that they go to the foreign countries to spend their Summer vacations while we, who pay the bills, cannot take our wives out of the kitchen, and

Whereas much dissatisfaction has arisen

among the people in the State of Arkansas because of such acts of the said John C. Futrall, president of the University of Arkansas, therefore, be it

Resolved, That a committee of five persons of the House of the Forty-ninth General Assembly of Arkansas be appointed by the Speaker of the House to make an investigation at the expense of the State of the matters stated in this resolution, which said committee shall have full authority to summon witnesses, if necessary to compel their attendance before said committee and give evidence relative to the matters set out in this resolution, and, if such charges be found true, that said John C. Futrall be discharged from any further duties which are now incumbent upon him in the position which he now occupies and enjoys as president of the University of Arkansas, and that any and all instructors under his direction, or his assistants, who may be connected with the matter set out in this resolution, and if same be true they be discharged.

CALIFORNIA

LITERARY notice from the *Ojai Ojai*, "a superior newspaper for appreciative people":

James Brewer, the finger-print expert from Santa Barbara, and his wife visited in Ojai this week with the Gale Spaldings. Incidentally Mrs. Spalding has an article in the new issue of the *Western Barber & Beautycraft Magazine*.

THE learned Moore, J., of the Superior Court of Los Angeles, spits on his hands and composes a really swell decision in the connubial case of Fonseca vs. Fonseca:

From the bleak and windswept plains of the great Dominion to the North the defendant emigrated in search of a more

genial clime. Responding to the ubiquitous urge to foregather with one's kindred spirits and to be near one's self-expatriated fellow-countrymen, he directed his solitary way to the City of the Angels, where he aimed to "bask beneath cerulean skies" and to oscillate between the surf and the snows.

Romance tingled in the heart of this wind-tanned son of the far North, and a-wooing he did go. Ultimately, he thrust his heroic form at the feet of a fair and naïve divinity who smilingly cheered his admiring endeavors. Quoth he: "I will give my life, my all, to be by your side till death us do part."

But to this self-immolating, sacrificial offer of our gallant suitor, we opine, our trusting, fair celestial made no audible response. Nothing daunted, however, he bedizened himself in new finery and weaponed himself with frolicking phrases, wherewith further to besiege the timid and beleaguered heart.

Thus spake the man to the woman: "I was a colonel in the Canadian Overseas Forces (meaning he was a son of Mars); I am Trade Commissioner for Canada (meaning he was an important person); I am employed by the Canadian Bank of Commerce at a salary of \$300 per month (meaning thou shalt not want).

To these grandiloquent effusions hearkened now the soft-eyed daughter of the Southland. Yielding to these avowals of his membership in a fortunate caste, she wreathed her brow with orange blossoms and, heralded by cupid and the brain child of Herr Mendelssohn, she plighted her troth to the said fanciful and far-flung warrior of His Majesty, King George.

Silver bells—golden bells, deep-toned bells—rich-sounding bells—ring out the glad news! And they "let the rest of the world go by," while for five moons this woman and this man walked together among men in wedlock. Then, lo, a tempest rose! The raucous raving Furies broke loose above the tranquil hearthstone of this would-be ex-colonel.

The penates were cast down. The mask was torn from this master of felicitous phrases and he was expelled, a victim of his own chicanery. "You deceived me," she

said, "you are no ex-colonel; you are no Canadian Trade Commissioner; you are in the employ of no bank!" Whereupon, she sallied forth to the precincts of her counsel to have the nuptials annulled.

COLORADO

THE practice of the Christian religion in Lyons, as reported by the wide-awake *Denver Post*:

Lyons residents are planning to read the New Testament all the way through next Sunday. Over sixty persons will participate and the reading will last from 5 A.M. to midnight with an hour's intermission for Sunday-school. The reading will take place in the Methodist Episcopal Church here. Heading the list of readers are C. R. Rundell, mayor; O. J. Ramey, bank president, and Maurice Little, school principal.

GEORGIA

ECCLESIASTICAL notice from Atlanta:

The Rev. A. C. Peacock was delivering his sermon in the Central Christian Church today when Charlie Pourron entered and told him he had seen a Negro carrying a shotgun and acting suspiciously in the West End section of Atlanta, where two persons have been killed by burglars recently. Mr. Peacock stopped his sermon, told the men to "go home and get your guns" and then in his capacity as a deputy sheriff led them and their neighbors in a chase that resulted in the wounding and capture of the Negro, identified by officers as Rader Davis.

THE *Blackshear Times* describes a difficult case confronting the learned judge of the local court:

The plaintiff in the litigation contends in his petition that he loaned a certain man \$200 and that the man gave him his note to secure the debt. The transaction was consummated in 1930, and the plaintiff sets out that the note has not been paid, and therefore requests the court to grant him judgment for the principal of the note, interest to date, and attorney's fees.

Filing his answer, the defendant admits that he executed a certain promissory note in the amount of \$200 but contends that the note was for an illegal consideration, and that the plaintiff knew that that was true when he accepted the note.

The defendant says that the plaintiff approached him and agreed to sell to the defendant one hundred gallons of liquor and agreed to take a note for the liquor. The defendant signed the note, and now contends that such consideration for said note was illegal and void and unlawful, and for said reason the plaintiff is not entitled to recover.

The defendant further sets out that the plaintiff buried the liquor and told the defendant where it was, and the defendant says he did not remove the liquor from where it was buried. The defendant says that some time after the liquor was buried he was called away from his home and that during his absence the plaintiff unearthed the liquor and carried it away. That for this reason, the defendant says, he hasn't paid the note.

The defendant further pleads that he should have judgment against the plaintiff for the sum of \$25 inasmuch as he contends he paid that amount to the plaintiff before the liquor was unearthed and carried away. The defendant claims the collection of the \$25 was illegal and unlawful and prays for judgment against the plaintiff for that amount.

ILLINOIS

CHRISTIAN propaganda in the grand old town of Ava, as described by the Chester *Herald-Tribune*:

Convinced that man cannot live on bread alone, William Bowers, relief director of the Ava district, furnishes a Bible to every family which applies for relief and is placed on the charity list. The Bible is sent with the first consignment of food supplies. Mr. Bowers pays for it out of his own pocket.

THE spiritual life in Chicago:

"How to Make Christ Attractive to Foreigners"

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

Third Presbyterian Church Sunday
Ashland and Ogden 6:30 P.M.

INDIANA

STANDING editorial note in the *Gospel Minister*, the jewel of Westfield:

Notice—On and after October 1, 1932, subscriptions will be received only on the following condition: Should the Lord return to take His church out of the world before the time for which subscription is paid, and the paper therefore suspends publication, all obligations will be considered fulfilled.

KENTUCKY

PUBLIC notice in the press of Hodgenville, the birthplace of the celebrated Abraham Lincoln:

I have thought of running for county judge, but I found my enemies, both Democrats and Republicans, so numerous, and who said they would go after me with meat axes and sharp sticks, that I have decided to tell them to take the office and go to Hell with it.

G. B. FERRILL

MICHIGAN

WANT AD in the Detroit *Free Press*:

WANTED—High-grade executive who has diabetes for high-salaried position in Detroit and other cities. Address Box 1723, Detroit *Free Press*.

MISSOURI

FROM the Higginsville *Advance*:

The Lions Club met Wednesday night at Lefman's Café and after a short discussion on some way that Congress might end the Depression, and hearing a report on the Boy Scout cabin being erected at the fair grounds, they adjourned.

THE Associated Press correspondent in St. Louis reports another defeat for Technocracy:

The machine, chief concern of the Technocrats, will meet its match in the pretzel-bending industry, says Charlie Betz, pretzel executive.

"They'll never be able to make a machine bend 'em the way they should be," predicted Betz, a pretzel molder of the old school. "A man here in St. Louis lost a lot of money trying it. So did a man in York, Pa. You see, dough has life. It's not like wood, or iron, or other things they use in factories. It's living, and it takes a human being—an artist—to get the feel of the dough and twist a pretzel right."

St. Louis, Charlie said, is the pretzel capital of the country. Business fell off when the saloon went out, but reached the turn when people began eating more pretzels in their homes.

THE editor of the *Armstrong Herald* on the profligacy of the times:

One night last week a party in front of the Bank of Armstrong saw a young high-school student trying to crank a Ford jitney. Long comes two high-school girls, and the way they planted the toe of their shoes in the seat of the boy's pants made an unusual picture, but not for the modern youth, we suppose. Would such a thing been common ten or fifteen years ago? Girls! Girls! You should be more thoughtful and, to say the least, considerate.

PUBLIC notice in the *Moberly Monitor-Index*:

NOTICE TO VOTERS

I want to thank the few friends who voted for me. I was certainly surprised to find that I had so few friends in Moberly.

L. L. TITUS

THE reportorial art as practiced on the *St. Clair Republican*, the joy of Osceola:

M. B. Hammons had an experience last Thursday night about 9:30 while on his way home from Bolivar where he had taken his wife to spend the night with their daughter who is in school there, and

to attend the Efficiency School at the college, which all it lacked being a holdup was that he did not stop.

Unity of Kansas City explains everything:

Jesus Christ did what no other man has ever done: He released the electrons in every cell of His body.

There were billions of them, and they formed a belt of living energy and substance all around the earth. This belt constitutes the "place" which He said He would prepare for His followers.

This belt is of a character so elastic that it flows into and energizes the receptive minds of those who believe in the Lord Jesus as life of their life and substance of their substance. This faith in the saving power of His blood or life inoculates the blood of the believer, and raises it to a higher rate of vibration than that of the average man or woman.

MONTANA

MYSTERIOUS personal note in the *Meagher Republican*, published in White Sulphur Springs:

Thank you Ed. for I don't think you're man enough to pay up what you owe now.

1-18 it

MRS. ED. HINKLEY

NEW JERSEY

ADVERTISEMENT of a Morristown prodigy in the *Editor & Publisher*:

Here's the Most Unusual Young Man in America for a Man With Vision!

Keen-minded, brilliant, his pen dipped in the stuff which only Voltaire and Tom Paine possessed—his writings on all subjects lure a wide audience, entertain, then convince. He writes with a pitchfork that jabs readers in the rear-end and no matter what they've believed, they root for him and his ideas.

But—what is his educational background? A product of the most famous University Journalism School, he led 5,000 students in a dozen well-contested races—he wrote his way through college, led liberal movements, edited his own magazine,

put over paying ideas that brought him good money. His dynamic personality put over a paying community business—he was considered brilliant by professors whom he “stumped” in political, religious, psychological bouts.

But—what experience has he had? His record for a man 27 years old outshines the average-run like Halley’s Comet outdazzles the dogstar! He’s had eight years of impressive newspaper work, reporting, rewriting, editing, columnist, features. . . . He knows Chinatown, New York, Sutter Street in ’Frisco and the rustic haunts of the Ozarks as well as the Astor Grill and the best way to get to Hoboken from Grand Central. . . . He’s met and lived with famous personages in American life . . . statesmen . . . Governors . . . heads of advertising agencies . . . liberals . . . Ku Kluxers and Communists . . . he knows them all . . . what a refreshing man for an up-and-coming proposition involving writing or contact! He’s talked about life with hoboes while crossing the Rockies at night on top of a fruit express . . . he talked labor with drifters at Boulder Dam . . . the theatre with down-and-out actors on Hollywood boulevards . . .

This man has seen more phases of American life than any man his age you’ve ever met. That may be true—BUT let’s have the facts . . . what is his RECORD? Chronologically he has been—Editor, state-wide humorous magazine. . . Publisher of a paying magazine he put over from the dummy to finished product. . . Director of Publicity for the largest corporation of its kind in the world. . . . Publicity Agent for New York’s largest realty firm. . . Manager of a Senatorial campaign. . . Legislative Correspondent. . . Rewrite man on a New York daily. . . Writer of two 80,000 word economic-political books which won comment from Theodore Dreiser and Claude G. Bowers. . . Manager of dozens of introductory publicity campaigns for well-rated New York firms. His newspaper record is 8 years long, diversified.

What, then, can this Unusual Young Man do for ME? A few suggestions: Knock out a column that breathes with

LIFE . . . one that will push your circulation as high as the Empire State tower . . . Write Advertising Copy that is “different” . . . the sort of intimate, breezy stuff that little girl instilled into Macy’s copy. . . Direct your Publicity . . . he’ll put you over big . . . Revamp and modernize your newspaper . . . make your readers rub their eyes and say, “Well, at last the Victorian Age has Ended.” He seeks a contact where he can “OPEN-UP” all his forces, DO things! Excellent references. Write Charles L. Nathan, Jr., 15 Phoenix Ave., Morristown, N. J.

NORTH CAROLINA

CULTURAL note from Durham:

The Duke Institute of International Relations Will Be Held at the Same Time and in Coöperation with the Fifteenth Annual North Carolina Pastors’ School of the M. E. Church, South

OHIO

THE ever-alert *Journal of the American Medical Association* discovers a contribution to the American language in the *Jackson News-Advertiser*:

Oak Hill—Richard Wisecup, marshal of the village, is an *operatic* patient at Holzer Hospital.

CONTRIBUTION to the same American language by the cops of Cleveland:

P. D. No. 35 FORM G
POLICE DEPARTMENT, CITY OF
CLEVELAND, O.

This form must not be used only in cases previously reported on proper blank

Supplementary report:

Precinct No. . . .
Case of Address
Subject
I respectfully report

A HOUSEWIFE LOOKS AT ADVERTISING

BY BERNICE KENYON

I REMEMBER a circular that came into my possession years ago, which described and pictured a can-opener. To this day I should like to own one of those can-openers, though I have never yet seen one.

Unfortunately, the circular got lost (that was my fault and not the advertiser's), but I still remember, every time I open a can of tomato juice on the cook's night out, that there is a magical device that "cannot hurt the hands", that is "screwed to the wall or molding and is therefore never lost", that "opens all sizes of cans, leaving no ragged edges of tin", and "is stoutly made and costs only \$1.25." Now, with a good trade-name or a sample in the local hardware store, I might have bought the treasure. At least the advertisement had the proper appeal, making me look forward with delightful curiosity to one of the peskiest of household tasks. I had a can-opener then, and I have one now, but I am still sold on that one, though ten years have passed since the circular came in the mail.

The rare discretion of that advertisement has haunted me all these years. From the misbegotten welter of advertising with which I am continually surrounded, it stands out memorably as one of the few which were just about right. But how differently I feel about dozens of others! How many useful products have been made uninteresting or actually repellent to me, on account of the bad way in which they have been advertised!

For the most part I go about my activities as housewife or family buyer continually bored and disgusted with advertising, and wondering what in the world the advertisers think I am. Perhaps they just don't care; I may be the Forgotten Woman. Yet they must know that I am a buyer and that there are many more like me; they must think it would be better to attract me than to antagonize me. But they appear to believe that I am stupid and idle and gullible, all of which I resent; and they certainly don't know how my mind works, for if they did they would never cram their advertisements with ugly and unpleasant scenes, with sentimental or foolish trade-names and catch-phrases, with extravagant suggestions and ideas which strain my credulity, or with scares. All of these elements in advertising are bad from my point of view, and I am sure I am not alone in my feelings.

Am I really supposed to be so naïve that merely to catch my attention is to turn me into a buyer? Is every printed page for me a page of Gospel truth? Can I be driven or frightened into buying, beguiled by criticisms showing that I am out of date and out of style? Can I be seduced by false hopes of becoming more beautiful and desirable, or perhaps more endurable, than I am already? Can I be intimidated into remaking my surroundings until they correspond to the manufacturers' ideas of perfection? You would think so, to read the advertisements!

II

Bad advertising, from my point of view, falls under a few main headings: the ugly or disagreeable, the sentimental or silly, the extravagant, the vague or difficult to obtain, the *non sequitur*, and the scare. I propose to take up examples under each of these headings, and show why I think each is bad.

The ugly and disagreeable are easy to find. At the moment I can't pick up a magazine or newspaper without coming on an array of ugly photographs of men and women in various predicaments from which somebody's product is supposed to rescue them. The Pepsodent Company, after working gradually through a series of pretty starched nurses, now leaves them out and gives us photographs of their patients—sufferers with faces distorted by sneezing and coughing. They are so life-like that one instinctively looks away from them to dodge the sneezes—and the advertising matter goes unread. It went unread with me, at least, until I examined it for the purposes of this article.

Something of the same idea was used recently in advertisements of Fisher No-Draft Ventilation for automobiles, where mean-looking women in the back seats of sedans protested to exasperated men that the draft was ruining their coiffures (as if any woman would use that expression!) or otherwise annoying them. But the Fisher people, unlike the Pepsodent people, have apparently realized their mistake; and we are now beginning to see in place of the squabbles some scenes of domestic bliss made possible by the new type of ventilation—which is as it should be.

The makers of that popular antiseptic, Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37, give us a lovely hospital scene in one of their

new advertisements: masked doctors appear to be doing something very disagreeable to the mouth or throat of an uneasy-looking patient; and you learn, if you care to read, that S. T. 37 is the antiseptic being used in some famous hospital or other. Remembrances of hideous hospital smells come over you; in fact, the whole idea makes you want to turn away.

I recall, too, those more-than-life-size ugly masculine faces that lately stared at me from the newspapers in the interest of some brand of cigarettes. The great faces came too near for comfort whenever you lifted the paper, and so they made the cigarettes seem undesirable.

For me, all the billboard advertising is a waste of money, partly because it is ugly or spoils the view, and also because it is read too many times. I try not to see it, but find it nearly impossible to keep from reading the great squares of print along the roadside and at every turn. I shall never, if I can help it, buy Gorton's Codfish (No Bones) nor Vicks VapoRub, nor Rub-My-Tism (a horrid-sounding thing), nor Burma-Shave for my husband (even if he asks me to), nor indeed many other products advertised on billboards. I hate the billboards, and my resentment alienates me from the things they advertise; besides, I am tired of the products before ever trying them at all.

A year or so ago there appeared a face-cream at a very high price, said to be made from the "hormones of young turtles". The publicity of monkey-gland operations may have accustomed our minds to an acceptance of strange products for strange purposes, but still I don't know any young woman who would care to smear her face with the hormones of young turtles. She doesn't usually know what hormones are. Then, too, who is to assure her that the turtles were really

young? The age of turtles is admittedly hard to tell; suppose an old one got into the mixture by mistake? Of course there are plenty of gullible and even desperate women to whom the hope of beauty is at least as strong as the hope of immortality, but I am sure that were it not for the undying belief that *il faut souffrir pour être belle*, many of the purveyors of "masques" and mud-packs and other repulsive cosmetics would go bankrupt.

Another choice example of the disagreeable advertisement is that furnished by the makers of Bost Tooth Paste. Bost Tooth Paste is said to remove tobacco stains from the teeth. A large part of its advertising describes a test women are supposed to make: take a clean handkerchief, stain it by blowing cigarette-smoke through it, then daub it with Bost Tooth Paste, rub it, and watch the stain disappear. But why should anyone think I want to daub a handkerchief with tooth paste, and mess my hands up by getting the stain out that way? I am not that curious.

In psychological laboratories, when women are being tested for their emotional qualities and it is desired to experiment with their feelings of disgust, a simple method of disgusting them has been found. All that is necessary is to cover their hands with some harmless sticky mixture. Men, in the same tests, are not readily provoked to disgust by the sticky mixture; probably a man invented that Bost advertisement. I have to deal with messes nearly every day in the running of my house, and I have no interest in creating them on purpose. (The Bost advertisement errs also in containing a *non sequitur*, which will be mentioned later.)

Years ago a famous varnish advertisement showed varnish being tested by boiling water poured upon a shining table-

top—but this at worst involved a cleanly proceeding, and was not really objectionable to me as an idea. I cannot say as much for somebody-or-other's medicated drops, supposed to clear out the baby's head as he sleeps, and which according to the advertisements may be sprinkled upon baby's pillow for that purpose. To be sure, the pillow-case soon goes to the laundry, but how am I supposed to remove the redolent spots from the ticking of the pillow itself, when the baby gets over his cold?

A new advertisement of gritless face-powder suggests that I take some of my regular powder between my teeth, to test it for grit; but who wants to experience the gritty feeling?

III

Under the heading of sentimental and silly one can put innumerable current advertisements. Take, for instance, Little Miss Spruce. Little Miss Spruce was described in a recent mailed circular as, to the best of my memory, a sweet little person who would live in your house through the holidays and afterward could be persuaded to inhabit your dooryard, filling it with charm. This insipid idea was contrived to sell small living spruce trees by mail.

Another silly one is Pink Tooth Brush. The lady sits beautifully gowned, drooping, and reflecting to herself: "I could understand it if I were old, but I'm not old; yet I have Pink Tooth Brush!" Tragic! She should now go out and buy the stuff to cure it; but for the life of me I can't remember what the stuff is. Instead I never notice the advertisement without picturing the same smart woman driving her roadster down to her dentist's office, and confiding to him in a troubled voice: "Doctor Jones, I have Pink Tooth Brush."

Can you imagine her saying that? No, of course you can't. Athlete's Foot was comical enough, especially in such versions as that showing the college girl who "only carried the daisy chain, yet she has Athlete's Foot", but the name probably got by at times because it had a red-blooded quality, as if the victim had made sacrifices in the name of sport.

A fine sentimental one is that dreamy scene in which a large young matron of Dutch appearance touches the bed-sheets yearningly and murmurs, "My hope-chest Wamsuttas!" What she ought to say to convince a housewife like myself, who presumably might buy the sheets she is put there to talk about, would be something direct and simple. "These Wamsutta sheets outlasted all the others in my trousseau," perhaps. But no, the advertisers prefer something more sweet and fancy.

IV

There is nothing to do but pass quickly over such things as the Thrill Brassière. Plenty of such lovely names adorn our advertised products. I personally am tired of all the Dainty Maids and Sun Maids and their kind, sprung from the word *made*, but still very boring after so many repetitions. I have no objection to honest trade-names like Quaker Maid, unless they happen to mean manufactured by Quakers. Enna Jettick is another of these foolish fancies, and I wonder why they didn't call the shoes Energetic and be done with it. Perhaps the shoes weren't "styled" for me, and the name may succeed where it is intended to.

Lotta Miles is one more creature belonging to the tribe of Maids, and not at all alluring, so far as I can see, though she may be for all I know to men engaged

in buying automobile tires. Men must like these humanized advertising ideas, anyhow, to judge by the number of times they turn up to celebrate the values of shaving preparations. The cartoon battles between Terry Tube and Jerry Jar, got out by the makers of Ingram's Shaving Cream, seem to me to be both dull and beside the point.

It's hard to discover why the Spud Cigarette people keep on with their expression, Mouth-Happy. I mean to try the effect of this term on my husband one of these days. He doesn't smoke Spuds, so I shall buy a package of them and offer them to him some time with a remark such as "My dear, I'm afraid you aren't mouth-happy. Try one of these." If he doesn't run from the room thinking I have lost my mind, I shall miss my guess.

By this time the perpetrators of Piggly-Wiggly must have heard that many people think their runs of hard luck were in part due to their unfortunate name; they are in the opposite position to the perpetrators of Technocracy, part of the secret of whose sudden if brief success lay in the excellence of the word coined to designate their activities.

Any housewife is familiar with a long list of things she does not like to ask for by name in a drugstore. I don't refer merely to such obscure or esoteric things as Teethina, Tums, Winx, Golden Peacock Bleach Cream or Velvetskin Patters, which I can forego without any difficulty at all, but to others such as Couettes and The Cotton Picker, both convenient packages of absorbent cotton, which would be more convenient if called something less absurd.

But the prize for the silly and sentimental advertisements probably goes to an English company, makers of biscuits which they are now trying to sell to

Americans. They show a tempting photograph of one of their products, and then make that product nearly impossible to purchase, because of their explanatory caption which reads: "We are Peek Frean Biscuits and our party name is Twiglets". Would you enjoy going into a Park avenue grocery and asking the clerk to get you a package of Twiglets? I suspect that the point of all this is that few men do the family shopping, and that when they do, it all seems so absurd to them that one more silliness isn't to be wondered at. But picture the petty irritation to women like myself, who have to buy a collection of these things every day!

Turning next to the extravagances—I am not much of a spendthrift, and I don't like to have people ask me, as in a recent advertisement, to "be extravagant for once", or to gaze upon a picture of "the most expensive dress in the world" and then compare it in some way with a brand of cigarettes. I dislike, too, what Veblen calls "conspicuous waste." Around Christmas time there appeared a splendid example of the wasteful product, in the form of U-Waxels. Waxels, you might as well know, are candles—neither better nor worse, so far as my experience of them goes, than the good colored candles sold at Woolworth's. But Waxels are expensive. U-Waxels are special Waxels shaped like the letter U, and meant to be placed in special holders where they burn, like Edna Millay's candle, at both ends. To use them you must buy the holders for them, and even then you can't burn the entire candle. A large part of it must be thrown away, if not needed to wax the iron in the laundry. But of course U-Waxels are very smart. They may have an appeal, for all I can tell, to the woman of large means who is always hoping for something new to vary the monotony of her dinner-table,

but to me they are just conspicuously wasteful.

Advertising which is vague, or which describes things difficult to obtain, obviously has very little attraction. If I must take a lot of trouble to understand or buy the thing advertised, I will go a long time without investigating it at all. Sometimes, though, the vagueness lies in a very small point, and I am kept from buying something I want or need because the advertiser has preferred to remain vague in order to sound up-to-date.

Department stores, for example, continually make the mistake of being vague about colors. I have on my desk an advertisement clipped from last Sunday's *New York Times*, showing sketches and giving descriptions of silk under-slips sold by Arnold Constable. These slips look and sound excellent, and I should most certainly have sent for some if I had been able to make out what their colors were. But I'm told that, besides white, I can have Turkish gold or sundown. What does that mean? Turkish gold sounds dark dirty-gold, sundown hints at brilliant rose-red, but perhaps they mean something lighter. I don't want white, and I don't want something with a strong color. If the copy-writer had said what was meant by the fancy names, I might have ordered the slips.

The same difficulty obtains when ordering stockings by mail. It's easy enough to make out the meaning of terms like banana-heart, rose-beige, peach, or golden tan; but colors like cyclamen throw you off entirely. Cyclamen ought to be the color of cyclamen flowers, stems, or leaves, but it isn't. Unless you have a color-card as clue to these new color-names, or have read about them in the newspapers, as you've probably read of Eleanor blue, you are at a loss. If you are like me, you

don't want to spend the time writing for fuller information, or ordering and then returning what you don't like. You prefer to let the slips go until somebody describes their colors more exactly.

Advertisements involving *non sequiturs* belong to the class of those which try to catch the attention by any means at all, and then lead it gently and easily toward the thing to be sold. But I pride myself on having ordinary human intelligence, even on being rather canny; and while I may read about a product, I may also turn away from it upon discovering that the advertisement doesn't mean much, or is trying to fool me. Take, for instance, the handkerchief test for Bost Tooth Paste. Most handkerchiefs are made of linen or cotton, and the surface of teeth is made of enamel. If Bost Tooth Paste takes tobacco stains out of linen or cotton, will it necessarily take them off my teeth? Why not try it on the teeth at once, and see what happens? Why not forget the whole business, and buy a paste more sensibly advertised?

A *non sequitur* which appeared for some time among the cosmetic advertisements (always rich in queer advertising methods) is the one that pictured a really dreadful-looking man, a sort of nightmare scientist or physician, who had discovered a face-cream or lotion through an explosion. You were shown the man's photograph, the explosion, and the finished preparation. Now all this may be very diverting as parlor magic, but why should it cause me to buy the preparation, once it's made, and the explosion and the scientist are safely out of the way? Further reading in the advertisement might reveal some of the values claimed for the stuff, but its attraction was supposed to lie in the explosion producing it. Am I expected to infer that the brave scientist risked his life to make women more beautiful? To

judge by the fellow's face, women would have been safer and more beautiful had he confined his activities to manufacturing some of the things men need, and let the beauty of women thrive as best it might without his plainly explosive interest.

Allied to the *non sequitur* is the advertising involving misinformation. I quote an example composed by the makers of Musterole, and printed in a magazine of several million circulation. The following dialogue appears under two pictures showing a druggist talking with a young woman:

MOTHER: My baby has a terrible croupy cold. What can I give him?

DRUGGIST: Ma'am, just rub on Children's Musterole. It's a counter-irritant, and the surest thing I know.

MOTHER: What do you mean by counter-irritant?

DRUGGIST: It's something that penetrates, goes right to the seat of congestion and breaks a cold in no time.

Perhaps this is what the druggist meant, but he should have known better and probably did, considering his profession. The person who didn't know any better was the copy-writer. I resent the idea of a druggist giving a mother the mistaken definition when he might have told her the truth; but the truth would not have convinced her so readily of the value of Musterole.

V

And now to the scares, which form a very special department of advertising. To maintain that they do not sell goods would, I know, be absurd. Undoubtedly they sell some goods. Nevertheless, I believe the method is bad. A scare repels me from both the described disease and the cure. Then, too, one can often tell that

scare-advertising is at times unsound, even on the face of it; and I know from my own experience that remedies sometimes increase the disease they profess to cure.

Once I have discovered this sad truth about one product that employs scare-advertising, I cannot help jumping to the very natural conclusion that it may be the fact with other products similarly advertised. Unless the advertisers are absolutely certain of their ground, and unless they are all without exception conscientious in their representations (and perhaps they may be, some day), they will have to fight my growing doubts of everything they say.

But the cruel scare-advertising goes on. I cannot quite pass by those awful pages beginning so portentously: "Watch your husband—" and showing an anxious wife worrying over the bent form of her distracted and oblivious spouse; but I still don't know what they advertise, and I don't want to know. From reading the first line and glancing at the picture, I invariably turn to my husband where he sits reading in the library, and speculate as to whether he is scowling from the results of overwork, or simply because of controlled fury at the stupidities of Congress. But I never think for a moment of turning back to the advertisement; hence I maintain that as an advertisement it was no good.

The B. O. and Halitosis scares probably led some people to greater care and cleanliness, but the idea has now been done to death: and I really couldn't believe in the girl who was "often a bridesmaid but never a bride" for the reason that if she was really so offensive she wouldn't even have been allowed in the bridal party. Then, too, this is not a reticent age, and I doubt if people are so generally allowed to go on in ignorance of their offenses.

Forhan's tooth-paste had one of the largest and most mistaken of all the scare campaigns, when someone hit upon the idea that "four out of five" people eventually get pyorrhea. The remarkable vigor of their campaign finally caused the dentists of the country to turn against them and state that pyorrhea is by no means so prevalent as they said. This sort of occurrence puts all of a company's advertising under a cloud, and it will be a long while before many disillusioned readers buy anything labelled with the name of Forhan.

Another mean and unworthy advertisement appeared in countless women's magazines last Summer. It pictured a young mother giving her infant a bath in the presence of a sister or woman friend. The baby was discovered to be ill from the effects of using the wrong kind of toilet paper. The friend warned the mother that it all happened because she said to the grocer: "Any kind will do." Luckily, most of my friends are intelligent enough to guard their children's health reasonably well in such matters, but there are other mothers, no doubt, who passed some time in needless worry on account of what they had read.

Lately we have been bombarded in large black print with the names of a series of suggested disorders. Nerve-Tired? Rheumatic Pains? Jittery Nerves? Heart Affected? Uric Acid Aches? Heart Strain? (I'm waiting for the Heart-Aches, which ought to come along soon.) And if you have any of these ailments you should drink that Battle Creek product, Kaffee-Hag. Who has not had, shall we say, Jittery Nerves, at least once in his lifetime? The company putting out this scary stuff fails to realize that if it goes much further along this line it will put Kaffee-Hag into the class of patent cure-alls.

To be sure, the small print under the suggested maladies explains that Kaffee-Hag may merely prove better for the sufferers than coffee, but who is going to read all that block of small print? I haven't the time nor the interest. I'd rather turn the page to the far more diverting advertisement of Sanka, where the howling jungle animals around the hunter's hammock are all shown falling asleep after drinking from a pool of the hunter's favorite Sanka. I prefer to forget Jittery Nerves in the pleasant idea of refreshing sleep; and when I want one of these special coffees for sleepless guests, I shall go out and buy Sanka.

There is plenty of other advertising, not under these main headings, which fails to attract me as a potential buyer, though it may not exactly turn me away. For instance, there is little use advertising Cannon Towels to me by means of naked ladies in bathtubs. Such ladies may attract the eyes of men, but men don't often buy the family bath-towels. Likewise I cannot see why Bonwit Teller should think to lure me into having them knit me a sport-suit to order, by publishing for my benefit a photograph of a nude woman covered at essential points by a few semi-revealing strands of bouclé yarn. Far better show me a photograph of one of the suits they make to order. These individually created sport clothes are hard to design and turn out, but anybody can wind a naked model in a few strands of yarn.

The testimonial advertising, once so popular, and now confined again to the exploitation of patent medicines described in the pulp magazines, and to the Pond's Company products, the makers of Lux Toilet Soap, one blanket company, and a very few others, has always been more absurd than persuasive. This sort of bait I know wasn't meant for me, but still, I

am a buyer of some of these things. The ladies said to be fair in the Pond's advertising often fail to be convincingly fair; their before-and-after photographs don't show them more vitally alive and more beautiful after using the creams for a number of years. Also, by this time I have heard how much several of the ladies were paid for their endorsements; and I always doubted that they confined themselves to Pond's creams anyhow.

It is all as unconvincing as the half-face test, in which advertised cosmetics were used on one-half the face of a number of subjects, and the subjects' usual cosmetics were used on the other half-faces. Didn't the subjects sometimes get mixed up? And didn't they sometimes deal slightly with the less fortunate side of the face? If anyone wants to see to what heights the cosmetic-makers will carry their supposedly attractive absurdities, let him examine a folder describing the Helena Rubinstein preparations, or look at the advertisements of her new "youthifying herbal masque", made out of "Mauve flowers and Borache petals from France" and "other plants and herbs with youth-restoring properties—twenty-three of them in all", and see what he can make of it. If women fall for this—and some of them do—it's no wonder that some men think all of us are idiots.

VI

What kind of advertising, then, do I like? I like the kind that tells the truth and nothing but the truth, the kind that contains pictures and price-marks, that has attractive colors and brief descriptions. I like an advertisement to be orderly, clear, and simple, and not an insult to my intelligence. I like scientific data where necessary, but they must be real, and not

somebody's doubtful statistics to prove a doubtful case.

I don't have to have all these things in any one advertisement, but I certainly want several of them. I like, for example, the amusing Borden advertisements of Liederkrantz cheese, where people eating it seem to be enjoying it thoroughly; the Gotham non-run stocking advertisements, that tell me I can cut holes in the stockings, but still cannot produce a run; the Sears-Roebuck catalogues, which leave me with very few doubts as to colors and quality.

I like many mailed circulars: those that are simple, like that of the can-opener, and longer, more explicit ones, like those of the New Process Company of Warren, Pennsylvania, offering you blankets and stockings and even Gladstone bags, sending you samples of the materials used, and including the best sales letters I have ever read. These make me want to buy at once, and so eagerly that nothing but the state of my pocket-book can restrain me. I like funny advertisements, too. The less mystery there is about what I set out to look at, the more I feel like buying.

Perhaps my purchasing power is too small to be of concern or of worth to all the less interesting advertisers. Maybe they prefer to go on trying to attract and win over the more credulous females who believe in the religious accuracy of print, and leave me to my own experimental buying. But even then I cannot imagine that advertisements which please me would turn away my more believing sisters, or fail to interest them too. The advertisers could really have us all, with a single advertisement, if they cared to try the right kind. It would cost them no more than they spend already. My patronage would really pay them in the end, for I would not feel it necessary to turn away from their product at the moment when some-

body else came along with another more "smart and stylish" one to take its place. I know what I like, and my wants and needs are fairly steady; and when a product I prefer maintains its quality, I will continue to buy it.

And in most ways, certainly in the more fundamental ones, I am exactly like other women buyers. A woman buying is like a woman falling in love: one flaw of the sort that distresses her, in goods or in man, and she loses interest entirely, no matter how many excellent qualities are also present. The manufacturer and the suitor may not guess the trouble at all, but the fact is that a woman's confidence is very easily lost. For women like myself are not continuously confident, no matter what they may for a moment believe. How can they be? Unethical advertising has surrounded them for years. Common sense dwells to a certain degree in the dumbest woman, and we all learn in time that advertising is not always to be trusted. The fair name of a manufacturer, like the fair name of a man, may be ruined by one mistake; and a mistake in advertising is as bad as any other kind. It is only where there are no mistakes, where by long experience we have learned that certain companies always mean what they say and represent their goods accurately without claiming more for them than they are worth, that we will buy goods by the manufacturer's name alone, and believe what he tells us.

For the present many women will continue to be in my predicament, rushing around, buying things and returning them, watching and testing and trying to tell a bargain when I see one, reading the advertisements, still hoping for that blissful day when I am no longer treated as a vacillating, quixotic, and perverse buyer, but known for what I am: a simple and rational creature who hates to be fooled.

THE TROUBLES OF A RADICAL EDITOR

BY C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

RECENTLY I spent two months of my time helping to edit a radical journal. While the experience was not exactly exalting, it was certainly very illuminating.

Since about 1918 I have had a fairly constant interest in American radicalism, my attention to the subject fluctuating somewhat as my own private preoccupations brought me into contact with the radicals or carried me out of their orbit. While I have never made a practice of "getting to know" people in any walk of life, it happens that I have known Upton Sinclair for a decade and Norman Thomas for an equal length of time, and have followed their gyrations over the American scene with a somewhat personal interest. Moreover, having a retentive memory and a more than average delight in history, I have acquired a pretty good working knowledge, not only of the contemporary radicals and what they currently stand for, but also of the radicals of the past.

The Communists swam into my field of vision long before 1929, and I was "soviet conscious" before any American publisher got the notion that he could make money out of books about Russia. When, according to the mythologists, all American writers were concerned exclusively with gin and poetry and Dada fights, I was writing a treatise on William Jennings Bryan and devoting many months to a book on why we entered the World War. What I had to say on the latter topic was

well received by the Communist and Socialist press, and denounced as indecent by the *New York Times* and the *Infantry Journal*.

I mention these things to let the reader who knows nothing about me see that my remarks in this paper are not those of a recent convert. I have never, however, been a member of a party, having a constitutional and actively cultivated aversion to movements and consequently only an academic interest in party fights. I have no particular opinion on party discipline except that I think it frequently results in unamusing silliness. I have stuck to my private guns for fifteen years.

Two major factors are frequently alleged to have brought the American people around to radicalism in recent years in greater numbers than ever before. The first is the Depression and the second is the shining example of Soviet Russia. According to the reasoning of persons who accept these two factors as sufficient, there has been a tremendous upsurge of revolutionary spirit in the United States during the last three years, and the Revolution is, in consequence, just around the corner, or at best around no more than two or three corners. Nine-tenths of the recently converted radicals that one meets are firm believers in Revolution in Our Time, which means this year or next, and while they are somewhat disconcerted by the results of the last election, and the known attitude of the unemployed (even

those living in Roosevelt Roosts and on the garbage dumps), they try to ignore all such embarrassing facts and indulge to the full their capacity for wishful thinking.

In their eyes the Bonus Expeditionary Force which performed in Washington last Summer was a great revolutionary uprising which was put down with guns and tanks *because it was a revolutionary menace*. Yet its commander, Mr. Waters, in the book he dictated to William C. White, makes it painfully clear that if there was anything in the world he and his men did *not* want it was revolution. What the Bonus Army men wanted was simply a "break." In the eyes of its leaders the bonus was such a break. The dreadful fact is that the psychology of the break still dominates the American mind, which these men well represented, for they came chiefly from small towns. This psychology pretty effectually stifles the development of a revolutionary disposition, and for radicals to ignore the fact is to cultivate disaster. Yet many of them do ignore it, and the consequences are open for all to behold.

Among radicals, argument about these matters always resolves itself into a discussion of the probable tempo of future history. Ignorance and constitutional optimism operating in the same person produce the *Revolution in Our Time* outlook. Information and constitutional pessimism produce a more balanced and considered view.

The latter combination dominates the mind of the radical who thinks that the Americans are too dumb and too doped with official propaganda to act in their own interests, and is convinced that the present economic system is thus good for another fifty years. This sort of radical is tremendously interested in the creation of radical opinion. He engages in radical journalism. Personally, I belong to this group.

II

These reflections are very pertinent to the problem of editing a radical journal. Such a task requires a considerable knowledge of the American mind.

It must be admitted that Americans have never cared for thoroughgoing economic radicalism, though they have been periodically excited about so-called moral issues—slavery and Prohibition, for instance. The history of trade unionism in this country is a story of a long uphill battle which only succeeded in the end because the outlook of the unions was cleverly and by necessity adapted to the general outlook of the American people. For many years, now, the union leaders have, if anything, been behind the dissident groups in opinion-creating journalism. The assimilation of the A. F. of L. to the National Security League, engineered by Samuel Gompers himself, is a good example of the cultural lag characteristic of trade unionists, as was the attitude of Gompers toward the conduct of the war.

It is seriously to be doubted, moreover, that Eugene Debs won his following because he was a Socialist and hence, theoretically, a revolutionist. He rather commanded the affectionate admiration that always goes out to those who fight for the underdog. The I. W. W. never succeeded in clearing itself of the stigmas diligently plastered on it by its enemies, even in the minds of people who should, so the radicals think, have been its natural supporters. Big Bill Haywood was a hero to radicals and the children of radicals, but to the American masses he was a dangerous fellow, indeed, who ought to have been locked up.

Clearly, then, the American mind has never fancied radicalism, and certainly has never been open to radical appeals for ac-

tion. It has had its pet *bêtes noires*, such as Wall Street and J. P. Morgan, but it has been content to express its dislike and fear through restrictive legislation which never restricted, and hysterical support of such undangerous persons as William Jennings Bryan. Even the periodic outbreaks of agrarian radicalism, so-called, of which we are having a rather violent example today, have always petered out into campaigns for legislation restrictive of the capitalists on the one hand and favorable to the farmers on the other. The Americans, except for isolated individuals and small minority groups, have never even cultivated the good old Irish position of being agin the government come what may, but have rather deliberately leant on the government for help and succor. This is the opposite of the revolutionary disposition.

In the face of this situation, the way of the radical press has been hard. It has been composed largely of party organs and has chiefly been read by persons already convinced of the rightness of the general line taken. Its position is difficult to portray in any other terms than those which would apply with equal accuracy to house-organs. The *Masses* and the *Liberator*, however, both of which I am old enough to have purchased on the news-stands, did have a knack of arousing high interest. But save for these exceptions, the pages of American radical journals have been very trying reading to persons of any intellectual tastes, and such persons have been forced, by default, to seek the information, entertainment and æsthetic satisfaction they craved in the pages of Liberal or Conservative capitalist journals.

They took in, as the English say, the radical sheets more or less from a sense of duty; they felt obliged to support the party press; but one may doubt strongly that they read the radical papers conscientiously

or ever learned anything from them other than the dates of forthcoming meetings and such like statistical stuff. A tale goes the rounds about a Communist orator in Union square who replied to a doubting Thomas in his audience that what he was saying was absolutely true, not, as one might expect, because he had read it in the *Daily Worker*, but because he had read it in the *New York Times*!

The choices open to the editor of a radical journal in this country have, therefore, been narrow. Either he could follow the example of his predecessors and produce a mere house-organ, or he could make a valiant but probably impossible effort to edit a paper of at least prospective interest to the American people at large. The adventure from which I have just returned was based, for the time of my association, on the latter plan. The object was, in my own mind at least, to produce a bi-weekly paper selling for a nominal sum, which could properly be called a journal of radical opinion. I envisaged it as an attempt to supply the missing color in the spectrum of American public opinion. In every mature country, I argued, there were journals of the Right, the Center and the Left. The United States, it is apparent, is now blanketed by journals of the Right, and the Liberal publications, both newspapers and weeklies, may be taken as representatives of the Center. What is missing is a journal of the Left, free of party entanglements and dedicated to reporting, analyzing and discussing the state of the nation according to the illumination granted its editors and contributors.

Since I felt that the American mind was rather unsympathetic to such a journal and because it certainly could not survive on the patronage of the intellectuals, it had to be popular to the fullest extent. That is not to say that it had to be vulgar, but it

had to avoid difficult writing and unbroken columns of solid reading matter. The first difficulty encountered on the editorial side (I say nothing here about the difficulties of the business people in selling the product!) was the sheer lack of writers to produce copy worth printing. Other than party hacks, who can turn out the rubbish which they have been producing continuously for years, the editor of a radical sheet is forced to fall back upon the professional literati, and thus, in effect, stultify his magazine from the very beginning!

Of course, such writers have a commercial utility; their names mean something to potential readers and so lead them into the magazine; they are, therefore, good advertising, however much they would hate to know that they can be described in such terms; but they certainly do not write the sort of stuff a radical magazine should print. Bitten with the notion that mere reform can accomplish all that is necessary, they turn out copy that is riddled from beginning to end by assumptions which the journal, editorially, does not grant. Radical writers of real quality, with or without names that would help sell the magazine, are as scarce as hens' teeth. And there is not time, once a journal is put on a production schedule, to develop them.

Looking more closely at the radical writers, one finds certain incapacitating habits of mind characteristic of them. In the first place, a professedly radical journal is even more plagued by cranks than the ordinary magazine. These fellows, observing that you dissent from the accepted norms of American opinion, immediately assume that you will be an excellent market for their particular sort of rubbish. This is frequently a correct assumption, for only too often, when an American is unorthodox in politics and economics, he is also a believer in mental telepathy,

vegetarianism and the absolute necessity for compulsory setting-up exercises for the American population. So day in and day out a radical editorial office is plagued with all kinds and varieties of cranks.

More embarrassing still is the simply appalling belief, entertained by otherwise very rational radicals, that facts, incisive analysis, and skill at writing are as nothing compared to an ability to quote, appositely or inappositely, from Karl Marx and Nicolai Lenin. Yet one of the most brilliant analyses of American economic life ever published by an American radical has as chapter headings quotations from "Alice in Wonderland"! Again, the radical gentry of the typewriter are never quite satisfied that they have said anything worth saying unless they can ring in the Marxian terminology: class struggle, the dialectics of the situation, inner contradictions, and all the rest. They simply cannot be told that all this must be kept in the mind of the writer if the paper is to be read by the American public, which, on seeing such terms employed, immediately sees red and tosses the sheet away.

What esoteric value the radicals find in cluttering up their copy with these guideposts to easy thinking I never have understood. I suppose that as good an explanation as any is that they are part of an elaborate system of sympathetic magic, and reading them makes the believer "feel good." Yet if radicalism is ever to get any place in this country it must give up this infantile habit of mind without abandoning the technique of interpretation that Marx provided, and write its stuff in the American language, using American facts. These facts lay all about us, awaiting interpretation.

This is all to the good, for the radical writers are appallingly weak on facts. Throw a stone into a crowd of them and

you will not fail to hit a writer quite capable of producing a paper explaining in abstract terms borrowed directly from "Das Kapital," the past, present and future of American capitalism, but you will comb the crowd with a fine tooth comb and fail to discover a single individual capable of writing a radical analysis of the current financial news, and keeping it up as regularly as dozens of financial writers in the Conservative press. So buffaloeed are the radicals by their formulæ that they have vastly less respect for contemporary facts than the editorial writers of the reactionary journals, and I say this, not to ridicule or discredit them, but in sorrow inspired by editorial experience.

All this leads inescapably to the conclusion that radical journalism in America, in any proper sense, is still in the womb of time. I wish I could say in its swaddling clothes, but I cannot. Anyone hankering to make a try at producing a radical journal should spend some time before the first issue appears studying the available writers from all angles and lining them up for his sheet. He should, moreover, lay aside plenty of money with which to pay them, for radicals must still eat, clothe themselves and pay rent, like more conventional citizens. Willing as they are to make sacrifices, they cannot be expected to give their work to struggling magazines paying low rates if any other market is open for the material they are producing.

III

In handling the matter of staff-written material, editorials and so on, difficulties equally vexing constantly arise. No radical journal worth its salt is ever run without a fairly clear idea of the ultimate social objective it is seeking to reach. As a matter of fact, agreement on this point is the

easiest problem presented to the editorial board. Where the trouble comes is in deciding how to deal with immediate reforms, passing issues, and the news of the week.

Since the ultimate objective is so well established, the tendency of radical editors is to be too hasty in condemning all passing happenings as trivial. This is very different from the failing of the Liberal editors, who are forever announcing that the latest reform ushers us into Utopia, and the antithesis of the attitude of the Conservative editors, to whom every new reform marks a definite milestone on the Republic's road to Hell. Moreover, being convinced that the whole system is incompatible with Social Justice, it is easy for radical writers to fall into the habit of saying that such and such a reform is all right, but it doesn't go far enough.

It would considerably improve the editorial standing of radical journals if the editors could be trained to state in precise, factual and analytical terms just where the reform in question fits or doesn't fit into the present scheme of things, and why it will lead no place in particular. The American disposition to accept reforms makes it absolutely indispensable that they deal in detail with every reform that is accomplished, that their readers will not sink into apathy and lose interest in ultimates, once a particular law has been passed.

Again, radical editors must sternly resist the temptation to say, glibly, that such and such a proposed measure is a capitalistic trick, for the American people are sufficiently pragmatic to accept the profits accruing from any trick, whoever engineered it, and to let the theoretical consequences go hang. If it is a capitalistic trick, then it should be within the powers of the editor to demonstrate why and how that is so.

To come to cases, let us consider the

question of inflation. It can be reasonably argued that radicals should encourage inflation because there is little likelihood that our present financial moguls are sufficiently intelligent to keep it under control. It will inevitably get away from them, the country will be flooded with cheap money, the finances of the nation will be thrown into disorder, and the collapse of capitalism (what a delightful phrase, conjuring up a mental picture of the Empire State Building tumbling down!) will be brought measurably nearer. Since the ultimate objective of the radical editor is to displace the present leaders from their seats of power, it would thus be entirely reasonable for him to cheer for inflation.

On the other hand, it is also perfectly clear that inflation will work a fearful and possibly entirely unprofitable hardship, in terms of ultimate benefits, on the wage and salary workers, whose incomes cannot, by any imaginable device, be forced upward as fast as the currency depreciates and prices rise in terms of monetary symbols. From this standpoint the radical editor could legitimately oppose inflation, however uncomfortable he might be in the company of "sound" money advocates. Or, as a third line, he might reasonably say that it is profitless either to advocate or oppose inflation, since it is a matter entirely beyond the control of the governors of our financial system, and it will work or won't as circumstances decree. What line should he take?

Or take a broader issue, but one which is particularly acute at the present moment. What attitude should a radical editor assume toward the farmers? Anyone who knows the history of agrarian movements in America knows perfectly well that the farmers can be fobbed off with legislative relief and their whole movement blown sky-high over night. It has been done be-

fore and the likelihood that it will be done again must certainly be seriously considered. The only qualification that seems necessary is that, on almost every previous occasion, there has been a rise in farm prices before the full inadequacy of the legislative relief has become apparent. It may well be argued today that the present Depression in the Farm Belt, which is of longer standing and consequently has worked itself out to a fuller extent than in industrial areas, is not temporary but permanent, and consequently the farmers will, for the first time in history, have revealed to them the inadequacy of legislative relief.

Therefore, an editor may conclude that his paper should play along with the farmers and encourage their radicalism. On the other hand, it must be recognized that the farmers, yesterday, certainly today and in all probability tomorrow, pursue the narrowest sort of self-interest policy. They will, as they always have in the past, seek to preserve everything possible for themselves while seeking to gain relief at the expense of the industries and utilities (most of them privately owned) with which they come in contact. The farmers are perfectly willing to nationalize the banks and insurance companies holding their mortgages, the railroads, the farm machinery companies and the various marketing and processing arrangements in which their products figure, but they will not personally give up a single one of the private capitalist advantages to which they are securely wedded by years of history. They would, therefore, remain a permanent stumbling block in the way of any thoroughgoing revolution and certainly make very dangerous allies for a radical with some comprehension of the need for a nationally integrated economy. What line, then, should a radical take toward the farmers?

The radical editor, it should be plain,

has as little reason for taking refuge in snap judgments as any editor imaginable and yet the field is in such a low state of development and the workers in it are so little gifted with insight and information that these issues seem rather hypothetical when presented to them. The tendency is to live from hand to mouth. The appalling underdevelopment characteristic of the radical writers can only be cured by experience, and so the radical journals, with rare and heartening exceptions, will remain immature for years to come.

IV

If the present state of American public opinion and the inadequacies of the writers are so glaringly obvious, what encouragement is there in the field?

Well, I began by remarking that the arguments here all revolve around the question of tempo. It seems to me pretty apparent that the audience for radical political and economic doctrines will grow rapidly within the next few years. This belief is predicated upon the notion that the old America, euphemistically called the Land of Opportunity, is dead, and that once the realization of this fact sinks into the American mind, once the American people cease to expect to get a "break," they will turn away from their present politico-economic wiseacres and look for guides to pastures new.

There will be a fairly constant development of the psychology characteristic of Europe: once a working man always a working man. The middle class, on the other hand, will undergo a trial by battle and will first take the Fascist tack of sup-

porting the plutocrats (who will claim to be the Amurrikin Peepul), in the hope of gaining a living from service to them. But Fascism will not last and it will be forced to look for allies in the working class. As these readjustments are being made, there will be constantly increasing groups in the American community which will be prepared to listen to radical political and economic ideas.

If this turns out to be a fairly accurate guess as to the future in America, there would seem to be a fair prospect that radical journalism will get on its feet and begin to walk like a man. But since, in my opinion, the process of bringing Americans around to truly radical views of the social system will take the better part of half a century, there would seem to be plenty of time for the radical journalist to learn how to handle his tools effectively.

But for the time being it must be admitted that the prospects of radical journalism of any great respectability or importance are pretty poor. Journals will be established with the very best of intentions, but they will be forced for one reason or another to go off on tangents (or so I view them), the most common of which is allying themselves with a political party and hence becoming house-organs. The editors will thereby cease to be independent political critics, and become politicians, or creatures of them, which is worse. For some years yet the mortality among radical journals will be terrifyingly high.

But some bright day, I think, the American mind will become mature, and the red ray in the spectrum of opinion will shine as brightly as the green and the black. Meanwhile, . . .

THE STATE OF THE UNION

BRIEF REPORT FROM A PRAIRIE UTOPIA

BY ALFRED KLAUSLER

Hankinson, N. D.

NORTH DAKOTA is blessed by a lack of tourists. Sounds from the rest of the Union reach its citizens only as faint echoes from a remote inferno. Travellers, except political campaigners, seldomly stop long enough to fill their gasoline tanks. A Greater North Dakota Association makes an annual spasmodic appeal to the tourist trade but generally gives up after a brief struggle. With its treeless prairies and alkali lakes North Dakota looks like a living symbol of a T. S. Eliot poem. The one break in the monotony of the horizon is found on the western border, where the Bad Lands rip up the blue and copper sky with miles of petrified trees and red and purple canyons.

This isolation works no recognized hardship on North Dakota's population. Its 600,000 Scandinavians, Russians and Germans are morosely contented with the soil. The Scandinavian, whether Norwegian or Swede, drinks his whiskey straight, votes the Nonpartisan ticket, hates the few Roman Catholics, supports the W.C.T.U., and establishes more and more normal-schools.

The German votes the Nonpartisan ticket, demands an accounting from the State bank, drinks his beer, and votes wet. The Russian believes and lives a heavy-handed morality and communicates his fervors to the Scandinavian ladies, who organize W.C.T.U. branches. Periodically

he raids the news-stands (the State has only one bookstore) for pornographic literature and obscene pictures. On other days he looks forward confidently to the early advent of a new political messiah, eats his sunflower seeds, quarrels with his pastor, founds a couple of new sects, and raises more wheat and babies.

Mix these different nationalities, and you may find some explanation of the queer political experiments—that is, queer from the viewpoint of the bourgeois Easterner—initiated at Bismark at regular intervals. These strivings for Utopia are best seen at work, perhaps, in the State's educational system. The voters have a touching belief in the blessings and miracles of education. Their children are taught the Ten Commandments, the evils of alcohol and nicotine, and the Lord's Prayer, all by order of the forward-looking Nonpartisan League.

The propaganda for education and human progress is carried on through an elaborate system of schools. The State government has placed, at various points in the State, the amazing total of six normal-schools, one State university, one science school, one agricultural school, one forestry school, one school of mines, and one school for the feeble-minded. Remember that 85% of the 600,000 inhabitants are farmers, poor farmers. With such a burden of schools upon them it naturally follows that the pedagogues are underpaid, the libraries deficient, and the buildings badly heated. The graduates are no more advanced than those of an Eastern high-school. But the schools add a touch of ro-

mance and culture to the otherwise barren villages which house them, and the politicians keep them functioning, despite the fact that tax delinquencies have now reached 25%.

In the recent Legislature some member had the temerity to propose that all the higher schools be consolidated, but he was howled down and another member rose to suggest that new taxes on dogs and cigarettes be levied in order to keep them running. At this writing they are still open. But the salaries of the professors have been cut to the bone, appropriations for the libraries have been forgotten, and repairs to the buildings have been postponed. One-third of the elementary schools have been closed for a year, and soon economic necessity will close the higher schools unless a kind Federal government offers a loan—and the 600,000 North Dakotans are already carrying a \$40,000,000 debt.

Idealism is to the fore in State politics. There is a tradition among loyal Nonpartisans that every time the late Uncle Joe Cannon received the election returns from North Dakota he would swallow his stogie and let loose a roar to the effect that the State should never have been admitted to the Union. The voters first rebelled against correct American thought at the time General Weaver headed the Populist ticket in 1892. But not until 1912, when A. C. Towneley came riding over the hill, did the State's political history really begin.

Some day a biographer, having run out of kings and geniuses, will turn to Towneley. He should be good for 500 pages. It was he who had the bright idea to call Socialism the Nonpartisan League. In 1912 he set the farmers in all corners of the State to howling for hail insurance, State banks, State elevators and mills, warehouse commissions, and the initiative and referendum.

The bosses in Minneapolis (in those days Minneapolis, 250 miles away, ruled North Dakota, and the Minneapolis *Journal* still tries to) offered the usual soothing syrups, but in 1914 their agents were turned out of office. At once an amazed Union, or an amazed Northwest anyway, saw North Dakota converted into a fuming political laboratory. Theorists poured in from all parts of the world. There was a fellow by the name of John Stuart Mills who came all the way from Australia to tell the farmers that Paradise lay open to them if they would only do so and so. Barely four feet tall, he would perch himself on a high chair back of the speaker's stand and demand the abolition of the Legislature, the establishment of crop insurance, a heavy railroad tax, and the eight-hour day. Radicals from Berlin, from the Webbs in England and from Wisconsin flooded the State. The upshot was that it adopted many of their reforms. Moreover, those reforms actually worked for a time—at least until thieves began to stick their fingers into the jampot of idealism. Finally, A. C. Towneley fled to Minnesota, and North Dakota languished in the hands of the Republicans until the farmers steamed up again.

Now the Nonpartisans are in power once more, but the party has lost its old autocratic hegemony, and every week talk grows stronger of impeaching or recalling its Governor. Several years ago another Governor, Frazier by name, was impeached, but at the first opportunity he was presented to the United States Senate as senior Senator from North Dakota. Though the State bonds are now worthless and taxes are not paid, there has been no sign so far of the North Dakota farmers going on strike or holiday. But the underground grapevine quivers with stories of clubs that resemble the clubs of the days before the French Revolution.

Once every North Dakota farmer owned his quarter section, but now more than 50% of them are tenants. When the news was lately flashed over the wires that a State senator proposed that the State secede from the Union, the East was probably amused. But the farmers were with Senator Martin and thought his proposal sound. If Secession can bring up the price of wheat, restore their homes and reduce their taxes, then Secession it will be.

North Dakota has always been in the forefront of things. Though it is cursed with stupid newspapers and a seven-month Winter, it was ten years ahead of the other States with workmen's compensation laws, hail insurance, and State elevators and mills. Ten years from now it may have set up, in place of the Legislature and Governor, a commission form of government. Twenty years from now some one may have the sense to abolish all the State schools except the agricultural college. Until then the coyotes will howl back of the barn on Winter nights, and in Summer the purple crocus will dot the prairies and decorate the altars of the little Lutheran churches. If there is a political party left in North Dakota, it will still be the monster of an unnatural union of Republicans and Socialists.



THE FOLKLORE OF EARTHQUAKES

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

Los Angeles

ON THE basis of their reaction to the word *earthquake*, Californians can be divided into three classes: first, the innocent late arrivals who have never felt an earthquake but who go about avowing to all and sundry that "it must be fun"; next,

those who have experienced a slight quake and should know better, but who none the less persist in propagating the fable that the San Francisco quake of 1906 was the only major upheaval the State has ever suffered; and, lastly, the victims of a real earthquake—for example, the residents of San Francisco, Santa Barbara, or, more recently, Long Beach. To these last, the word is full of terror. They are supersensitive to the slightest rattles and jars, and move uneasily whenever a heavy truck passes along the highway.

This diversity, based on dissimilar experience, is probably responsible for the amazing earthquake folklore that thrives in California. Fresh outpourings of popular fancy appear whenever the region feels another twister. Science is not as sure about earthquakes as it ought to be, and so the Californians make out a fairly plausible case for the superiority of their own lore to the so-called scientific pronouncements elicited by the press from the staffs of the local universities whenever a quake gives another blow to the tourist trade.

This popular fancy about earthquakes has crystallized into a trinity of superstitions. They are as follows: that tall buildings in a quake area are peculiarly perilous structures; that quakes are caused by the drainage of oil from the bowels of the earth; and that they are invariably preceded by periods of what is known as "earthquake weather." Los Angeles, under the influence of a widespread belief in the first of these superstitions, adopted an ordinance limiting the height of buildings years ago. As a consequence of this ordinance (which is also said to have been favored by local realtors animated by ulterior motives), the city has become annoyingly decentralized. In fact, if its tendency to decentralization is not corrected, it will soon become a collection of widely dis-

persed shopping districts connected by boulevards of racing traffic.

The belief in earthquake weather is persistent and unshakable. I have heard old residents quarrel endlessly among themselves over the exact definition of it, but they all agree that it exists and that it invariably presages the coming of a quake. Despite the fact that it is common knowledge that earthquakes have occurred in Summer and Winter, in Spring and Fall, and at every hour of the day or night, regardless of temperature, the belief in this earthquake weather survives. In the popular sense, the phrase seems to designate a close, stifling, sunless, muggy atmosphere. One might be ready to believe that such weather does presage the coming of quakes if it were not for the fact that the description obviously refers to an atmospheric condition that, in California, is the subject of universal detestation. The conclusion is almost irresistible that the residents have merely made the loathsome "close days" responsible for calamities that could not, in loyalty, be imputed to any other kind of weather.

The belief in the oil-drainage superstition is of equal antiquity and tenacity. There is, as a matter of fact, a slightly melodramatic quality about oil-fields. The great shining storage tanks glisten in the sun; the forests of derricks assume fantastic shapes in mist and cloud, light and darkness; and the ceaseless thumping of the pumps makes for an atmosphere of doubt and misgiving. Oil drillers themselves are a notoriously superstitious breed of men.

But the range of popular fancy is not limited to any particular set of superstitions. After the recent temblor that caused such heavy damage at Long Beach and the surrounding towns, I was able to cull the following yarns from the local press

and from conversations overheard during the next few days. It seems that a hen laid three eggs a few moments after the first shock was felt; that a woman who had been suffering from paralysis for years was cured by the vibrations of the quake and walked forth from an invalid's room without assistance; that the quake was predicted by the "scientists" weeks before it occurred, but that the information was suppressed by certain sinister interests variously known as the big men, the bankers, and the university presidents; that a woman was taking a bath in Long Beach when the first shock came, causing a section of the wall to fall in and block the doorway, so that she was forced to remain in the bathroom without clothes for three days and nights until she was rescued by some legionnaires; that sixteen boys were caught in the plunge of the Polytechnic High-School in Long Beach, but that they have never been reported missing and that their parents have been hushed up; that while standing in a neighboring building gazing out at the new Los Angeles City Hall (twenty floors and a tower) a group of people saw the hall sway out of sight, come back into sight, sway out of sight in the opposite direction, and then come to rest "with an awful jar"; that a worker in a chemical plant near Long Beach was thrown thirty feet in the air after the first shock, and that, on hitting the ground, he bounced skyward, and was thus tossed up and down for three times "in rapid succession"; that the earthquake was caused by the moving mountain near Durango, Col.; that an automobile, while being driven along a boulevard in Long Beach shook so hard that it lost all four tires; that the undertakers in Long Beach didn't charge a penny for the sixty or more interments following the quake; that the quake was the first manifestation of the

awful curse placed on Southern California by the Rev. Robert P. Shuler after its residents failed to elect him United States Senator; that sailors on vessels a mile or more off shore from Palos Verdes saw the hills (quite high) disappear from sight; that the bootleggers of Long Beach saved hundreds of lives by their public-spirited donation of large quantities of alcohol to the medical authorities; that women showed the most courage during the quake and that men can't stand up under earthquakes; that the shock of the quake caused dozens of miscarriages in Long Beach and that an earthquake will often cause permanent, and annoying, irregularities among women; that every building in Southern California that was not damaged by the quake is "earthquake proof"; that another earthquake will be experienced within three months "at the other end of the fault"; that a cross on a Long Beach church was not damaged, though the rest of the building was destroyed; that the quake will disturb the production of oil by causing it to flow from one underground reservoir to another; that every life lost during the quake was due solely to the obdurate willfulness of the dead in not doing what the speaker would have brilliantly done under the same circumstances; that an earthquake is much more terrifying than a cyclone, but not quite as frightful as a tornado, and just

slightly less ghastly than a hurricane; that Californians should construct earthquake cellars just as Middle-Westerners build cyclone cellars; that "the first quake is always the hardest" and that, in reality, there is only one quake, the subsequent temblors being regarded as merely "echoes" or "repercussions" of the first; that the safest place to be when an earthquake occurs is indoors, outdoors, in a doorway, standing next to an interior partition, lying relaxed on the floor; that the outdoor camping and the enforced communalization of life after the quake in Long Beach produced widespread immorality; that it is extremely dangerous to rush out of doors during an earthquake for the reason that "great cracks" are likely to occur in the paving, or one may be struck by a runaway vehicle; that the last quake occurred in California in Santa Barbara in 1926, and the first in San Francisco in 1906, and that, between these dates, California did not experience an earthquake; that the United States Government will not build a first-rate fort in California for fear of it being destroyed by an earthquake; that every community in Southern California which escaped serious damage in the last quake "is not in the path of the fault", and is, therefore, immune from peril; that the earthquake, followed by the appearance of a mighty meteor on March 24, presages the Beginning of the End.

THE COLLAPSE OF PARLIAMENTS

BY HOFFMAN NICKERSON

THE recent abject surrender of Congress to His Majesty, Franklin I (whom God preserve—for the time being at least!), was not only an important American event: a survey of the state of legislatures elsewhere shows that it marked a significant stage in a world-wide process—the general decline of parliaments.

A legislature or parliamentary body is supposed to represent the people in the making of laws, a business for which citizens in the mass have neither the time nor the information. Such bodies have a long and majestic history; memories as old as Magna Charta cling to them, and to this day an English translation of that document is printed at the beginning of the Legislative Manual of New York State. Several centuries of English political history might be plausibly described as a record of the conquest of liberty through successful parliamentary resistance to the royal power.

Similarly, the French parliament descends from the Revolutionary Assembly that did so much to make modern Europe, and the Congress of the United States takes its name from the body which presided over the brave days of '75, made George Washington commander-in-chief, received the news of Saratoga, then of Yorktown, and finally ratified the treaty establishing American independence.

Nevertheless, parliaments today are everywhere despicable, and everywhere—

except in England, where special circumstances combine to preserve the empty shell—they are despised. How can this sharp contrast between traditional prestige and present contempt be explained?

Very briefly, there are only three forms of government: democracy, in which the entire citizen body governs directly; oligarchy, in which the job is done by a few; and monarchy, which is government by a single man. In practice, none of the three can swallow completely either of the other two, for even the most democratic state must have magistrates and even the most despotic government can exist only by some measure of consent on the part of the masses. No possible human arrangement can prevent a few from being individually more powerful than the rank and file, for every state must have councils or committees—soviets, if one prefers the Russian word—small enough to meet conveniently, nor can any assembly exist without some single moderator or presiding officer.

Nevertheless, one of the three forms will usually dominate the other two. When the mass of citizens is so large that they cannot meet in a single town-meeting or assembly, no real political democracy can exist, for they cannot govern directly and can seldom give intelligible orders to their magistrates. Thus, in the United States of the last forty years, it is possible to argue that the people have only twice recorded themselves on definite matters of public

policy—on Free Silver in 1896 and on the League of Nations in 1920. It would be hard to make out a case for any third instance.

The modern fashion of calling the government of this or that large state a democracy is only an abuse of language; in reality, the government of such states must be that of few or of one, and in so far as a parliament or legislative body governs, we are compelled to call the result an oligarchy.

II

The name parliament, from the French *parler*, is based upon some low-Latin original and means a talk-shop, a place for consultation and discussion. The modern world inherited the institution from assemblies in which the king consulted with his chief nobles and clergy. To these councils there was presently added a representative element in the shape of deputies from the towns. As early as the Eleventh Century, in certain Pyrenean districts constantly at war with the Mohammedans and therefore in need of the active consent of the governed, such representatives were found. Before the end of the Middle Ages representation was common to all Christendom except the Germanies, where it seems not to have taken root.

No medieval parliament, however, was supposed to exercise sovereign power. The function of the assembly was simply that of supporting the royal authority by consenting to special and temporary taxes when needed, or else of checking the Crown by refusing such taxes.

The second stage of the process was the usurpation of sovereignty by a single European parliament, the English. Representation itself was by no means distinctively English; it appeared in the island only

long after its appearance on the Continent. But in the early modern period a series of accidents weakened and impoverished the English Crown and created a powerful wealthy class, which was able to capture the government, reducing the King to the estate of a salaried puppet. In their struggle with the Crown these new masters did two things: they used Parliament as their instrument and they claimed to be acting, not in their own interest, but in that of the people whom they robbed and despised.

Far from being a democracy, however, the polity which they set up created one of the chief aristocratic states known to history. Only in medieval Venice and ancient Carthage had the masses ever shown the same desire for government by a special class, while at the same time that class played its part ably and in the grand style. After a long and difficult struggle against the once popular monarchy, the gentry succeeded in imposing themselves on the national imagination, and down to our own time no one could be elected to the House of Commons who was not a gentleman.

The third parliamentary stage was the mechanical copying of England both in America and in Europe. On this side of the Atlantic it was natural for the revolted colonists to imitate English forms. Although some of them fully understood that the British House of Commons was an essentially aristocratic institution, others were duped by the democratic propaganda of the English Whigs. The surprising thing is the extent to which the Federal Constitution differed from the English model. For example, the effort to protect local and individual liberties by a written constitution with a Supreme Court to interpret it was wholly un-English, and so was the partial veto power accorded to

the elective monarch, *i.e.*, the President. If that veto did not go so far as the absolute royal veto last used in England by Queen Anne, it was none the less an anti-parliamentary device. Yet when all is said and done, the Federal Constitution did set up a qualified parliamentary sovereignty, for Congress can pass laws which the President is bound to execute, two-thirds in each House can combine to override his veto, and two-thirds of the Senate can successfully impeach him.

Events on the Continent of Europe were shaped first by the fall of Napoleon, second by the political commotions which went on steadily until 1871. The defeat of Napoleon was primarily an English victory. Decidedly, Prussia was also in at the death at Waterloo, and it may be argued whether the real turning point in Napoleon's fortunes was Trafalgar or the retreat from Russia. (Indeed, the weight of evidence on that point seems increasingly on the Russian side. Had the Czar's soldiers killed or captured the Emperor and his marshals in 1812, then the prestige of his fall would have been a Russian prestige, and with a very little more luck or skill they would have done so.) But in the event, England, the Corsican's most persistent enemy, had the glory.

Prestige attracts imitation. Through the first half of the Nineteenth Century the peoples of the Continent saw across the Channel an England wealthier and more powerful than any one of themselves, enjoying an internal peace which contrasted all too vividly with their own revolutionary convulsions, and ordering her foreign policy so wisely that the loss of the Thirteen Colonies marked its one serious check. All this, they said to themselves, is due to the British Constitution; let us, too, have parliaments.

What they did not see was that in so far

as her sovereign parliament was a part of England's greatness, it was so not because of any general merit in the institution itself, but because parliaments work well when they preside over those rare communities in which the masses desire government by a special, aristocratic class. The English Parliament governed effectively, not because it was a parliament, but because it was the organ of a governing class, the gentry, to whom elections meant little, inasmuch as no vote ever did more than replace one set of gentlemen with another. Not for nothing was the Nineteenth Century House of Commons called the best club in London.

But, alas for the Continental states, they were looking at England only superficially, and were to learn to their cost that most communities of white men, far from desiring government by aristocratic cliques or clubs, detest it so much that they will shed blood rather than submit. Each new parliament proved a fertile mother of futile agitation and public disorder, but the "democratic", "liberal", and "progressive" propaganda of the British gentry, originally meant for the consumption of the British masses, so bamboozled the Continental peoples, intellectuals and all, so that they struggled helplessly in the parliamentary network like fish swimming round and round in a fish trap.

Of course, parliamentarism was not the sole force behind the Nineteenth Century disturbances on the Continent. The romantic-naturalist school of thought, with its contradictory worship of democracy and equality and also of their exact opposites individualism and liberty, was more powerful in that direction than any piece of political machinery. Nevertheless, the disastrous confusion between parliamentarism and democracy vastly aggravated the prevailing frictions.

One of the perpetual amusements of history is that of noting the long resistance which fashions in thought are able to oppose to the heaviest artillery of fact. Today there is a charming irony in reading the patronizing comments of such an English historian as Trevelyan on Garibaldi's dislike for parliaments; the smug, insular Whig shakes his finger and wags his head as if the Liberator of half Italy were a schoolboy to be gently but firmly corrected. Equally amusing is the shocked silence with which the late Nineteenth Century *intelligentsia* greeted the remarks of K. P. Pobyedonostseff, procurator of the Holy Synod of the Russian Orthodox Church from 1880 to 1905 (*quem honoris causa nomino*) when he said: "What is a parliament, a congress? The greatest falsehood of our time! Parliaments are institutions serving to satisfy the personal ambition, the personal vanity, and the personal interests of the representatives."

III

Meanwhile, the United States, absorbed in the rapid conquest of a virgin continent, concentrated upon the immediate necessities of the moment. Consequently, the error of identifying parliaments and democracy did less harm here than in continental Europe. Not the Congress but Washington had been the soul of the resistance to England, and the wretched parliamentary Confederation which followed the Revolution did nothing to raise the credit of government by an assembly of talkers. We have seen that the Constitution drastically limited parliamentary sovereignty. Within forty years of its adoption the convention system also took from Congress its power of nominating candidates for President, and Andrew Jackson made the President dominant over Congress by establishing

him as the dispenser of Federal patronage and therefore the effective leader of his party.

Thenceforward the United States remained an elective monarchy. Until the passage of the Seventeenth Amendment the Senate enjoyed a certain prestige because its members need not kiss the hinder parts of Demos in popular elections, but who except professional historians can so much as remember the names of a dozen Nineteenth Century Americans whose career began and ended in the House of Representatives? How many educated people can remember even half a dozen? With hardly an exception the "representatives" of the people have been an irrerecognizable dust of mediocrities, and few of them can claim eminence even in the field of political scoundrelism. In his "Education" Henry Adams remarks of Grant's administration:

Newspaper men as a rule had no great respect for the Lower House; Senators had less; and Cabinet officers had none at all. Indeed, one day when Adams was pleading with a Cabinet officer for patience and tact in dealing with Representatives, the Secretary impatiently broke out: "You can't use tact with a Congressman! A Congressman is a hog! You must take a stick and hit him on the snout!"

The opening years of the present century were marked by the monarchical reigns of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. Men might differ concerning them—the present writer cordially hated both—but their worst enemy could not deny their robust contempt for legislative assemblies.

The end of the World War was followed by a few years of slack-water and cross-currents like those in a tide-rip at the end of the flood, just before the ebb begins to make. On the Allied side the remaining

confusion between parliaments and democracy had helped to raise parliamentary stock during the struggle which was to make the world safe for democracy. On the other hand the attempt to set up a sovereign parliament in Russia, beginning in March 1917, lasted only eight months and died in giving birth to Bolshevism. The treaties of 1919 set up parliamentary sovereignty in what was left of Austria-Hungary, and something like it in the amputated successor of Bismarck's Germany. West of the Atlantic Woodrow had for a successor the amiable but mediocre Harding.

At the time an able but anonymous American journalist, in a book called "The Mirrors of Washington", argued that the financial stresses of the future—which, God knows, he foresaw well enough!—would lower the prestige of the Presidency and make of the Congress the dominant partner in government. But nothing of the sort happened. Within a few years of the Armistice the credit of talk-shops began to decline and ever since then the ebb has run like a mill-race. Everywhere the fraud of parliamentarism is being discovered.

On the Continent parliaments soon began to fall like nine pins. The first big smash came with the Fascist revolution in Italy; at the Peace Conference the wretched Italian parliamentarians had allowed their national interests to be kicked around unmercifully by Clemenceau, Lloyd-George, and Woodrow, and within a few years the discouraged country was drifting toward revolution via anarchy. Socialism was on the increase, and the clerical Catholic party (the so-called Popular party), although of course less subversive in theory, was almost as demagogic in practice. (Here Americans acquainted with the recent radio antics of

Father Coughlin will understand the situation.) Public disorder was steadily increasing; workmen aimlessly "appropriated" factories here and there, and as aimlessly handed them back to their owners. Meanwhile, the contemptible Parliament let everything drift.

But the intellect, energy, and courage of the oldest civilized province of Western Europe were equal to the emergency. Since the worthless politicians permitted street fighting, the Fascist party began by knocking hell out of the Communists while effectively restraining over-greedy shopkeepers. Presently they marched on Rome, there to be welcomed by the King and to set up a dictatorial government which has transformed the country, steadily increasing its order and wealth at home and its prestige and power abroad.

Next the King of Spain retired his local politicians. In Central Europe the Germans were still too stunned to move, but the Poles set up a dictatorship of the big stick sort. In the Southeast, first the King of Jugo-Slavia, then that of Rumania, took over the conduct of government. Only in France was the unpopular institution of parliament allowed to continue its petty intrigues. But even there its days now seem visibly numbered.

When the present writer was last in France even the semi-official dailies carried a story casting a light on the general feeling toward the parliamentary mountebanks. In Lyons the police, making a few arrests in a crowd which had been indulging in a not very serious riot, were confronted by an individual who pulled out a card showing him to be a deputy and therefore legally immune to arrest. At this, the populace, which had been good naturedly submitting to authority, brushed the gendarmes aside and ducked the politician in a nearby fountain.

More recently so successful a parliamentary veteran as Tardieu has predicted serious trouble unless the French executive is strengthened against the legislative power by "withdrawing the privilege of initiating expenditure from the Chamber", and by giving the executive "the right to appeal to the public over the head of the Parliament by dissolution and referendum."

It is true that within the last few years a quarrel between the King and the dictator has resulted in setting up a sovereign Parliament in Spain, but its performance has not been encouraging; the politicians are impotent to keep order, and seem to be in the pockets of various secret societies. In the opposite direction, the German Parliament has sunk beneath contempt. Weary of being kicked about by President von Hindenburg and his advisors the "representatives of the people" have adjourned for four years, leaving all power in the hands of the old fieldmarshal and his Hitler Cabinet.

In England, although the Mother of Parliaments survives, thanks to what is left of the aristocratic tradition of the island combined with the amazing timidity of the Hanoverian House, the English politicians are losing public esteem like their fellows elsewhere. So long ago as the early months of 1914 the North-Irish Protestants successfully defied the House of Commons, and the national aptitude for whitewashing scandals was insufficient to suppress publication of the notorious Marconi case, in which half of Asquith's Cabinet, led by Lloyd-George, were caught red-handed taking bribes. No English political scandal since that one has been as thoroughly publicized; the Dope scandal, the Nickel scandal, and the crawling mess of blockade scandals exposed by Admiral Consett in his book, "The Triumph of

Unarmed Forces", have been fairly well kept from the general public. But among those on the inside, to say that members of Parliament are incorruptible would be like saying that the earth is flat. And almost everyone is beginning to realize that the orators at Westminster seldom do more than register decisions previously taken by bankers and yellow-press owners.

In the United States, Congress had little prestige to lose and even that little has shrunk. It is true that the Senate honorably distinguished itself in the eyes of the country by beating Woodrow's League of Nations. Be it noted, however, that it was not positively exercising sovereignty in so doing, but simply acting negatively as a check on the executive in the best medieval tradition. In general, direct election has reduced Senators to the base level of six-year Congressmen. When two-thirds of both Houses have combined to override a presidential veto the result has usually been a national disgrace.

When Woodrow's veto of the Volstead Act was overridden, evil communications corrupted good manners so far that even honorable men like Lodge and Wadsworth fouled their senatorial togas. Interestingly enough, this vote of Wadsworth's came back and bit him; the Democrats plastered New York City with hand-bills inscribed "Vote Against Wadsworth, a Fake Wet", which helped to defeat him, whereat the genuine grief of the present writer over the result was just a little assuaged. A later Congress overrode Coolidge's veto of the bonus graft, again without convincing the country that either wing of the Capitol contained even 33% of moderately intelligent and self-respecting men.

All told, as we survey the first third of the Twentieth Century, we are well inside the facts in saying that the credit of our

national parliament has steadily declined. In order to govern you must be, if not revered, then at least respected, and it is difficult to respect a gang whose members spend their time in licking the boots of any pressure group whose officials may possibly help to defeat or reëlect them. Lest this judgment seem a trifle harsh let us review a few notorious facts.

In 1916 the pressure group was composed of the railroad brotherhoods, whose leaders are reported to have sat in the galleries with stop-watches to record the time consumed by either House in the operation of lying down, rolling over, and playing dead dog in the matter of the Adamson Act. I have already referred to the passage of the Volstead Act, but that was only one episode among the triumphs of the Anti-Saloon League in its glory, while the mere nagging of the suffragettes was enough to put the Nineteenth Amendment through. Since then the post-war veterans' grabs have been as sweeping as the impudence of lobbyists and the cowardice of Congressmen could make them.

Indeed, one might concede that the Adamson Act, the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Amendments, the Volstead Act, the Jones Five-and-Ten Act, and every particle of veterans' graft have been supremely righteous and wise, and even then the point as to parliamentarism would remain. For what educated man or woman honestly believes that the congressional majorities which passed these measures were at heart convinced of their soundness?

The passage of the Economy Bill in March of this year only set a capstone on the edifice: the utmost daring and patriotism of Congress went only far enough to empower the President to make the cuts which the representatives know to be necessary but dare not make themselves. Is it any wonder that the able journalist,

Frank H. Simonds, can write: "Not at any time in history has the Congress of the United States been so utterly discredited as at the present hour"?

IV

The defense offered by the pro-parliamentarians is really no defense at all, but only a plea in avoidance—in short, an evasion. In general, they say that parliaments are discredited because in these hard times hardly any form of government can shine. To this the proper answer is that seaworthiness in the Ship of State is as desirable as in any other kind of ship, and ought to be made sure of. Just as it is no great compliment to a boat to say that she sails acceptably in light airs although unsafe in a blow, and as any country banker can design a banking system capable of standing up in easy times, so it is no recommendation of a form of government that it works better in good times than in bad. Before beginning a sea voyage, sensible men make sure that their ship is seaworthy. And on land in a hurricane country, rather than be always scuttling from one's house to a cyclone cellar, it is only common prudence to make the house itself hurricane-proof.

A far more elaborate example of attempted defense by evasion recently appeared in an article by Walter Lippmann, in his youth an avowed social revolutionary of a familiar type, and at all times possessed of an exceptional talent for persuasive writing, by which he leads his readers along so gently that they do not always see whither they are being led. Should his eye chance to read these lines the present writer hastens to assure him that he is here cited as one of the few really able pro-parliamentarians still left among us.

But he never mentions the word parliament in the article under examination, contenting himself with using the words "democracy", "liberalism", "popular government", etc., as against "autocracy", "concentrated political power", and so forth. Since a mind of far less calibre than his can easily see that government by a comparatively small assembly, no matter how elected, cannot possibly be the same thing as democracy, which is government by the mass of citizens, we have here a first point of weakness in his case—in brief, a slight confusion in his usually clear mind. "The peoples who have lived under the heritage of liberalism", he says, "have not fallen into disorder and have not surrendered to dictators. . . . Solid democracies are capable of uniting their forces, of concentrating power in an emergency, and then of relaxing when the crisis has been surmounted." In support of this he instances the French in '26, the British in '21, and ourselves in the present year '33.

Passing over the dissimilarity between the three instances, if by "relaxing" he means the surrender of power to the bandar-log appetites of parliamentary politicians, it would be interesting to see him try to show that this is a good thing at any time. Why are so many monarchs, whether hereditary, elective, or self-appointed, proving tolerable rulers when American Congressmen and French deputies are cordially despised and British parliamentary place-men are clearly drifting toward a similar disaster? These matters he makes no effort to explain.

To return from pro-parliamentary evasions to realities, we may well ask why contemporary monarchs (again I cry, God save His Majesty, Franklin II!) are at least as good men as the average of those whom they govern, whereas elected assemblies

are obviously more cowardly and more venal than the average citizen. The answer is that all parliaments are either aristocratic or corrupt—corrupt, that is, in the widest sense of preferring one's personal advantage to that of the community.

But you will say, are not all men more or less corrupt? Certainly, but that is not the point. No sane human being enjoys hatred or contempt for their own sakes; other things being equal, everyone would prefer to be well thought of. A monarch such as the President is like a star performer before an attentive audience; he is clapped or hissed because of his own actions. But the average Congressman is an undistinguished super in a large chorus which must act before spectators most of whom, politically speaking, are snoring soundly. Handfuls here and there (the pressure groups) are keenly alert and may be able to get the poor devil fired for not doing just as they wish, but the only thing most of the sleepy heads will ever know about him is whether he was reëlected or not; consequently he plays for safety first. If there is a fight between opposing pressure groups, he is not the arbiter but only the gage of battle, like a helpless animal disputed by two turkey buzzards or—on a higher literary level—like the body of Patroclus over which Greeks and Trojans fought.

What, then, is it reasonable to expect? If the foregoing analysis be correct, no pro-parliamentary counter-attack will reverse the world-wide trend of events; parliamentary stock will continue to fall. As it falls the prestige of monarchy—the one alternative to oligarchy in the government of large states—will continue to rise. Monarchy, not necessarily hereditary monarchy, but government by a single magistrate, may displace representative assemblies altogether, as it tended to do on

the Continent of Europe in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. Let us hope matters will not go so far; if parliaments can be restored to their medieval function of supporting or checking monarchical action, it would seem better to retain them.

We cannot tell how far the monarchies of the future will be elective, hereditary, or self-appointed. The hereditary plan—given a true monarchy and not a sham or puppet labeled a constitutional King—is preferable to a self-appointed dictatorship because it peaceably regulates the succession when the monarch dies, instead of throwing matters open to a free-for-all competition among ambitious candidates; nevertheless, two centuries of marrying none but royal princesses have so inbred the hereditary Houses of Europe that most of them are now gravely handicapped. Nor will the slag heaps left by the democratic movement be cleaned up over night.

Even at that, one of the best of the Hoover diplomatic appointees in Europe once told the writer privately that if Mussolini were to disappear to-morrow, the Italian Royal House instead of the Fascist Grand Council might very likely name his successor. Meanwhile, the German *Reich* is moving fast toward a restoration of its hereditary sovereigns, and in Poland there has been talk of a marriage between the family of Pilsudski and a descendant of the last of the Polish Kings.

We of the United States have the enormous advantage that in the President we have the makings of a constitutional dictator who needs no revolution in order to achieve power. We can enlarge his functions, and especially his initiative, as we choose, for no one will fight and few will even argue for our wretched parliaments.

Certainly monarchy is not a cure-all. But as against parliaments the experience of the race is all in its favor.

A VERY SUCCESSFUL MAN

BY JOSEPHINE HERBST

WHEN it came to revisiting the old places my uncle had known as a boy he stuck to a lifelong habit and said he would have to make the trip short as he had no time.

He really had all the time in the world, but he liked to keep up that attitude, with his mouth pursed up and his hands quickly and expertly putting objects in his pockets—his watch, a fresh handkerchief, a memoranda-book, and most important of all, his cards. He had had a fresh batch of cards engraved before he came East from Oregon with his name, David J. Trexler, and underneath, President, First National Bank, Brentwood, Oregon. After seeing him pass out a few of these cards to people whom he met casually, it almost seemed to me as if he had made the trip to his old home for that purpose alone. The cards certainly made him feel good. He was a very successful man, but he was old.

The night before, when he came in the gate from the train, hallooing and roaring in the senseless, jovial way that Rotary had taught him to consider proper for reunions, I thought he looked thin and yellow and wondered if this trip might not be his last. He had given up his business, and only his pride in his position as president made him retain his function at the bank. It was 1930 and the crash in 1929 had shaken him, not only in his finances but in his deepest illusions. He was beginning to be afraid that he would live to

see his fortune wiped out completely, and it almost looked as if he would rather die rich than to live poor. Before it all dribbled off into nowhere he had decided to come back to see the place where he was born and the old landmarks.

He had a simple, disarming way about him that made his presentation of his cards all the more effective. That very morning he had given one to the barber at Point Pleasant, and he took great pleasure in the way the man had reacted. You could see as plain as day that he thought of himself as a sort of Haroun Al Raschid touring the world incognito. He had grown up a big frog in a small puddle, and to make it even simpler, he had been the head of a family composed of adoring females. He had trod over these women in his brighter years to suit himself, not that he was unkind in any obvious way, but he had punished his fat wife by almost completely devoting himself to her fat sister.

As the sister was a part of his ménage, the situation was one that had no way out but endurance and blindness. The wife, gentle and wholly loving, sat back and saw her husband spend all his jokes on her sister, who with great tact played her part discreetly for many years, trying to content herself with her gradual rôle of old-maid aunt to the coming generation.

This sort of prelude to his big trip East made any ignorance of his importance a

little hard to bear. He was, through his wife, a cousin of a high-up Army man who had contented himself, when my uncle was in New York, with sending his car to the hotel and requesting his chauffeur to bring my uncle to his apartment for lunch. He explained by saying that he was very busy.

"Busy!" snorted my uncle. "I'm busy myself. That's the way! Give certain men a little leeway and they think they're the only pebbles on the beach. Why, I've no doubt that I'm as busy seven days out of the week as he is."

II

He was in a very good frame of mind for a trip to his old home. Before coming up-country he had attended the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation from a small college in Philadelphia. He had been one of the speakers and his speech had gone over the radio. He had not forgotten to put in a "goodnight" to the folks back home in Brentwood who might be listening in. The compliments his speech drew made him regret that he had not cultivated speech-making earlier. Riding along from Point Pleasant to Allentown, he kept talking about the past. He showed a kind of childlike amazement that the old barns were almost identical with the barns of his boyhood.

"Isn't it a funny thing," he said, "to think of something made of stone, that can't talk or think, surviving like that, and seeing I don't know how many generations of horses and men under the ground?" He got excited as we neared Allentown, sure that he had spotted the barn of his Uncle Jim. "That's it," he exclaimed, and we had to stop the car a minute, "as sure as I'm alive! Your mother would remember. Many's the time Uncle

and Auntie Jim stuffed me with sausage. There's nothing like it now."

At Allentown, when we went to a little restaurant said to serve Pennsylvania-German cooking, they brought out groundhog, and we had an argument as to whether it might not be woodchuck. The waiter settled it by saying the two were one and the same. You have to cut out a little scent bag almost immediately or it will spoil the meat, but if that's done, there's nothing tastier.

My uncle began talking about white pigs. He said, "That's right, an animal fed on delicate vegetables or greens has the finest meat. Those white pigs we used to keep, why, they never saw a drop of filthy swill, lived on clover heads and skim milk and died noble deaths, coming to the table with fine firm flesh. It would make your mouth water."

As he told about the pigs his eyes kept moving toward the door uneasily as if he expected to see someone he had known but was continually disappointed. When we figured it up, it was almost sixty years since he had lived in this part of the country. But he had the feeling for it, and not only of the successful man who feels his birthplace important for the fact of having produced him: it went much deeper with him. It was not only my uncle himself who had been born on this land, but his family had lived here for generations, rooted to its soil.

My uncle had been born a few weeks before his father's death. Coming back, he began to feel for the first time in many years as he must have felt as a little boy. He didn't talk about his father until later, not until the day turned out to be a chase for something no longer there, but even in the restaurant at Allentown he was already mulling around in the past for his father's deeds and name.

"Way ahead of his time, that was the trouble, and died too soon. A useful man. My poor mother with all those little children!"

He sighed deeply: the children all grown now and for the most part long dead. He had been a mere infant when they had left this countryside for Philadelphia, where the widow was to make a living, but he had been sent upcountry often as a little boy when his mother had to shift some of the children to relatives. He wanted to look at one of these houses now, a place in Bethlehem once occupied by the Old Bear, as he called his Uncle Blank.

But when the groundhog was eaten and we had paid the bill and sallied out, my uncle having conveniently forgotten to leave any tip, we could not find Uncle Blank's house. That is, we could not be sure that we found it. There was the street and the two houses, still in fine shape and obviously old, that had always stood side by side: the bigger one was Uncle Blank's and the smaller Aunty Bachman's. But as my uncle stood there getting very pink in the face and nervously fingering his handkerchief in his pocket and sucking in his lip, he could not be absolutely sure. The Moravian Church in the rear made him pretty positive, but why did the house stand so near the street? There was no use inquiring, for the Blanks had been dead too long.

We stood and gaped for a while, and my uncle, forgetting that I was not my mother, said, "Auntie always kept her windows polished. It looks run down now, don't you think? And too near the street. I wish this was Sunday. We used to sit in the back yard and listen to the choir."

I told him a long story my mother had told me about the herbs in Auntie Blank's garden and about Auntie Bachman smok-

ing her pipe in the cool of the evening. He listened very closely and seemed sad. It began to dawn on him that he knew very little about his family or about any of the landmarks he had come to see. He got out a cigar and smoked it, and while it lasted he was very bright, and joked about the old Dutchmen and their funny ways, as if the cigar itself reminded him of his position in the world, too impressive to be dimmed by any lack of knowledge of the past.

When the cigar was finished he began to talk and as we were on our way to Coopersburg and his birthplace he kept craning his head out of the car as if he expected to recognize someone. "There's Charley Gerhart, he ought to be alive yet, and Doc his brother, I want to see those boys, but come to think of it, Charley died and I wouldn't be surprised to hear Doc was in the same boat."

We stopped at a little village store where six months before I had talked to an old woman who used to visit the Blanks in Bethlehem. A young woman in black was behind the counter and she told me that her mother had died two months before. It was the same at Doc Gerhart's house. His widow in curlpapers called out from an upper window and made my uncle toil upstairs to see her. They had a long confab out of which my uncle finally came looking tired and a little depressed.

"She was all agog to meet you, but I knew there'd be no end to it if you came in. He died about a year ago and didn't leave her any too well fixed. Seems she has rented her downstairs and all I heard was the trouble she was having with her tenants and how the plumbing was stopped up. I didn't come all this way to listen to her woes. To think that Doc spent his life with that fussy woman! No wonder he died!"

III

He was afraid that he wouldn't be able to find his birthplace, although the old house had been of stone, with walls several feet thick. Fumbling around for it, we got on the road to the Blue Church.

"This was the old toll road, and I don't believe this country has changed a particle, still farming country," he said. "But when they put in the railroad it put my father in the red. He had just put up a tavern on the old Post road and it took away all his business." I told him I had heard from an aunt that his father's constituency had not sent him back to the State Legislature in '59 because he had voted dry and yet served drinks in his tavern. My uncle got terribly red; I thought he'd break a blood vessel.

"You mean to say my sister would say a malicious thing like that? Hortense said that? I never heard of such a thing! It's libel!" He sputtered that he would certainly get her on the carpet when he got back. His father wouldn't have been guilty of such a thing, no sir. As there was no way to settle the question I was glad to distract him with the Blue Church.

Yes, it was still a bright and heavenly blue. He got great pleasure out of the blue spires and the fresh color. He kept walking around the church and looking up it with great delight, as if it must have known that the father of a man so distinguished as himself was lying under the grass.

But when we turned the corner to the graveyard there was no grass. A man with a plow was levelling all the graves and when he saw us he stopped and waited. We asked if he knew where Joshua Trexler's stone was and he thought a minute and waved toward the fence and said he thought he'd seen a Trexler over that way.

We went over and the tall gray stone with two doves, an open book, and a long verse in German actually had Joshua Trexler's name on it. The stone had begun to sink. All the stones were sinking and the method for levelling was to drag the ground over the top of the grave and smooth it off around the stone. Underneath, the stones continued to sink and to totter, but above ground there was an appearance of uprightness. The two bottom lines of the verse were already hidden by the soil.

Seeing us stand for some time in silence, for my uncle was very quiet as he looked at this grave, the man with the plow came over and said that the work of keeping up the graveyard was backward because of lack of funds. I looked at my uncle but the plea did not move him. If his father's grave was to be preserved, apparently it would be without his aid. Indeed, he regained something of his belligerency at the mention of money and began walking off touchily. You could see that he fancied someone meant to hold him up, and flattered himself that he saw through that little scheme. He wasn't a successful business man for nothing. The graveyard suddenly became a place to get away from, and he barely looked at the two little graves of an infant brother and sister who had died of scarlet fever.

"Well," he said as we drove off and he craned back to see that delicious blue of the church with the stiff cedars against it, "isn't it a funny thing how even way out here all you can hear is money, money, money? You'd think in a simple community like this, rural and not near the taint of cities, you wouldn't get that perpetual cry." In vain I reminded him that the rural communities were poor; he didn't want to hear such talk. He had come back to recover old feelings, not to

be torn with the present sufferings of strangers.

I was very quiet myself as we hunted for his birthplace. The house that I knew had belonged to his grandfather, a great brick affair with an immense barn and a hedge of lilacs and mock orange blossoms, the latter all in flower, he rejected. He distrusted it at once and said he knew he had not been born in that house. No, he had been born over toward Locust Valley. The house had been stone, not brick. People from the city who had recently purchased his grandfather's house came out while he smelled around impolitely, and he finally admitted that his father might have lived there, and my mother might have been born there, but he was certain it was not his own birthplace.

We tried Locust Valley, he trusting to a kind of instinct for recognition that he hoped would spring up when the place was near. His father had been able to find water with a hazel twig, he said, and he suspected that he himself had a hidden talent for discovering lost objects. His birthplace was now a lost object. He began to look very tired and his cheeks got a bright pink. He looked over the few houses in the village without being able to identify one.

The tavern which his father had owned must be in the neighborhood, probably concealed as a store or dwelling. Two farmers were beside the road and we stopped and asked them. It seemed futile to be inquiring for people who had left the country sixty years before, but at the name of Joshua Trexler one of the men spoke up and said his place had been the old tavern. When they were tearing out the old fireplace two years before they had come across a stone with the name Joshua Trexler and the date 1857.

"That's it!" my uncle said, excited, his

face again very red as if he meant to blow up. "That's the house. Where's that stone? What did you do with it?" His eagerness frightened the slow, soft-spoken farmer. "Why, I couldn't tell you where the stone is now," he said. "Might be around the place, might be lost."

"I want to buy that stone. It'll be worth your while to find it if you think it's anywhere around."

The man looked astonished, and even the idea of getting money for something that seemed of no value to him did not move him. He said he had to go to Doylestown that day and wouldn't be able to look up any stones. My uncle then explained that Joshua Trexler was his father and that he wanted to take that stone out to Oregon with him. The farmer half turned to the other farmer and they smiled slowly together. Then my uncle shook hands with them both, and they were pleased with him as with a countryman.

"Why I was born here, right in this neighborhood. I can't seem to spot the house, perhaps you know." But neither of them knew. My uncle then drew out his card and handed it to the bolder of the two. He waited to see the magic effect, but the fellow did not even read it. He held it timidly and acted as if he didn't know just what was expected of him. My uncle enlightened him.

"If you find that stone, just write me and I'll make it worth your while." The farmer smiled again, broadly now, and said it was possible, but an old stone like that was like as not gone forever. The indifference that the two farmers showed to the stone exasperated my uncle, but they were not indifferent to him; they waved as we drove off because, after all, he had been born among them. What he was, neither of them knew or seemed to care.

IV

The day was wearing on and my uncle was twitching nervously on the seat, craning about and obviously dissatisfied. I asked him if he had ever heard that his Uncle Aaron had married.

"Uncle Aaron? Why you're fooling. He never married. I remember him well, a nice timid fellow with red cheeks who gave me sticks of candy. He was the butt of a lot of jokes on my father's part. Father, so Mother told me, used to call him Old Going-To-Do-It. He never did get around to getting married, but I guess he was always going to do it. He did everything that way. Why no, he never married, he was the bachelor uncle, had cheeks like Baldwin apples."

"I found his son-in-law last Summer," I said. "He said he had married Aaron Trexler's daughter. And they had a daughter."

"You don't mean it? What a find! Why didn't you tell me? The old devil, do you suppose he married on the sly and my father never knew? Oh, some of those old fellows were awful cute."

"It was last Fall," I said. "One day we were hunting for the old Trexler house and stopped to ask an old man sitting in his front yard. He propped himself up and said he ought to know, for he had married Aaron Trexler's daughter. I said I was Joshua Trexler's granddaughter and he took it calmly and said that the two brothers had been pretty big men around these parts, had owned all the land. The daughter came out and mentioned Aunt Blank, so I knew it was true."

"What do you know about that! Wait till I tell Hortense. What a find! I hope the old fellow isn't dead."

He could hardly contain himself and if he had found that the old fellow had died,

he would have felt terribly cheated. But the old man, a little more decrepit, was still alive and sitting huddled in a chair on the porch. The former time we had come in a rundown car but now we were in a bigger car and he was more impressed with his relatives. His daughter came out very shyly. She was a plump woman over forty, with the Trexler red hair and bright blue eyes. My uncle's eyes popped at the sight of her.

"She's the image of your mother," he whispered. "What a find!" We were pinning to hear when Uncle Aaron had married and how it was we had never heard of it, but the two seemed to be very reticent. First we had to see pictures of the mother, now dead, and hear a long recital of her last sufferings from a dropsical condition. At last, out on the porch, my uncle came to the point.

"This is very interesting. We never knew Uncle Aaron had married. And I don't believe my father knew. Can you tell us when he married?"

The old man cleared his throat and looked around uneasily. His daughter, who had been hovering near, discreetly withdrew into the house. Her father, seeing she was gone, leaned nearer and dropped his voice.

"To tell you the truth," he said apologetically, "he never married. He just went up the road a piece. My wife was his daughter and she was working in Philadelphia when he died. She was a big girl then, around sixteen. They sent for her and she came home. His sister, Mrs. Blank, came down from Bethlehem and took every scrap away, all his deeds, everything. She never left my wife's mother a thing. They hardly had any money to bury him, for Mrs. Blank was willing to leave *him* with them, if she wasn't willing to leave his property. Why, they were

never able to put up so much as a stone to mark his grave."

"He hasn't a stone to this day," said the daughter, who had reappeared at the door. "Not to this day. All our lives we've hoped to get him a stone. It used to weigh on my mother terrible, not to have a stone."

My uncle appeared to be very indignant at such treatment from Mrs. Blank and I said it was an outrage. But in spite of my hints, my uncle made no move to gratify their ambition for a stone. Instead, he sat looking quite pleased with himself and his condescension. During a lull in the talk, Rosie, Aaron's granddaughter, went upstairs and came down with a worn bedspread that Uncle Aaron had made. He had been one of the best weavers in these parts and the spread, though worn, still kept its rich design of the hunter about to wing a bird on a tree. The coloring, in red and green, greatly pleased my uncle. He got covetous at once and began hinting around somewhat crudely that he would like to buy it.

Rosie said it was much too worn, she couldn't think of such a thing. My uncle persisted, but she insisted that she couldn't sell such an old rag. But she had made a counterpane that was really nice. During the years her mother had been sick, she was tied to the house and had made this counterpane in her spare time, sometimes at night when she had to sit up with the invalid.

When she brought it out my uncle pounced on it. It was a fine example of handiwork, made in squares with elaborate and original embroidery.

"That took me twelve years, and the materials, would you believe it, cost me every bit of thirty-five dollars."

It was clear that Rosie was eager to sell the counterpane. She began to tell how

hard up they were. She said she didn't know where to turn next, but someone had told her she could get real money for that counterpane. Her brothers wouldn't help her, they had families of their own, and no one would ever know what she went through when her father got spells. "I'd never think to sell it but for him," she said, jerking her head toward the porch where the father sat and looking up at my uncle timidly and brightly.

He had succeeded in impressing her with his position in the world, and more than that, with his generosity in accepting her as a full-fledged relative. She stood with her hands folded loosely, waiting for my uncle to speak, looking up at him hopefully as her mother must have looked at Mrs. Blank come down for Uncle Aaron's funeral. My uncle cleared his throat and suggested that we look at the dead woman's picture once more.

As Rosie bustled ahead of us to the darkened room he tugged at my sleeve and said quickly, "What do you think I can get it for?" His tone made me angry and I said coldly, "Why if you paid her seventy-five dollars for it she'd be giving it away."

"I can get it for less," he said, his face red and alert. "You see, she's hard up, she'll sell for less."

When we came out he began in cold, business-like tones.

"What would you take for this? Of course, I wouldn't buy it, only I promised my wife I'd bring her something from these parts and a counterpane made by Aaron's granddaughter would make a nice present. What's it worth to you?"

"I used up thirty-five dollars' worth of sewing silk. And my time. It took my spare time for twelve years. I think I should get something for my time, don't you?" she said, looking at me appeal-

ingly. I was certain she was not going to get anything near what her work was worth, so I said emphatically that she should certainly get paid for it. My uncle took out a check-book and opened it with a business-like flip.

"Will fifty dollars suit you?" he said, opening his fountain pen. "It's a lot of money these days. And," he added with a show of generosity, "I'll give you ten more for that old quilt. Of course it's worn, but I'd like to help you out."

Rosie's face flushed. She was not sure that the fifty dollars was as much as she had hoped for her counterpane, but it was a lot of money and the old quilt seemed really worthless. Offering to pay for it made my uncle seem a really generous man. "Oh, I couldn't think of taking pay for that old thing," she said.

But my uncle was already writing the check. "That's all right," he said. "You told me one of your brothers might have a quilt in better shape, and if you find it you can send it on and we'll call it square. This is a little advance, as it were." He was smiling benevolently and bestowing the check with a gesture that might almost have been a bow. Poor Rosie took the check and wrapped up the counterpane and the quilt. As she folded her work out of sight she looked at me doubtfully and sadly. It had been with her so long and she had only her old father.

"I wouldn't let it go but for him, he's so helpless," she said. "He gets spells and the money will come in handy."

She stood looking after us a little regretfully and absentmindedly as we went along the path. My uncle's card, bestowed at the last minute, was in her hand. She had been impressed with his title, but not so impressed as the old man. The old man actually beamed, and gave my uncle the thrill of being a real benefactor.

V

My uncle eased into the car with a sigh. "Think of that, will you? So old Uncle Going-To-Do-It did it at last! Well, well! Keeping it a secret all these years, that's something for you, isn't it? Can you beat that? Well, guess we are something like royalty now, got a bastard line."

He chuckled and took great pleasure in an idea that in his younger days he would have frowned upon. But he was now rich enough to say what he pleased. "The bastard line," he kept snickering, and he took out a photograph that Rosie had given him of her father and mother, Aaron's daughter, the father seated, in a street car conductor's uniform, and the mother, already dropsical, in a shiny black silk standing beside him. "You keep that thing," he said indifferently. "Do you think your aunt will like that counterpane?" He seemed suddenly anxious that his wife, a fastidious woman, might not care for the counterpane. I told him that if she didn't I would find a buyer for it any day.

"Is that a fact?" he said, again pleased with himself. "I thought it would make a nice keepsake and some day an heirloom. Mamma and I picked up some things that time we went around the world that will make fine heirlooms, too."

Flushed with his bargain he wouldn't hear of driving home without stopping at his cousin Amanda's. Amanda was the only cousin he had left, and she was living in a modest way of life in Hellertown. Her husband was a dentist and they had no children. She was ready to throw herself on my uncle with a gushing welcome when she realized who he was. "If it isn't little Davy! To think of it!" With their arms around each other's waists they went out to look at her tiny garden, and he

told her how grand the West was, everything colossal—why, these puny Eastern mountains looked like mole hills in comparison with their mountains.

"We do things on a big scale, live in the open, not merely exist. I tell you there's nothing like it. And wait till you see my baby girl. Why she's twenty-two, a big girl, great big girl, the way we do things out there. She's a wonder. I tell you that girl is a marvel."

His eyes melted, thinking of his daughter, and Amanda said that she would surely like to see her.

"You'll see her," said my uncle. "I want her to see all this, the country where I was a boy."

"I don't know what I'd do with such a fine young lady," said Amanda.

"Oh, she's just like you and me, she's just like us," said my uncle, feeling for his card in his vest pocket. She was gazing at it entranced when her husband, a thin quiet man, came in. "Wish you'd try to budge this fellow. I can't," said Amanda a little bitterly. "He's a regular Dutchman, never wants to leave home."

The dentist spoke up and said times were bad and it was not the moment to travel. "Bad," said my uncle, reminded of something unpleasant he wanted to forget. "You mustn't hoard your money. Spend it, enjoy yourself. That's the ticket."

"Just what I tell him," beamed Amanda, and tried to get him to stay for a regular old time Pennsylvania-German meal. But my uncle refused. He was tired and said he had no time.

"No time?" said Amanda. "When you come all this distance?"

But my uncle was firm and we shook hands all around. Out in the car he was very quiet. He began to think that the day was over and he had not seen one of his real old cronies. But he had seen his

cousin Amanda, whom he had known only slightly in the old days, and he had seen the bastard line of his Uncle Aaron. Maybe that was worth it and it would give his sister the start of her life. "Wait till she hears that! Oh, she'll jump out of her skin. Why she'll never have another peaceful day until she comes back to see with her own eyes."

He was still jubilant about it the next morning, bringing up the subject persistently as if to keep his mind from something else not quite so amusing. I got out some old diaries and letters of his father and he sat quietly listening while I read the old-fashioned advice to be honest and to love God and his works. He had never heard of these letters. "I was always too busy," he said. "That's the way a lifetime goes. Now, your mother made it her business to find out the old stories and keep the old records. I'm glad you're doing the same."

But after I had been reading a while his cupidity got the better of him and he began to hint that as my name was not Trexler the papers should eventually pass to one of that name, that is, to his own line. But the next second even his greediness to possess dropped off as he listened to a letter his father had written back in '59, a few days before his death. It was to another son, then parked with the other Trexler children in Bethlehem while little David was being born.

"Your little friend Sammy is down with a wasting sickness and is all skin and bones. He went to the school to take home his books for good and all and the pupils wept to see him. He is not long for this world and if you want to see him on this earth you must come home soon. I am down with a heavy cold but hope to be up in a day or so. The little boy is doing fine. Your father."

My uncle sat with his head a little bowed and there were tears in his eyes. "That was when I was born," he said. "I was the little fellow. To think of him writing like that about a schoolmate of my brother's and then he himself in a few days was dead! In the prime of life." He hung his head, and, looking up, said, "What's it all about? Do you know?" But he didn't really want an answer and in a humble tone asked if some day he could have one of the old letters of his father. I gave him the one I had just read and he put it in his pocket along with his cards.

VI

All the way down to Philadelphia he was silent. He decided to take another shot at a relative and we went to Chatham street to see if the Gerhart girls were still alive. The street was narrow with spick-and-span brick houses, so clean as to shine.

"Couldn't you tell Sara would live on such a street? She was forever with a broom or a mop, just 'cleaning up the roughest.' That's the house, I'd swear, that one with the shutters."

He got out and crossed the street and pulled the shiny brass bell-knob. When no one answered I saw him speak to a plump young girl sprawling on the next doorstep. The girl shook her head and called her mother. My uncle, looking small and insignificant now that he was tired and a little dejected, stood with his hat in his hand. He finally put his hat on and came back slowly.

"That woman's lived there twenty years and to show you how heathenish life is in a big city, she didn't even know her neighbor's names, but when I described the Gerharts, she said they had lived there. The one who went to work, she says, is dead. That would be Maria.

She was a beautiful girl and held her age. When she was thirty-five she looked eighteen. The old one, Sara, moved away. For all I know to the poorhouse."

He got into the car gloomily and to cheer himself asked me briskly if I wanted to have dinner with him at the Hotel Green. He had gone there often as a young man. I remembered stories my mother had told about him and how he had got mixed up with a young actress. The two young harumscarums had almost lit out for Kansas City, at that time a wild and woolly town. My uncle had been ready to throw over business to team up with a young chit who had taught him to dance and sing two songs, "Down at the Heel and Out at the Elbow" and "Empty Is the Cradle, Baby's Gone." But the interior of the hotel disappointed my uncle, it was not up to the old days, and he neglected to leave a tip.

He made me go back to the Benjamin Franklin Hotel with him and I could see him at the cashier's window negotiating change. He was going to try to lift up his spirits with a little more benefaction. He came toward me, kindly and beaming, and pressed a bill in my hand. I saw the figure on it, a five. He smiled and waited for the shower of gratitude. I refused the bill but he wouldn't hear of it. "The idea! Why, you take it, of course. It's just nothing to me, a sum like that, just nothing. Take it." I could not tell him that, considering my needs, it was practically nothing to me also, a mere drop in the bucket. He was already backing away with something of the air of royalty dismissing an audience.

But he looked very small in the big lobby, and when I glanced back at him from the door he was standing irresolutely, as if he did not know just where to turn next.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Psychiatry

THE PHYSICAL CAUSES OF MENTAL DISORDERS

BY HENRY A. COTTON

BECAUSE of the mysticism associated with insanity from time immemorial, it is not strange that misinformation and unsound doctrines about it are still prevalent in the minds of a majority of people. This is due largely to traditional theories handed down from the Middle Ages. The idea that mental disorders are hereditary, for example, is one of the bugaboos of the race. Many families are kept in terror by it. Worse, it has been widely accepted by the medical profession. This fatalistic concept is largely responsible for lack of progress in the development of rational methods for the care and treatment of those suffering from mental disorders. It has discouraged the search for natural causation. It has stifled the initiative upon which every successful scientific quest is based. It has been responsible for the false belief that custodial care is the chief function of an "insane asylum", and that to enter the portals of such an institution is to abandon every hope.

Fortunately, we are now in a position to say, with reasonable confidence if not with absolute finality, that mental disease *per se* cannot be transmitted from one generation to another. From the standpoint of the "inherited constitution" itself, a deviation from mental normalcy must be construed in terms of constitutional resistance to various toxins rather than in terms of instability of the mind itself.

The doctrine of hereditary insanity at last has been judged in the light of sound biological knowledge and has been found wanting.

The traditional view of psychiatrists that mental disorders are in fact diseases of the mind, and not, as we are forced to believe today, disorders of the brain, has led students of the subject to concentrate their attention exclusively upon the psychogenic or mental factors, ascribing to them and to heredity the most important rôles in the causation of these diseases. Mental factors undoubtedly have their place. But they are of secondary importance to the toxic factors.

Mental retardation and feeble-mindedness, of course, are generally regarded as hereditary. But even here the case for heredity is by no means conclusive. The formative group, in which brain defects or deficiencies are noticeable in parents as well as in offspring, can scarcely be brought into question, but the traumatic group, in which the brain tissue has been injured at birth or in childhood by hemorrhage or meningitis, and the functional group, in which the brain is normally developed but does not respond normally to stimulation, obviously cannot be explained on the basis of mental inheritance. As a matter of fact, many cases of the functional type which have come under observation have been found to possess multiple foci of infection. Elimination of the latter has resulted very frequently in speedy improvement of mental reactions and often in full recovery. The essential

thing is to distinguish between true feeble-mindedness, wherein anatomical defects of the brain are inherited from feeble-minded parents, and pseudo-feeble-mindedness, wherein the symptoms of mental retardation and defectiveness exist but are not congenital in origin.

That mental diseases are really disorders of the brain is no new theory. Hippocrates said that there must be changes in the brain to account for mental symptoms, and many later authorities have been of the same opinion. Thus Cox, writing in 1811, expounded the theory, and Maudsley, in 1865, also subscribed to it. But the psychogenic school, especially the Freudians, consider mental symptoms to be entirely independent of changes in the brain. If the control of insanity is to make any real headway, heredity, environmental defects, personality and improper training must be subordinated to the study of infections which can be attacked directly by resort to surgical methods, and eliminated.

In many instances which have come to our attention at Trenton, psychoses have been attributed to unfortunate love affairs, domestic difficulties, conjugal disharmony or financial reverses. But we have never failed to find serious and often extensive local foci of infection, and, if the disease had not been of too long duration, removal of the infection has resulted in a prompt mental readjustment, which was not undone by a return to the same environment and the same disagreeable conditions.

A recent case is illustrative. The patient had suffered from a depression of six years' duration with intervals of slight improvement, during which efforts were made to keep her at home. But having on two occasions made attempts at suicide, she was returned to a private hospital. During this time, she had no thought of

her husband. She was self-centered and was not concerned about his affairs. As a result, he became interested in other women. Three months after her admission to the New Jersey State Hospital at Trenton, in 1918, she recovered, following the removal of infected tonsils and infected teeth.

Her husband was reluctant to take her home, and, of course, she found the domestic situation very unpleasant. Our sympathy was aroused, and, upon investigating, we found that her complaints were not delusional, as her husband would have had us believe. She accepted a position in the hospital, hoping matters would improve. Finally she went home, and, after a year or more of extremely bitter experience, the situation adjusted itself and there was no further trouble. She never had any return of her former depression, though, from the standpoint of those who stress the mental factors, there was ample cause.

Elimination of infected teeth and tonsils, as in the case just cited, often brings prompt restoration of mental health. But there are other sources of chronic infection which sometimes go unnoticed for years and which can be discovered only by means of the most thorough physical examination. Among these is infection of the lower intestinal tract. Treatment here is more difficult and complicated. Surgical means are usually necessary to produce results. This is especially true of lesions of the colon. In some case, a chronic infection of the appendix is found to be the source of the trouble. In others, the condition is more extensive, and the right side of the colon may be seriously involved. When this is revealed by radiographic study or by an exploratory abdominal operation, partial resection of the colon may be necessary—a procedure successful only

in the hands of a well trained abdominal surgeon.

We have estimated that about 80% of the so-called functional type of mental disorders are due not only to infected teeth and tonsils but also to congenital malformations of the colon, or large intestine. Very often these patients give a history of constipation since childhood. It seems strange, therefore, that anyone should hesitate to believe that intestinal toxemia could be responsible for mental conditions. A number of older writers emphasized the point, although some modern commentators still disregard it.

Many of our patients who had their colons removed as far back as 1918 are still living and are normal both mentally and physically. The generally accepted idea that people are unable to live without a colon is disputed by these many patients, who are today in sound condition. Improvement in the technique has lowered the operative fatalities, so that at the present time such an operation is no more dangerous than an ordinary appendectomy. After having removed the colons in some 300 cases, we decided to follow the work of Sir Arbuthnot Lane in London (with whom the writer spent a month or so in 1923) and to adopt his methods of releasing congenital bands of adhesions which were causing constrictions of the colon and producing intestinal toxemia. This has been done very successfully since that time. In many cases, it is all that is necessary for the restoration of mental health. The mortality is negligible, especially when all infection of teeth and tonsils has been removed. Hundreds of mental patients have recovered from the operation and are now living outside of institutions in a normal and happy condition, often earning their living and supporting families. But the pathological condition

in the intestinal tract is not always limited to the colon, as can be seen in the following case:

N. G., mental disturbance occurring in a white man, 28 years of age, married. There was nothing unusual in his family history or personal history. He had been married seven years and had three children. One child was stillborn, another died six or seven days after birth, and the third lived to be thirteen months old. He was a normal individual until about two weeks before his admission to the State Hospital at Trenton in November, 1921. The onset was acute. He was seized with a severe gastric pain after having his supper. A physician was called in to prescribe for him. He developed ideas of being poisoned and refused to take medicine. A week later his tonsils were removed with no apparent improvement. He kept a string around his wrist to prevent "poison" from entering his system. When admitted to the hospital, he complained of marked distress in the region of the stomach. He had difficulty in taking a deep breath. He improved very much physically under treatment, talked in a rational manner, but his complaints all centered on his abdomen.

A stomach examination showed a high percentage of hydrochloric acid reaching as high as 75 by the Rehfus method. The blood showed a four plus Wassermann, but the spinal fluid was negative. The diagnosis was a mental condition due to toxemia arising from gastric disturbances. He was allowed to go home two months after admission but was returned in a confused state with catatonic symptoms (refused to eat, to talk, and was inactive). His condition continued about the same. Most of the time he was mute and unoccupied. It was also noted that he had a distended abdomen and still complained of pain in his stomach. There was no evidence of intestinal obstruction, however. He was given cathartics regularly. His tonsils had been removed prior to admission; and one tooth had been extracted.

He died March 23, 1931, nearly ten years after admission. Examination after death showed that there was very good reason for his complaints regarding his stomach.

This organ was found to be markedly dilated and with a very distinct obstruction in the duodenal-jejunal juncture (where the stomach joins the small intestine). Other lesions were found, such as a chronic appendicitis, marked adhesions in the large intestine, and also disease of the liver.

The fact that this man's delusions consisted of ideas that his food was being poisoned, because of the continuous pain in his stomach, is a symptom we often notice in cases with gastro-intestinal disturbances. For nearly ten years he had suffered from a very marked obstruction which caused a dilatation of the stomach with gas, and his suffering was not imaginary, as so many people believe when listening to patients talk of their condition. The unfortunate thing is that the condition was not recognized during the ten years, as surgical procedures would no doubt have resulted in successful treatment. It is of interest that, during his entire residence in the hospital, all the notes, made from time to time, mentioned a distended abdomen and pain.

Other cases show the importance of disturbances of the colon in causing various types of mental disorders. For example:

Mrs. F. B., was a married woman of 45 years, admitted to the hospital in 1924 in a very depressed and melancholic condition. The condition had existed for more than four years. She had spent two years in a State hospital in Salem, Ore., and, although she had remained at home the following two years, she was depressed and agitated. The family history was negative. There was nothing of consequence in the personal history. The patient had been married at the age of twenty-four. Two children were living and healthy. There did not seem to be any reason for her depression at the time of the onset. She had false hearing at the beginning. She had badly infected teeth; these were extracted. Infected tonsils were removed, but she did not improve. An x-ray examination of the gastro-intes-

tinal tract was then made, and she was found to have a moderate degree of intestinal stasis, or constipation. She was operated on three months after admission. She was found to have congenital bands which were constricting the colon in various places. She recovered rapidly and was discharged from the hospital three months after the operation. A recent letter from her son says that she has entirely recovered her mental health and is able to keep her home and look after a younger son.

Formerly, dementia praecox (a type of mental disorder arising in the adolescent years) was considered incurable. Some 300 cases have been successfully treated, however, in the past thirteen years. In the majority of them, no return of the mental symptoms has been noted. If the infection is very extensive, involving more of the bowel than it is considered wise to remove, the disease must be attacked by either vaccine or serum. This is especially true when the infection is found to spread throughout the whole length of the small intestine. Anti-streptococcic and anti-colon bacillus serums from strains isolated in the laboratory of the State Hospital at Trenton have proven very successful in extreme cases of the latter type.

There can be no doubt that the endocrine system plays an important part in the mechanism of mental disorders. The ductless glands, notably the thyroid, thymus, pituitary, adrenals and sex glands, when functioning normally, furnish very definite and specific secretions which are necessary to the proper development and functioning of the various activities of the entire organism, including the nervous system. But our experience is entirely in accord with that of Billings, Barker and others, that chronic infections have a direct influence upon the ductless glands. We are inclined to believe, indeed, that, with regard to a majority of patients suf-

fering from glandular irregularity, infection and toxemia are the primary factors, disturbance of the ductless glands being secondary.

From this discussion it can be seen that the causes vary in different individuals. In some cases heredity may produce a distinct physical susceptibility and create a more fertile soil for the development of mental disease. Emphasis must be laid, however, upon the fact that, while heredity may favor such a development, it is not the dominant consideration. Furthermore, while psychogenic elements, when present, also exert an important influence, they may be absent and yet a psychosis may develop. The most important and constant factor is the toxemia resulting from chronic infections.

In the majority of mental cases, there is undoubtedly a combination of the factors already outlined. All should be taken into consideration in the effort to restore the patient to a normal mental condition. The main attack should be directed, however, upon the factors which can be eliminated from the patient's system and not focused upon hereditary influences that are immutably fixed and environmen-

tal circumstances that often cannot be changed.

The do-nothing policy of those who continue to oppose any form of physical treatment, because they are convinced that insanity is the result of hereditary causes and constitutional defects of an inevitable and incurable nature, is inexcusable in the light of modern biological and physiological knowledge.

For the afflicted individuals, however, there is prospect of the dawn of a brighter day. Relics of medical superstition and barbarism are being gradually supplanted by up-to-date conceptions as to the true relation of structure and function. The inhumane neglect that has resulted from the old discredited philosophical dualism is being overcome by the idea of unified mind and body. Insane patients need no longer be regarded as doomed to life-long confinement in custodial institutions. They can and will be restored not only to mental health, but, in many cases, to lives of usefulness. Economic independence will follow, superseding dependence upon the State, and, what is of obvious social significance, the alarming increase in insanity will be checked.

Insurance

OLD-AGE INSURANCE IN CANADA

By J. A. McFADGEN

IN 1908 the Federal government of the Dominion of Canada set up what is known as the Canadian Government Annuities System. This is a plan by which any citizen may deposit a part of his savings, either periodically or in odd amounts, with the government, and thereby provide a definite, guaranteed income for his declining years. The an-

nual deposits now amount to approximately \$4,000,000, while annuitants are being paid some \$1,750,000 each year.

The plan is quite simple. Any person over five years old may open an annuity account with the government by making an initial payment. A contract or policy is then issued, setting out the basis upon which subsequent deposits will be received. Payments may be made at any postoffice. A pass-book is issued to the annuitant and payments are entered, stamped with the official stamp, and in-

initialled by the postmaster when made. A few days later a printed acknowledgment is received from headquarters at Ottawa, so that the annuitant has a double check on his account. Pass-books may be sent to Ottawa at any time for checking and verification, and mail matter to and from the Annuity Branch goes free of postage. These deposits earn 4% compound interest, and the monies so accumulated are held to the credit of the depositor, earmarked for the purchase of an annuity.

The entire expense of operation is borne by the government, and for that reason the rates charged are very low, being the bare actuarial requirements without loading for any purpose. To this extent the legislation is mildly paternalistic, but, as will be seen, the scheme is purely contributory and non-compulsory. Whether or not any change will be made in these features in the future depends, of course, upon the trend of public thought. It is clear that if such a plan were made compulsory a great part of the burden of caring for the aged which now rests upon the state would be lifted.

Two types of annuities are available, the deferred and the immediate. Immediate annuities are purchased by a lump sum payment, and returns to the buyer begin at once, in monthly, quarterly, semi-annual or annual instalments as arranged. Deferred annuities, on the other hand, do not mature until the annuitant has reached a certain pre-determined age, usually 55, 60, 65 or 70. This date is fixed by him at the time his application is filed. Contracts may be started at any age from 5 years upward. Naturally, the earlier in life one begins to pay, the smaller will be the periodic payments required to produce any desired amount of annuity. Here are a few concrete examples:

1. A payment of \$2.40 a month, commenced by a boy of 5 and continued regularly till 70, will provide an annuity of \$1200 *per annum*, or \$100 a month for the rest of the annuitant's life, no matter how long he may live. If matured at age 65 instead of 70 the annuity will be \$800 a year, at 60 it will be \$527.50, and at 55, \$379.94.

2. By commencing payments of \$5 a month when she is 23, and continuing for 32 years, a young woman will create a life income of \$25 a month starting at 55.

3. A man of 40 takes a contract under what is called Plan-A-Guaranteed-10-Years and makes twenty annual payments of \$453 each. At 60 he stops paying and receives his first check for \$100. Every month thereafter, as long as he lives, a similar check reaches him. Should he die before he reaches 60 all the payments he has made, with compound interest to the date of his death, will be returned to his estate in a lump sum. His death at 50 would leave \$5816.97 for his family, and in his fifty-ninth year the sum returnable would be a little over \$14,000. If he dies between 60 and 70 the payments of \$100 a month continue to his heirs till he would have been 70, but if he survives beyond 70 he draws his regular monthly stipend until death, even should he live to be 100.

It is not necessary that payments be made either regularly or in uniform amounts. They may be made in any other manner, provided the required total is eventually paid in, with due allowance for interest. Odd sums may be deposited at any time, the effect being a correspondingly larger annuity at the maturity date. In fact an annuity contract is, to all intents and purposes, a savings account with the government, drawing 4% compound interest and available at any time for the purchase of an annuity.

Deferred annuities may be purchased by making a single cash payment. For instance, the young woman of 23 cited above, instead of making the series of monthly payments of \$5 each, might ob-

tain exactly the same annuity by making a single down payment of \$1018.77. This sum would remain on deposit with the government, requiring no further payments by her, and at the age of 55 her life income of \$25 a month would commence automatically. The cost is exactly the same in all cases, no matter which payment plan is adopted.

Under Plan A, the most popular, if the annuitant dies prior to the maturity of the contract—that is, before having received the first instalment of his annuity—every dollar he has paid in, together with compound interest at 4% to the date of his death, is returned to his heirs in a lump sum. This equity may be disposed of by will or specific instructions may be given to the Annuities Branch and incorporated into the contract. Under Plan B the annuitant takes all the risk, and in return for a very considerable reduction in the rate, foregoes all rights in case of his death. Very few contracts of this type are taken out.

All annuities, without exception, run for the life of the annuitant, so that, once commenced, his income, whether large or small, is assured from that time until the day of his death. Unless otherwise provided, the annuity ceases with his death, but into any contract, except those under Plan B, the government will, for a small additional charge, insert a clause guaranteeing that the annuity will be paid for ten, fifteen or twenty years in any event. The wording is: "will pay for — years certain or for the life of the annuitant, whichever period shall be the longer." Thus, if the annuitant outlives the guarantee period, payments continue to him until his death, but if he dies before the expiration of the term certain, then the remaining instalments are paid to his heirs. This guarantee may be applied to

both deferred and immediate contracts, and while it is optional, purchasers pretty generally take advantage of its protection.

The security is absolute. Contracts are made with, in the name of, and signed by, the government of the Dominion. The obligation of the promise to pay is equal to that contained in government bonds, and conceivably even a little greater. The exact amount of the annuity to be received is declared, cannot be varied, and is not subject to price fluctuations or market vagaries.

Payments for annuities go into the Consolidated Revenue Fund, the running expenses of the government for the current year, and payments to annuitants are made from the same fund. This arrangement obviates the necessity of setting up a separate fund which might, under certain circumstances, become insolvent or insufficient, and throws the liability to pay squarely on the nation. The Department's hand-book correctly declares that "the security of the whole Dominion is behind your purchase."

Every possible care has been taken to establish and safeguard the rights and privileges of the annuitant. In so far as he is concerned, the contract is extremely, almost unbelievably, elastic. Payments may be increased, decreased or temporarily suspended at will, the only effect being a larger or smaller amount of annuity earned at the maturity date. There is no such thing as forfeiture and no penalty for lapse. Whatever deposits have been made continue to stand to the credit of the holder and accumulate interest right up to the date of maturity, at which time the exact amount of annuity to which he is entitled becomes payable automatically.

The amount of annuity contracted for can be increased by the simple expedient of making the payments on account

larger. Payments may also be completely paid up at any time during the life of the contract, and credit is given for the additional interest earned thereby. The deferred period may be shortened and the maturity date hastened, and contracts may be converted from one type to another, should circumstances make such a change desirable. The Annuities Act provides that monies at the credit of an annuitant or payments due from an annuity "cannot be seized or levied upon by or under the process of any law or court."

On the other hand, so far as the government is concerned, the contract is iron-clad and admits of practically no change. The rates, conditions and regulations in force at the time it is issued govern it until it is terminated by the death of the annuitant. Subsequent changes in rates or regulations do not apply to contracts already in force.

The minimum annuity that will be paid is \$10 *per annum* and the maximum purchasable under any contract is \$1200 *per annum* or \$100 a month. The plan was set up primarily for the wage-earners and is not expected to take care of those who are wealthy enough to make larger provisions for old age. Money once deposited cannot be withdrawn in a lump sum during the life-time of the annuitant. It may, however, be used in the form of

monthly payments by converting it into an immediate annuity with payments beginning at any time. The equity in the contract cannot be assigned, transferred or negotiated, and has no cash surrender value. These restrictions are for the protection of the holder, and to remove them would be to defeat one of the main purposes of the act, which is to prevent the individual from ever becoming a charge on the state.

Contracts are in force that were commenced on behalf of children of five, and others that were not purchased till the applicants were in the eighties. Contracts for the young are usually of the deferred type, and for the old nearly always of the immediate type. Parents make provision for their children and children provide comfort for the declining years of their parents. Married couples and others purchase joint policies of a special type known as last survivor annuities. These are precisely the same as single annuities except that the annuity continues without change in amount to the survivor after the death of the first of the two.

During the fiscal year 1930-31 somewhat over half the annuities purchased were for amounts of under \$600 *per annum*. The average was \$444, showing conclusively that the plan is being embraced by the very persons for whose benefit it is designed.

THE KAISER OF CONNECTICUT

BY GEORGE E. CLAPP

WITH his finger on the pulse of Connecticut politics, his influence and power a tradition for many years, J. Henry Roraback, despite two crushing defeats of late, still remains the dominant political force in the State. His lieutenants say that though he is the boss, he is a benevolent boss; his enemies point to significant links between his Punch and Judy Legislatures and his many public utilities interests. Chairman of the Republican State Committee, Connecticut member and vice-chairman of the Republican National Committee, power baron, banker, and former New York, New Haven & Hartford lobbyist, he is a study in American politics worthy of more than passing notice.

In person Roraback is a large, bland person, with white hair carefully parted in the middle, an aldermanic jowl, and a way with him. His waistline has expanded as the years have passed. Until the time comes to act he is pleasant but uncommunicative, even with his lieutenants, preferring the non-committal pose. When he does strike, however, his aim is deadly and the result is devastating to the forces of the enemy.

But despite the fact that he has been kingpin in Connecticut for many years, any attempt to describe his rise now involves another question—his “fall”. For he has slipped seriously in the last two elections. His machine has clanked and puffed to no avail. It remains to be seen

whether he can regain the lost ground. His henchmen are shivering in their boots this very moment, wondering how many plums the Democrats will wrest away from them, for an old-fashioned Democrat, Dr. Wilbur L. Cross, a former Yale dean and at present editor of the *Yale Review*, is again in the Governor’s chair. “The dear old gentleman down at Yale”, as Roraback foolishly dubbed him during the campaign of 1930, has a theoretical State Senate majority of one vote, which should have been enough to tip over Roraback’s Republican apple-cart with a vengeance, and wasn’t only because the Democrats are divided into two camps, and several in the Old Guard corral hopped the fence and began to graze in the Republican pasture. Control of the State Senate, it should be said, is very important, for many juicy appointive jobs are confirmed by that body. The House, still strongly Republican, was joined by the Senate, sporting a hybrid Republican-renegade Democratic majority, in a deal on minor court judgeships that some of the independent folk in the State were unkind enough to say smelled to heaven. This was the best the Roraback machine could engineer.

In the last two biennial elections it has lost the governorship. In addition, it lost the suave and learned Senator Bingham in the last election. His defeat was partly an involuntary burnt offering to the fanatical dries and the bitter ones among or-

ganized labor, and partly the result of a split Republican vote by the injection of a third-party ticket into the field. Beside, the machine lost the seat in Congress formerly held by John Q. Tilson—simply because it faltered when it needed to operate smoothly and efficiently.

Even now the Democrats are quarreling over the carcass. Never able to agree among themselves in Connecticut, the Old Guard (Al Smith supporters) and New Guard (Roosevelt supporters) are watching each other with cold and fishy eyes. Dr. Cross, inaugurated in January for his second term, has the remainder of two years to go. Democrats of all sizes, shapes and colors are hanging around him, their mouths watering for the tidbits he may toss their way. But the wise and serene old professor keeps them guessing. Now and then, to improve their humor, he hints that he seldom takes a bath and then watches their eyes pop. By the time they have digested that, and begun to realize that he is spoofing them, he has another one thought up.

II

Before rehearsing Roraback's career it is necessary to examine the circumstances under which it was possible for him to climb to power. It all started back in the year 1662, when King Charles II granted a royal charter to Connecticut. It provides a strange system of "representative" government, still in effect. Commonly referred to as the rotten borough system, it is a method of electing State legislators according to the number of towns in the State, but with little regard for the distribution of population. Thus one-third of the people elect two-thirds of the members of the House in the Legislature. An illustration of the way it works has often been

cited. The town of Union has two representatives in the House, one for each ninety-eight persons, while at the other extreme is the city of New Haven, also with two representatives in the House, one for each 81,000 persons.

Some changes have been made in the original charter, which gave two State representatives to every town, but the principle still prevails. Efforts to alter the scheme drastically have always been defeated. The present line-up is this: ninety-nine towns send two representatives each to the House and sixty-nine towns send one each. But one half of the people live in the State's seven largest cities, and these cities have exactly the same representation in the house as the majority of the small towns. Consequently, the rural element—most of it staunchly Republican—dominates the House. In the Senate the situation is almost as absurd. The number of people in the senatorial districts varies from about 20,000 to 89,877. The larger figure usually means a city, so the small towns again have the better representation. Until the election of November, 1932, this system had operated to keep the upper House strongly Republican.

It was among the rock-ribbed Republicans of the small towns that the Roraback machine developed. It controlled the Legislature without the slightest trouble. The people of the larger cities, many of whom vote Democratic in State elections, were helpless. If they kicked too hard Roraback's legislators promptly adopted a ripper bill giving the grumblers a swift kick where it would do the most good. A ripper bill is a device to allow the State to interfere in the home rule operation of a given city. It may interfere in the police department or the tax collector's office, or it may take the form of undesired and grotesque amendments to the offending

city's charter. It is a very effective form of punishment. The voters of many a city, daring to be Democrats, have had to grind their teeth and keep their mouths shut under this lash.

This rotten borough system explains Roraback and his works. Early in his career, he recognized its possibilities. Born in Sheffield, Mass., a small town just north of the Connecticut line, on April 5, 1870, his schooling ended with graduation from the Great Barrington high-school. He studied law in the village attorney's office in North Canaan, Conn., and was admitted to the bar in 1892. Soon we find him assisting the New Haven road as a contact man at the State capital. The New Haven was then in control of the State—in fact, more than ten years later its chief lobbyist boasted that if a utilities commission were ever authorized he would name its members. And he did.

Roraback's entry into active politics came when he was named to the Republican State Committee in 1898. His influence increased until he was made chairman in 1912. But meanwhile he was using his popularity and pull to his own advantage. He kept his small-town touch. He stood in well with the boys and through them he persuaded the legislators to grant charters to a host of power companies, giving them monopolies and valuable power and water rights, often for a song. He organized the Berkshire Power Company, the Rocky River Power Company, and the Connecticut Light & Power Company, the latter destined to figure largely in his subsequent activities. Skipping down through the years we see it being absorbed by the mighty United Gas Improvement Company of Pennsylvania, a concern to be spoken of in hushed voices, so mighty is its influence. But Roraback did not relinquish anything

when he sold the company. He organized the Connecticut Electric Service Company, a holding concern still in control of the distribution of power in many communities in the State.

Meanwhile, he watched the Connecticut River Power Company, a concern with which he had no connection, obtain rights to build a dam and power house on the Connecticut river. It never built the dam, but it planned to place in its capital expenditure account the estimated horsepower *not* developed. It felt that the dam ought to make 3,000 horsepower and that this power was worth \$300 a horsepower. A nice fat capital item resulted, against which the company could estimate rates on the basis of "reasonable return on investment".

But the Northern Connecticut Power Company, a rival, decided to make it hot for the Connecticut River Power Company, and finally wrested the territory away. Soon it appeared that strange things were happening to this company's capital items also. When a mill owned by the company burned and \$80,000 insurance was paid in, the money apparently never got into the treasury. Later the officials paid a personal debt of one of their number with \$100,000, and subsequently this was discovered entered on the books as an "investment in plant". Another item, of \$714,000, was found on the books labelled "fixed capital, unclassified", with little to explain what it represented. These facts were uncovered by a Federal Power Commission auditor and a copy of his report went to the Connecticut Public Utilities Commission. That report reposed in the commission's files for years, but no action was taken to compel the company to divest itself of its fictitious capitalization. These instances were typical of power "regulation" in Connecticut.

Roraback's own concerns were naturally prospering. The Connecticut Light & Power Company branched out boldly. It purchased half a dozen smaller concerns and grew fat and powerful. As the years passed it began to squeeze some of the municipalities that were trying to acquire watersheds for future water needs. Of late, it must be admitted, the general trend in power rates has been downward, but complicated area charges, minimum rates and fixed charges have combined to keep the customer paying a sizeable bill, and a little bewildered trying to figure out why. The Utilities Commission, in its passive rôle of non-interference unless someone puts up a protest, has had little to do about electric rates, chiefly because the customers do not care to shoulder the expense of fighting a powerful utility.

The political side began to assume more and more importance in the affairs of Roraback as the years rolled by. He had been gradually strengthening his position as Republican State chairman. The judicious distribution of favors in the form of jobs in the small towns had helped to pave the way for him, but there were still a few malcontents who wanted to rule or at least have a voice in decisions. Roraback found these independents very annoying fellows, but occasionally had to submit gracefully to their wishes. Thus in 1920 he had to accept the nomination of Everett J. Lake for Governor, although he would have preferred another man. After Lake's election, which followed as a matter of course, his worst fears were fulfilled. When the organization gently suggested a few moves and decisions to Governor Lake it soon appeared that he had a mind of his own. The machine's desires were ignored on several important matters of legislation, so the steamroller was oiled and polished for its task.

Lake's punishment was a series of disheartening clashes with the Legislature. His two-year term expired and he was promptly ditched, for the boss had greased the skids for him by that time. Lake was not even permitted to occupy a chair on the platform of the Republican State Convention following, but was obliged to sit in the gallery and watch the nomination of his successor.

III

This successor, alas, was another hard nut to crack, for Roraback was still obliged to make a compromise to get a candidate in those days. Charles A. Templeton was the nominee, an honest but unimaginative hardware merchant from Waterbury, comparatively new in State politics, inclined to be important, and due for a terrific shock when he discovered how thankless the job of Governor could be. Templeton was elected and Roraback was little better off, for the man showed even more spirit than Lake. It is said that Roraback politely indicated to him who should be named executive secretary to the Governor and that Templeton told him to depart for hotter climes. That was the beginning of the end for Templeton. Thwarted at every turn, he found that there was little to do but fume and fret over the sad fate of a chief executive balked by a Legislature made up of the members of his own party.

When the Templeton régime was drawing to a close, Roraback resolved to do something drastic. This time he would hold on to the reins. He wanted a picturesque, impressive candidate for Governor, who knew little of politics, was amenable to orders, and acceptable to the renegades in his party. He decided upon Hiram Bingham, an ultra-intellectual Yale

professor who had married a wealthy wife, raised an astonishing family of boys, and retained the knack of looking youthful and distinguished despite his white hair. Bingham had been explorer, scientist and aviator, could quote Latin, Greek and Spanish by the yard, and never split an infinitive. Sprung as something of a surprise on the opposition, he was nominated and elected.

Soon afterward United States Senator Brandegee committed suicide. Roraback considered the situation and consulted with his lieutenants. He had a Governor, not yet inaugurated, and a golden opportunity to get just the right man for United States Senator at a special election only a few weeks away. Why not run Bingham for that post, too, have him serve one day as Governor, resign and then become Senator? Then the Lieutenant-Governor would move up, which would work out splendidly, since John H. Trumbull, the Lieutenant-Governor, was a good Roraback man.

Despite a storm of criticism Roraback carried out this plan. Bingham was elected Senator at a special election on December 16, 1924, although he had been elected Governor only on November 4. In January, 1925, he was sworn in as Governor, served one day, resigned, and was sworn in as Senator the following March 4. Six years of a "Trumbull business administration" was in store for the State. Trumbull was president of the Bristol & Plainville Electric Company, later absorbed by the Connecticut Light & Power Company, and president of the Trumbull Electric Manufacturing Company, making electrical equipment. Soon he became a director of the Connecticut Light & Power Company. He was a tractable man, who could be depended upon to do the right thing at the right time, from taking a vigorous

stand on his "pay as you go" policy to appointing Frank P. McEvoy, a Democrat, to the Superior Court bench at the exact moment when the Republicans needed a little coöperation from the Democrats.

But that special election kept cropping up. Bingham had defeated Charles G. Morris, the Democratic candidate for Governor, by a comfortable margin, but only a little more than a month later, when the special senatorial election was held, he got but 45% as large a vote as that he received for Governor, whereas Hamilton Holt, the Democrat who ran against him, got 60% as large a vote as Morris had received in the race for Governor. This wasn't enough to overcome the Republican lead, but it came so near it that there was no fun in it. Why, asked even novices in political observation, hadn't the Democrats made an extraordinary effort to get out the vote at the special election? Even as large a vote as that given Morris in November would have defeated Bingham and elected Holt—and the November vote was no world-beater.

The answer was soon forthcoming. The next Legislature—still staunchly Republican—confirmed Governor Trumbull's appointment of Edward M. Yeomans, a leading Democrat, to the Superior Court bench. Such generosity to the Democrats was unheard of, unless there was a reason for it. But talk of a political bargain soon subsided. The State was accustomed to such peculiar coincidences.

Six years of Trumbull brought him to the election of 1930, but before considering that election we should turn to the events of two years before. At about the same time Roraback was blocking John Q. Tilson for the vice-presidential nomination in 1928, a new character enters the

plot—a man with a fixed idea. This zealot, whose courage almost amounted to foolhardiness, came forth to joust with Roraback. A mere law-school professor, the new opponent was Albert Levitt of Redding, a dynamic, restless individual attached to the law school of St. Lawrence University. Small in stature and a little theatrical, he is a direct contrast with Roraback. Levitt's keen brown eyes size you up from behind horn-rimmed spectacles; Roraback's often seem to wear a film that hides his thoughts. Levitt is warm, impulsive, often precipitate, a relentless and direct fighter; Roraback is cautious, deliberate and coldly calculating. Levitt's hair is jet black, inclined to curl; his jaw has a determined jut, his lips a firmness bespeaking unusual staying powers.

These two men clashed so bitterly and so sensationally that the reverberations jarred the State. Levitt began by exposing the significant links between Roraback's power interests and his political activities. He pointed to the charters granted Roraback, to the notorious cases of padded capitalization, and to the political swaps between the Republicans and Democrats, which had caused many newspaper editors to complain that Roraback really ruled both parties. Finally, he struck a body blow at the machine by demanding the removal of the three members of the Public Utilities Commission, one of the most important cogs in the Roraback scheme of things.

Confusion hit the boss' camp. The chief and his advisors listened quite aghast while Levitt cited a law which said, simply and directly, that railroads operating within the State had to eliminate one grade-crossing a year for every fifty miles of their trackage, providing their financial condition permitted. The interloper bluntly inquired why the commission had long ignored this

law and not required the railroads to live up to it. And he not only asked; he acted. When the Attorney General refused to bring an action to remove the commissioners, Levitt went to court and got a writ of mandamus. The Attorney General appealed on this issue. The Supreme Court of Errors upheld Levitt. After that decision, when the Attorney General began to try tactics of delay, Levitt promptly threatened contempt of court proceedings unless the removal action was begun at once.

The case was begun with the Attorney General obviously uneasy and reluctant to press it. Levitt finally lost on the technical point of the financial condition of the railroads. The roads proved they were unable to undertake the removal of the grade crossings, with the Attorney General patently relieved to find that they could prove it. The Legislature, of course, hastened to repeal the obnoxious law, for it had been very embarrassing. But Levitt had proved that the Attorney General and the Roraback machine were significantly concerned about the Public Utilities Commission. He challenged the right of the Attorney General to defend the activities of the commission in the preliminary skirmishes, for the law prohibited that official from assisting any office-holder whose acts were in question. Furthermore, he focused attention upon the weaknesses of the whole Connecticut utility regulation system.

That system, to digress for a moment, dates back to its authorization in 1911, after a long battle through two Legislatures. The commission is a peculiarly helpless body. Through lack of legal power it is not permitted to initiate inquiries of its own. It sits back and waits for protests. Then it holds an inquiry and issues a finding. It refuses to enter into the subject of

capitalization of power companies, except in determining rates. There are only two cases on record in which it has set up a schedule of rates for an electric light company, although it has ruled on the fairness of the rates the companies themselves have set up. And Roraback's interests are mostly in power companies. Most of the commission's work can be characterized as minor details. On two occasions, when it has taken an important stand that might clip the wings of power companies, it has been overruled by the courts. A singular lack of energy marks its record, which is not surprising when one considers that it sprung from the old Connecticut Railroad Commission, shortly after the heyday of Mellen in the New Haven road.

Levitt's moral victory did not satisfy him. He entered politics. After failing in an effort to get enough backing to make a showing in the Republican State Convention, which is nothing but cut-and-dried mummery anyway, he dabbled in two political movements, finally running for Governor as the nominee of an offshoot of the Republican party and getting nowhere. Then he transferred his allegiance to the Independent Republican party, which figured largely in the results of the election of 1932.

Before we reach that point, however, let us watch Levitt snapping at the heels of the Roraback machine for a few more months. He demanded extensions of power lines as the representative of disgruntled utilities customers. He espoused the cause of a group of Gaylordsville farmers who objected to the price offered them by the Connecticut Light & Power Company for strips of their land on which to construct a high tension line. In that case Levitt discovered that the State Department of Labor had sent an inspector to the spot to attempt to negotiate a settlement with the

farmers. Immediately he wanted to know why the Department of Labor officials had interested themselves in the case, a private transaction of a power company. A little investigation convinced him that the department was really only a catch-all for political hacks of the Roraback machine who could not be placed elsewhere in the public service.

IV

When the battle of the 1930 nominations came before the Republican State Convention Levitt was badly beaten. The State, of course, does not have a direct primary, but nominates in convention. The delegates, if properly controlled, can be made to vote for anyone. This time they rode roughshod over Levitt's two or three pledged delegates and nominated Ernest E. Rogers, a banker who had been Lieutenant-Governor, for Governor. Dr. Cross was the nominee of the Democrats, but Roraback looked upon him as negligible. The white-haired, dignified dean did not seem to him to have the necessary appeal to win. But Cross had been rubbing elbows with the farmers and telling them how he raised chickens as a boy around Mansfield, and they had begun to like him.

Election day came at last. Roraback waited for the count, perhaps with some touch of uneasiness, for things had not been going well in the last days of the campaign. If he did feel a qualm or two it was prophetic, for Cross won, although the Republicans elected the rest of their State ticket. The Legislature turned down Cross time after time. It refused to confirm his appointee to fill a vacancy on the Public Utilities Commission. It cut down the legislative vote necessary to override a veto by the Governor. But when it attempted to dictate the names of men to be nomi-

nated to State jobs, it found the Governor firm but polite. He insisted upon a compromise and won his point.

The remainder of the first Cross administration was a tussle with the Republican machine after the Legislature had adjourned—it meets every two years and is in session about five months out of every twenty-four—, and in this battle the Governor managed to conduct himself skillfully. True, he did not win any startling victories, but under the circumstances the best he could expect was a dignified draw. By the time the campaign of 1932 was beginning to get under way he had managed to impress the Republicans with the fact that he was no mean opponent. Casting about for a Republican nominee for Governor, they finally had to fall back on their prize drawing-card of previous years—Trumbull.

The choice did them little good. Cross won again, though the rest of the Republican State ticket got in and Connecticut went for Hoover. Levitt had been joined, by that time, by a group of valiant advocates of reform in the Republican State machine. Professor Milton Conover of Yale (Connecticut runs to professors for political candidates), the Independent Republican nominee for United States Senator, so split the Republican vote that Congressman Augustine Lonergan, Democrat, edged out Bingham, and thus delivered the crowning blow of the election to Roraback. Levitt ran for Governor again and probably had much to do with reëlecting Cross, although any such guess is speculation.

Roraback, to the casual observer, may seem to be sitting back at present, benevolently watching the servants of a sovereign people legislate and content to accept the mandate of their votes. Actually he isn't

doing anything of the sort. His Republican House and his patchwork Senate are putting up a bitter political battle as this is written—and winning in most instances. The Legislature has killed the District Court bill, which would toss out minor court appointees wholesale and establish a modern and sensible system, and it has banished many another proposal of the Democrats. For more than six weeks it remained deadlocked on the minor court judgeships before a deal giving the Republicans the lion's share of them could be fixed up with three Democratic senators who deserted their New Guard leadership. Recently the machine suffered a defeat on the State liquor control act, when the Legislature adopted the "strong commission" plan recommended by a special investigating committee. Many dry Republicans from the small towns deserted their leaders and voted for the plan Governor Cross favored.

Roraback is looking around for a candidate for Governor in 1934—a man who can win. He may or may not rob the ivied halls of Yale for that purpose. It is a novel situation for him—to be on the outside, looking in—, but he has no intention of remaining there and neither have his followers. As for his chance of being chosen Republican National Committee chairman, few competent political observers would care to venture much upon it. The man is the boss of Connecticut because the force of circumstances gave him his chance and because he turned it to his own and his party's advantage, but the same formula might not work on a national scale. Connecticut will probably keep him. Whether he can regain his old stride is another matter, depending mostly on the calibre of the opposition.

THE ALIMONY RACKET

BY ANTHONY M. TURANO

ALIMONY, as originally defined by the ecclesiastical courts of England, was the duty of the husband, arising from the ceremony of marriage, to support, *i.e.*, *aliment*, his wife, whenever for good legal cause she chose to live apart from him. Marriage was then a sacrament, dissoluble only by death, and the sole remedy for an unsuccessful union was the limited divorce *a mensa et thoro*, a separation from bed and board, granted for reasons mainly theological, which permitted the parties to live apart, while the husband's duty of alimentation continued.

It seems to be the general lay impression that all of this is history, and that the American courts are no longer influenced by such outworn conceptions of matrimony. The basis for such a belief, of course, is the increasing number of absolute divorces, and the oft-repeated judicial dictum that marriage is now nothing more than a civil contract. The fact remains, however, that despite the statutory recognition of absolute divorce in all the States except one, the old canonical rules are still a part of the Common Law of every State. Indeed, Georgia and Maryland go so far as to provide specifically by statute that their legislative enactments concerning divorce, alimony and separation shall be carried out by the courts in accordance with the principles of ecclesiastical jurisprudence.

So it can be truthfully said that every American divorce is still granted, para-

doxically enough, according to an archaic system of procedure that considered marriage indissoluble. The natural result is a preposterous conflict between the spirit of the new declaratory legislation, and the religio-legal farrago of dusty casuistry whereby the courts attempt to carry it out. A few recent examples, taken at random from the case reports of the various States, will show that alimony judgments are still granted with more regard for religious precedent than for the general contemporary view of marriage.

In *Forburger vs. Forburger* (Nebraska, 1932), the parties were married in 1929. Despite the short duration of the marriage, and the fact that no children had been born, the wife brought suit for support. The husband resisted her application, and demanded an absolute divorce. It was remarked by the court that both parties were exceptionally skilled in the various forms of domestic warfare. Speaking of the wife, the decision said:

Without the testimony presented by this record it would be difficult for one to believe that such marked variations of human feeling could find habitation in the receptacle of a single mind. . . . At times she displays quite an uncommon affection for her husband, while at others she hurls vile and insulting epithets upon him, and finally in a fit of anger casts a stone through the window of his automobile.

The retaliations of the husband are not specifically given; but we are left to conclude that Xantippe had missed her Soc-

rates, and that it was rather a case of Katharine meeting her Petruchio. The court continues:

This whole story convinces us that there exists between these parties such an incompatibility of dispositions as would destroy all conjugal felicity, if it could be truthfully said that any had previously existed.

Obviously, the only plausible remedy for such a situation would be the earliest and most positive divorce that the court could grant. For if both parties, instead of only one, hold their conjugal ties in contempt, the demand for their dissolution thereby becomes doubly rational. But such elemental reasoning is in conflict with a moldy ecclesiastical doctrine, sternly adhered to in every American State, known as *compensatio criminis*, or recrimination. It is thus described in Keezer on Marriage and Divorce:

The right to a divorce contemplates a guilty party and an innocent party. If both of them are at fault, neither is entitled to a release.

When this preposterous reasoning is applied to cases of mutual cruelty, the successful litigant must prove that the household presents a sort of dime-novel demarcation of characters. For if it be found that the parties are in *pari delicto*, equally human and at fault, neither is entitled to judicial relief. In the Forburger case the court even inquired into the *pre-marital* conduct of the couple. Both parties had been previously married, and had been attracted to each other while they were still living with their respective spouses. From the viewpoint of ecclesiastical jurisprudence, this was only an aggravation of their post-nuptial guilt. Since the parties had not revered the sacrosanctity of the conjugal vow, they must endure its bondage. The opinion goes on:

The powers of a court of equity should not be employed to satisfy the mere wants or desires of the parties. . . . Social welfare will best be conserved by compelling parties with histories like these to remain bound by the marriage ties, but if their dispositions are such that they cannot live happily together they should be permitted to live apart.

Thus the ecclesiastical law, as now administered, is a sort of Volstead Act to enforce correct canonical behavior. Before the marriage, the wife in the Forburger case had been working in a department store, but the court saw no reason why she should return. It conceded that she was still young and able-bodied, but hinted that the publicity of the litigation, though instituted by herself, might have decreased her earning ability. The trial judge had fixed her support at \$75 a month, but the appellate tribunal increased it to \$125.

II

That the punitive value of alimony judgments is considered more important than any actual need of the wife will appear from the case reports of every other State. In *Nolde vs. Nolde* (Pennsylvania, 1932), the parties were married in 1914. The wife was a working girl eighteen years old. The young man, aged twenty-one, was equally poor, although he had promising expectations from wealthy relatives. Their cohabitation did not long survive their honeymoon. Soon after their separation, the wife brought suit for support, but failed to prevail because the husband had no present means. However, she clung patiently to her status of wife, and awaited a better day.

In 1917, the husband obtained a divorce in another State. Although she was duly notified by proper legal service, the wife failed to oppose the suit. Her legal uncon-

cern continued until 1932, when the husband received a considerable inheritance from his father. Immediately she filed an action for support in the Pennsylvania courts, challenging the legality of the divorce. It was shown that there were no children, and that at all times since the separation the wife had managed to maintain herself. In brief, there was no practical ground for any allowance, except the husband's newly acquired ability to pay. Nevertheless, the wife of eighteen years before was duly enabled to forsake her regular employment as a waitress when she was awarded \$300 a month.

The same disregard for the equality of men and women in the economic field is again shown in *Appel vs. Appel* (Maryland, 1932). The two litigants here were youngsters, barely of legal age, who had quarreled and separated four months after the ceremony. Except upon the antiquated tribal doctrine that an unsuccessful marriage makes a young woman a social liability, it is not easy to understand why the bride could not have obtained employment, or even returned to the maternal home. Under the Maryland law, however, the court taxed the husband's weekly salary of \$60 with the support of the wife in wedded independence. She had modestly demanded \$15 a week, but the learned judge, who was later sustained by the appellate court, granted her another dollar for good measure, making it \$16.

The limited divorces to which such alimony allowances are so frequently attached are unanimously denounced by the ablest commentators on American jurisprudence. Mr. Justice Swift suggests that they lead to immorality unless the parties "possess more frigidity, or more virtue, than generally falls to the share of human beings." Similar expressions are to be found in Kent's Commentaries, which

speak of the "undefined and dangerous character of a wife without a husband, and a husband without a wife." Bishop calls the partial separation "an ill-begotten monster made up of pious doctrine and worldly stupidity."

But the most obscure judicial decision is given more weight by the courts than the clearest logic of the mere legal author, and under the different names of alimony suits, separate maintenances, and judicial separations, these wedded celibacies are daily ordered in every State, regardless of concurrent statutes authorizing absolute decrees. In the Southern and Eastern States they are actually much more frequent than total divorces.

What renders them even more incompatible with modern reasoning is the fact that they are granted at the mere option of the so-called innocent party. If a wife can prove the necessary facts she may elect, in every State, to preserve the nuptial tie, and remain married for revenue only. This is well illustrated in *Wald vs. Wald* (Maryland, 1911), in which "an angry, vituperative, shrewish wife held the stage." Her husband left her, and took up separate quarters. She retaliated by having him cited for non-support intermittently for the next ten years. Finally, he obtained an absolute divorce, with an alimony provision based upon his small earning ability.

When the case was appealed, however, the higher court held that the husband was the guilty party. As to the wife's shortcomings, it was suggested that he should have resorted to "tricks to tame and charm her chattering tongue." But the court soon relapsed from this comedy into the prosaic, disagreeable law of modern domestic tragedy:

Since an early date, the wife may, in this jurisdiction, elect to proceed against the husband for alimony only, and thus she

has a choice between a suit for divorce with alimony, or for alimony without a divorce.

Accordingly, the absolute decree was revoked, and a divorce from bed and board was substituted, with the usual right of the wife to be supported indefinitely, without carrying out any of the duties of matrimony.

III

Among the consequences of such a limited separation is the fact that it often renders an absolute divorce legally impossible. Once the husband's guilt has been judicially established, in contrast to the prelapsarian innocence of his creditor-half, the case is *res judicata*, and the court must refuse to hear his later application for complete freedom on the same facts. The only person at whose suit a final dissolution of the marriage may be had is the much injured wife, who may prefer, for reasons of her own, to go on collecting her dues in wedded separation. The result is a deadlock that will be respected in every jurisdiction, for under the "full faith and credit" clause of the national Constitution, as construed by the United States Supreme Court in *Harding vs. Harding* (1905), the tribunals of one State cannot disturb a partial separation previously ordered by the courts of another State, in the absence of a fresh matrimonial offense. Thus a husband may pay alimony for the rest of his life without ever earning a legal right to absolute divorce.

It goes without saying that such situations sometimes lead to the unconventional behavior mentioned by the text-book writers. I have known several men who were driven to contract bigamous marriages in order to give their subsequent emotional conduct a makeshift appearance of propriety. In one instance a limited divorce

had been obtained by the wife in North Carolina. After trying for nineteen years to induce her to apply for an absolute decree, the husband entered into what he called a common law arrangement with another woman, in Illinois. Desiring to legitimize the two children born of this union, he brought suit in Reno. His legal wife immediately contested the application—at his expense. As a matter of law, the partial divorce was a positive bar to the second suit. But its palpable injustice made an impression on the trial judge, who decided to ignore all precedent, and dissolve the marriage. "I know that the Supreme Court must reverse me if there is an appeal," he said, "but I refuse to hold that a man must live as a bachelor all his life because his wife of nineteen years ago does not choose to release him."

Unfortunately, such judicial boldness is necessarily rare. Judges are required to refrain from opposing their common sense to their oath to administer the law as they find it, and the appellate tribunals must base their opinions upon similar cases decided in the past. The result, with few exceptions, is an appalling uniformity in canonical endeavor, a top-heavy tower of reiterated precedent, with all its foundations in medieval society.

That the law persists in ascribing a mystic superiority to the first nuptial flight, even when absolute divorce has been decreed, is manifested by the legal limitations of the right to remarry. Louisiana, Pennsylvania, and other States prescribe that the defendant may not wed the paramour. In Mississippi, Tennessee and Virginia the court may deny the guilty party the right to remarry, and under the Georgia statute the "disabilities" of the couple are left to a jury. In one case (*Davis vs. Davis*, 1910) its verdict was that *neither* party could *ever* remarry.

Obviously, such prohibitory clauses are easily defeated by an accommodating parson of a neighboring Commonwealth. But the desired effect is often brought about by the economic consequences of alimony judgments. I have already shown that the husband's right to readjust his life is the least consideration of the courts in making such allowances. This is especially true when he is adjudged to be the guilty party. As recently as 1931, in *Rice vs. Rice*, the highest court of Michigan ruled:

The husband should be compelled to pay such alimony as will leave the financial condition of the wife during her life not inferior to what it would be if the husband's conduct had been correct and the marriage undissolved.

It is also sound American law that the obligations of his second marriage will not relieve a husband from supporting his divorced wife, even if she be childless, and the second not. The husband "must be his own judge as to how much obligation he can carry."

In some jurisdictions, the remarriage of the wife will automatically cancel her right to alimony, but this is by no means true in all States, or under all conditions. Many courts hold that no such cancellation takes place unless it be clearly shown that the second trip to the altar renders the wife economically safe, without the unpleasantness of earning any part of her own living. In *Cropsey vs. Cropsey* (New Jersey, 1929) the appellate court explains:

For it is conceivable that the remarriage of a divorced wife might result in obtaining a husband without means, or one, though fully able to support her in her former station in life, but whose habits are, and conduct is, such as to deprive her of proper support and maintenance.

It often happens, therefore, that a divorced husband is so burdened with ali-

mony obligations that he cannot consider a second matrimonial venture. The maintenance of two separate households is possible only to men of extraordinary income. The wife, in turn, being too comfortable as a divorcée, will often find it economically imprudent to take a new partner. The result is a legalized parasitism that renders double celibacy the most desirable way of living.

I am acquainted with a twice-divorced matrimonial careerist aged twenty-six who receives an allowance of \$100 a month from her first husband for the support of a child. Her subsequent remarriage was childless, but the discarded second spouse yields her an additional monthly revenue of \$150. Naturally, she does not deem it necessary to follow her original occupation of manicurist. Her only serious employment is an occasional expedition to the courts to enforce her monthly dues. Perhaps both husbands have been taught lessons in proper connubial behavior. But by her own profitable celibacy this unwedded wife condemns her two matrimonial tributaries to follow her example.

IV

There is no doubt that parasitism, like the rest of the human virtues and vices, is eminently epicene, and that a life of leisurely revenue-cutting would prove equally attractive, if the law were reversed, to the very husbands who are now the victims. The last woman in the world that a man willingly supports is his divorced wife, unless it be a wife who insists upon being supported and refuses to release him. Accordingly, he will resort to every possible legal evasion to escape the collection of what he properly considers the harsh penalties of a mutual matrimonial mistake. The only point is that the wife's legal ad-

vantages happen to be greater, and that she often turns them, with judicial approval, into one of the major tyrannies of American life.

It is the general rule that if the husband can prove a change in his economic circumstances he may be entitled to a reduction of his alimony dues, but this is not so encouraging as it sounds. In *Low vs. Low* (Colorado, 1926), the court refused to decrease the divorced wife's monthly stipend of \$150, despite the fact that after the divorce she had found employment as a school teacher at \$112.50 a month, and regardless of the husband's obligation toward his second wife. Nor does it appear that a husband can obtain a reduction by simply pleading penury or even total lack of income. The Supreme Court of Oklahoma, in *Fowler vs. Fowler* (1917), held:

A man who has no money or tangible property may be punished for contempt of court in failing to pay alimony adjudged to be paid by him if he makes no honest effort, considering his physical and mental capabilities, to work and earn money to pay the same.

It may be the privilege of the ordinary citizen to permit himself a periodical cessation of useful activity, within the limits of his savings. But it is evident that a man saddled with alimony is under a legal requirement to go on working, which is strongly suggestive of involuntary servitude.

Not infrequently the burden drives a former husband into bankruptcy. But the law is such that, though all of his other debts may be forgiven, his alimony will remain as inescapable as death and taxes. Section 17 of the Federal Bankruptcy Act, as amended in 1903, expressly provides that a discharge in bankruptcy shall not extinguish liabilities for "alimony due or to become due."

I know a physician who once enjoyed a good practice in San Francisco. After his divorce, he imprudently contracted a second marriage that disabled him from supporting his quondam mate. The damaging publicity of several alimony citations finally undermined his practice, and he was declared a bankrupt. Nevertheless, his monthly payments continued to accumulate. Although his former wife was young and childless, had some property, and was able to support herself, she continued to harass him until he was compelled to move to another State. In effect, he was banished from California, where he had spent his whole life and where he does not dare to return, even for a visit. Contempt of court is not an extraditable offense, but he may be imprisoned whenever he is found anywhere in the State.

Of course, imprisonment for debt is clearly prohibited by the Federal Constitution. But this provision is judicially overruled through a rather specious sacerdotal quibble: the husband's obligation is a duty that arises at the altar; he is not being imprisoned for owing his wife money, but for his contempt of court in refusing to pay. In *Heflinger vs. Heflinger* (Georgia, 1931) the parties were married in 1920, and ceased to cohabit two years later, when the husband left the State, and the wife obtained an order for her support. After ten years, through a legal procedure the nature of which does not appear from the record, she had him arrested at Toledo, Ohio, and brought to Georgia. By this time, the accumulating alimony had reached the sum of \$37,000.

He was immediately cited for contempt of the Georgia court. It was urged by his attorneys that he was a salesman of small earning ability, and that although he had made some money in stocks, he had lost everything in the crash of 1929. Neverthe-

less, he was committed to the county jail. The length of his confinement was left indeterminate, according to the practice formerly employed in the English debtors' prisons, until his compliance with the decree. The State Supreme Court refused to intervene:

The enforcement of a final decree awarding alimony to a wife by attachment for contempt is not equivalent to imprisonment for debt. . . . So we do not think that the judge, whose heart is full of the milk of human kindness, abused his discretion in refusing to discharge the husband from confinement under the judgment of contempt in this case.

Even upon his release, this husband cannot plead double jeopardy to another prosecution. Being guilty of a fresh contempt of court every time he refuses or fails to pay, there is no legal limit to the number of his successive confinements.

That the gentler human feelings of judges are often adulterated by the sterner stuff of the ecclesiastical vendetta that they are sworn to administer appears from the fact that every jail in the larger cities has a well-tenanted alimony ward. A Commission of Correction of the State of New York has recently made a report on the subject. It found that twenty-eight of the thirty-three male prisoners then confined in the Kings county jail in Brooklyn were men whose sole offense against the social order was their refusal or inability to support women whose interest in them was wholly pecuniary.

One of these prisoners had been confined for thirty months; another, Umberto Politano, known to the other victims as the Alimony Lifer, had been an inmate for three years. Still another complained that his wife had him arrested out of pure spite, while she lived a life of revelry, with limousine and chauffeur, in a fashionable

part of Manhattan. It is not difficult to concur with the opinion of the commission that these conditions are "disgraceful and deplorable."

It should not be surprising that such persecutions sometimes produce despair and even suicide. Some months ago one Garfield J. Scheiferstein of Chicago grew tired of alimony that had cost him \$32,500 in fifteen years. Seeing no possible abatement, he finally entered a garage, started an automobile engine, and took himself off by inhaling carbon monoxide. His farewell note makes a convincing reply to some of the alimony decisions:

I leave this world because I have been ruined by my wife and laws and courts that make the racket of alimony possible. I am in a position where I cannot meet my obligation, even though I live like a hermit in one of my vacant flats, with but a bed and a chair as my only furniture. Two years ago she started to take my property away when I ran a few weeks behind. This she can do easily as the alimony is a lien on my property. I had the grief and she had the gravy. Goodbye, world, you are too much for me.

Thus the law of family relations, as it is now canonically administered, is nothing less than a secondary system of crimes and punishments.

V.

That legislators have rather vague notions of the required legal amendments appears from a bill lately introduced in the Legislature of Illinois. It contents itself with declaring an "alimony moratorium", and prescribing that a divorcée shall not levy tribute upon any more than one ex-husband. Similar bills are pending in California and New York. It is encouraging to note, however, that during recent years a few courts, particularly in the Western

States, have been refusing, through a liberal exercise of their discretionary powers, to grant support, except in cases of actual need.

That the conditions here shown do not accompany every case of matrimonial failure is a fact that must be ascribed to the fundamental good sportsmanship of the great majority of men and women. By refusing to litigate, they overrule the dusty survivals of theological jurisprudence. Of the 3105 divorces granted in Reno in 1932, less than 1% involved any contested litigation. For reasons of personal dignity and independence, the average American woman of the more intelligent sort would rather rely on her own economic resources or endeavors than accept the degrading subsidy of a man who has ceased to be emotionally interesting to her, and whom she may not even respect.

It must be admitted, of course, that on the ground of social expediency, and regardless of fault, some sort of provision for the wife must be made in certain cases. A reasonable settlement out of the common property, or even an allowance from the husband's income for a few months, could hardly be deemed unfair, in order to enable a wife to reestablish herself economically. This would be particularly true when divorce was granted after a long marriage, and the wife was old or physically disabled. Neither can it be denied that when children are to be brought up and educated, the father, as well as the mother, should assume the economic burden. But unless such circumstances exist, the social effect of alimony allowances does not appear to be wholesome or educational.

It is likely, however, that even the fairest support provision will appear odious

if it is attached to any form of partial separation. When the ecclesiastical courts controlled the entire matter of marriage the supposed function of the decree *a mensa et thoro* was to act as a sort of chastisement of the flesh, for the purpose of enforcing reconciliation. Since the parties could never be completely free, it was prudent for them to take their medicine in true Christian fashion, and pick up the broken pieces of their marriage. But even if it be assumed that domestic harmony may be restored, under modern conditions, through the reverse English of separation, it is certain that the same end may be reached by means of the interlocutory decree as now used in many States.

Finally, upon a rational modern view of marriage and divorce it is difficult to perceive why an alimony debt should be more sacred than any other liability. The only intent of the Bankruptcy Act is to allow the commercial rehabilitation of insolvent individuals. The exclusion of alimony often defeats this purpose; and the frequent consequence, as we have seen, is a sort of serfdom, imposed by one member of society against another, with the machinery of the state aiding and abetting.

Without resorting to the moral lore of celibate medieval priests it is difficult to justify imprisonment for unpaid alimony, and there is no reason why a divorced wife, like any other creditor, should not be left to her ordinary civil remedies. Certainly punishment as a malefactor does not increase the earning or paying capacity of the victim; and aside from the vindication of the theoretical holiness of matrimony and its pecuniary obligations, his confinement serves no other purposes than coercion and extortion.

THE SOAP-BOX

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY

LET me crawl upon The Soap-Box and bawl into the microphone, but before I roar my loudest permit me to muse in retrospect and illustrate my muse with shadows of the past. The theatre of my youth has gone. Most of the players have shuffled off their mortal coils. My boyhood saw no boisterous pit, but in the nigger-heaven I beheld the fretted hour of many a famous star: Booth & Barrett in "Othello"; Irving & Terry in "The Merchant of Venice"; Jefferson & Florence in "The Rivals"; Ada Rehan & John Drew in the Daly productions; Robson & Crane in "The Henretta"; Richard Mansfield; Modjeska, Julia Marlowe, Maude Adams, Salvini, Coquelin, Rejane, Bernhardt, Denman Thompson, Joe Emmet, Bill Scanlan, Frank Mayo, Oliver Doud Byron (bless his departed soul), and many, many others;—all in one season and each for the price of what today, in any small town, you pay to see a flickering photograph (with guttural accompaniment) flash over a bare background!

What have we today in place of what we had? No traveling stars to thrill us. No local theatres to house them. Only the talking-picture and the radio. Even the silent movie has gone forever. Bad as its technique was, it still retained action, pantomime crude yet virile, but as that monstrosity killed off the art of Booth and Jefferson, so has the speaking novelty driven action temporarily from the playhouse, and filled it with a metallic imita-

tion of the voice of man, and close-ups that make the human visage hideous. Habit makes custom, and this mess of noisome entertainment becomes an accepted art. But not to those who saw the immortals of the dramatic stage driven from their rostrums by lifeless shadows of a machine-made drama.

We have tried to accept the cinematograph, but this patch-work product of technocracy, whereby the drama is put together like a jigsaw puzzle, could not supply the place of life and sequence. Hence, driven from the playhouse, we remain at home to seek entertainment from the radio. And now, alas, what seemed the birth of a new art is trembling in the balance. The boisterous announcer, with his brief of nauseous nostrums, is turning to the buffoon, and we are deafened in dramatic form by eulogies of drugs and drinks and auto-gas; cosmetic oils and soaps lubricating the wheels of action, and entering into the very vitals of theatric life. Shall advertising or art dominate the air? Shall the entertainment play down to the producers or up to the suffering public? And, shall the public be judged through the medium of the air, or by the curious spectators now crowding the studios?

Who are those groundlings whose guffaws from what they see interrupt the enjoyment of those who may only hear? Who invited them before the microphone? Who are they to sit in judgment of a radio programme? We have suffered enough through the ballyhooing of the advertiser. Why add insult to injury? Away with

the empty plaudits of an audience that has no legitimate right to intrude upon the listeners of the air!

WALTER SCOTT HOWARD

Buzzards Bay, Mass.

IN DEFENCE OF PRISON GUARDS

ALLOW me to take up the cudgel in defence of a long-suffering and abused class of men, the prison guards. Here is an occupational group, socially as indispensable as policemen, disorganized, underpaid, and for the major part inarticulate, that sorely needs a crew of eminent protagonists and maybe a couple of professional uplifters.

Most of the unjustifiable criticisms of prison guards come from either one of two sources: from ex-prisoners with paranoid tendencies, or from academicians or professional publicists turned amateur penologists. For the exes there is some excuse, if only on the ground of glandular malfunctioning, but for the publicists and academicians it would be hard to frame an adequate apologetic, for many of them are men of health and pelf, possessing ponderable I.Q.'s. But let any sane and informed man read that bulky and esoteric literature that passes in America as the newer scientific penology, written principally by persons who have nothing to do with prisons, and he will be rewarded with the same thrill that comes from the careful study of a treatise on sex by an elderly spinster of the Christian Endeavor. It's simply unreal. And it is in this body of literature that the prison guard takes his soundest critical lambasting.

The facts are that the work of the prison guard is extremely onerous, exacting, and poorly rewarded, and that as a class of men we are most exemplary citizens of the Re-

public. But unlike the policeman, the guard is rarely, if ever, dramatized as the hero in the literature of our day and nation. In my more exalted moments I like to dignify my calling as a profession, as ancient and as honorable as the profession of arms. The first bastille was probably a military prison and the first keeper thereof was doubtless some doughty, battle-scarred veteran whose feats upon the field of battle in the prime of his manhood merited for him in the eyes of his commander a soft and easy berth for his waning powers and declining years. This conception of the historical evolution of my job comforts me vastly on those embarrassing occasions when I am asked by installment credit managers and other such lackeys in the world of commerce to state my occupation and am compelled to reply: "I am a prison guard."

But, alas, I find that the social acceptance extended to people of my calling is based upon no such romantic notion. On the contrary, I am sometimes made to feel that I am classed with Prohibition agents, garbage collectors, and those other base minions of the law who eject poor tenants for the landlord.

What the prison guards need is an organization that will do for them what the P.B.A. has done for the policemen. The first administrator who grasps this idea will be to the guard the same sort of hero that Theodore Roosevelt the Elder is to the New York patrolman.

Rahway, N. J.

A GUARD

MORE ON ANNUITIES

IN A discussion in the March Soap-Box of the article by Mr. G. W. Fitch, "One Way to Security in Old Age", appearing in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for December last, Mr. L. C. Beutel proposes a stabilization of annuities on a basis of purchas-

ing power. By the use of a tabular system of payments through the use of index numbers, he would have insurance companies provide funds which would purchase a uniform amount of commodities throughout the life of the annuity.

Without going into the merits of such a plan, it is obvious that the only way it could be put into operation would be to have payments on the annuity made on a similar basis. Thus a person starting with an annuity payment of say \$50 a month would find it necessary to pay \$100 a month should the average price of commodities double. Such a rise in the dollar cost of an annuity would entail no hardship should the purchaser's income be evaluated on the same basis; the increased payment would be compensated by a corresponding increase in the dollar value of his income.

But on the other hand, should the purchaser's income be payable in a fixed amount of dollars, an increase in annuity cost would cause an additional raid on a purse already depleted by the rising cost of living. Obviously a person whose income did not fluctuate readily in accordance with commodity prices would assume a high degree of risk in the purchase of an annuity computed on such a basis.

The idea of tabular debt payments determined by an index of commodity prices is fundamentally sound and will probably find wide usage in the not too distant future, but it would seem that its use in insurance annuities would require a more universal use of the system in business generally before it could be applied to this field. Not only would the insurance companies have to require that annuity payments be made on a tabular basis according to an average of commodity prices, but they would have to be able to

obtain returns on their investments computed in a like manner.

El Paso, Tex. EDWIN W. CADY, JR.

BITTER WORDS FROM A DENVER INTELLECTUAL

AFTER long, faithful reading of your pseudo-literary effluvia, I have come to wonder whether an honest, unselfish thought has ever pierced its way into your soul (assuming that you have a soul).

At first, I read with admiration your sparkling wit and zestful humor, but before long, was assailed by doubt as to your motives. Then all doubt was dispelled, and I realized what a selfish, egotistical jackass you really are. At least that's what your writing indicates you to be. Now the only reason I read your *AMERICAN MERCURY* is that from it I can obtain the same meretricious, degenerate form of humor that I can out of *Capt. Billy's Whiz Bang*, and yet be mistaken for a highbrow.

It is apparent that you squeal whenever struck in the vicinity of the stomach or of the pocketbook. This accounts for your views towards Prohibition, public education, Socialism, Communism, and the U.S.S.R. However, I was most nauseated by your statement in that grand and glorious *AMERICAN MERCURY* of yours during the Republican and Democratic national campaigns, that unemployment relief was really subordinate to Prohibition repeal as a national issue, and that it was being used by the dry crusaders as a cloak for their nefarious activities. I have not quoted you verbatim, but believe I have made a reasonable interpretation of your bellowings.

I now make the worst charge of all; *viz.*, it would not surprise me to learn,

one of these days, that you had been drafted by the Daughters of the American Revolution or by the American Legion to speak on "The Need for Preservation of Our American Ideals".

For your enlightenment (I am unacquainted with legal procedure) should you wish to bring suit against me for libel, slander, or whatever the charge is, I take great joy in announcing that I am penniless and unemployed, except for my attendance at the University of Denver.

I do not think that you will publish this.

With utmost sincerity,

(Signed) L. CHATZKY

1455 Julian St.
Denver, Colo.

FOR THE GLORY OF HARVARD

SPEAKING of Harvard, Mr. Otis Chatfield-Taylor inquires in the April Soap-Box: "In letters and the drama, what has Harvard to show in this century to match Sinclair Lewis, Stephen and William Benét, Philip Barry, Archibald MacLeish, Thornton Wilder and Walter Millis?" Well, I should suggest Robert E. Sherwood, Lewis Beach, Conrad Aiken, T. S. Eliot, John Dos Passos, Walter Lippmann, Heywood Broun, and Edward Sheldon. He also asks: "Have any Harvard grads of late years anything in the field of journalism to show comparable to what Brit Hadden and Harry Luce did when they started *Time*?" Well, yes; the new magazine *News-Week*, edited by Sam Williamson, '16, which has the additional advantage of being written in English. Lastly (mine, not his): "What Harvard men are doing a job in education to compare with thirty-four-year-old Bob Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago?" Well, Clarence Cook Little didn't

do so badly at the University of Michigan, where he took charge in 1925 at the age of thirty-seven.

My detachment from Harvard is even more complete than Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's from Yale. I am in charge of the library of the Harvard Club of New York City, but I was graduated from the University of Vermont.

New York City EARLE F. WALBRIDGE

YOU-ALL AGAIN

IN THE Soap-Box for February Mr. Boock, of the far Northwest, tells us that all Southerners use *you-all* whether referring to one or more persons. He is all wrong. The editor, from the North Atlantic Seaboard, purports to set him right by commenting that only the *lower* orders in the South so use it. He is wrong, too, but only by from 50% to 95%, according to your prejudices.

Will you-all (I mean the two erudite persons already mentioned, together with any others who may be interested) please hark to this: No one ever heard any native-born Southerner, black or white, literate or illiterate, use *you-all* as a singular pronoun. I concede that no doubt many a Yank, sojourning in the South, may have *thought* he heard it so used, but that was due to his congenital insensibility to the delicate nuances of our delightfully complex system of speech. I can best confute all such slanders by quoting a Yankee authority, but one which, for all that, is seldom wrong. Webster's New International has it thus:

YOU-ALL, pron. You:—said in addressing two or more persons *or one person as representing also another or others*. (Colloq. Southern U. S.)

The italics in the foregoing quotation are mine, and the clause which they so

distinguish explains the trap into which the trans-Potomac expert on Southern idioms so regularly falls. Let's say our expert, while rambling through Dixie in connection with sociology or oil wells, stops for a chat with Mr. Samuel Scruggs, cracker or red-neck, and that they are joined by Mr. William Daggett, of the same ilk. Says Mr. Scruggs to Mr. Daggett: "Did you-all go to preachin' at Catfish Bend Sunday?" to which Mr. Daggett replies: "No. Did you-all?" Now, each of these estimable citizens knows that the other, in interrogating him with regard to *you-all*, meant not only himself, but the old woman and the half-dozen towheads, and maybe a niece or an aunt or two—in short, the entire ménage of the party addressed; but the supercilious gent from Poughkeepsie or Indynopylus makes a mental note of the fact that Mr. Scruggs addressed Mr. Daggett, *solus*, as *you-all*, and that Mr. Daggett responded in kind.

I ask, what other form of speech could two civilized persons use to express the meaning sought to be conveyed in the imaginary conversation quoted above? "You folks", perhaps? Well, our Y secretaries and our Babbittry generally say that, but that portion of us who respect our native tongue stand by Noah Webster and *you-all*.

Shreveport, La.

W. E. NESOM

CALL TO THE RECREANT

MISS MARY W. MARTIN's call for more contributions from some of the early contributors to THE AMERICAN MERCURY finds an echo in the present subscriber's breast. But if I had the list to make out I'd add Harvey Fergusson, Robert L. Duffus, Winifred Sanford (what capital short stories she used to write!), and Nels Anderson.

St. Louis

CHARLES K. HAINES

QUERIES

39. THE DEBT BURDEN.—Has anyone ever figured out the total debt of the American people? What I mean is the total of the Federal, State and municipal debts, the burden of mortgages on real estate, the sum of bonds outstanding, and a guess at the amount of money owed on open account and to pawnbrokers. I suspect that this total runs to a truly fabulous amount, but I have never seen any serious estimate of it. If any of the readers of THE AMERICAN MERCURY knows of such an estimate I'll be delighted to hear of it.
Memphis, Tenn.

GEORGE D. MEAD

40. THE DEEP END.—What is meant by the expression, *going off the deep end*?
Alhambra, Calif.

A. E. JORGENSEN

REPLIES

1. THE MORON.—Mr. Louis Herrman is right. I was the reviewer who printed "See the Happy Moron" in the *Journal of Heredity*. But a yen for accuracy forces me to remind him that I cribbed it, as witness the quotation marks in which it was enclosed. Whence I lifted the stanza I cannot for the life of me recall, but I believe it was from a British publication, in which case its use by Mr. Herrman *via* America in the London *New Statesman & Nation* is a delightful example of that phenomenon called by geneticists crossing over. It ran as follows:

See the happy moron,
He doesn't give a damn.
I wish I were a moron;
My God, perhaps I am!

I wish I could claim the honor of having more than clipped such noble sentiments so effectively expressed. The Amalgamated Order of Morons (there ought to be one, if there isn't) should take action on the disrepute into which the word is falling in Chicago.

Washington

ROBERT COOK

Editor of the *Journal of Heredity*

12. LIFE OF THE VIRGIN MARY.—In reply to the inquiry of G. L. P., New Orleans, concerning a Life of the Virgin Mary, I recommend "Mary of Jerusalem" by Jean Ra-

vennes, translated by Katherine A. Hennessy and published last October by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.
Albany, N. Y.

J. A. HARDY

20. MR. WILKINSON.—While reading the January issue of your ever interesting magazine at the American Library in Paris this afternoon I noticed a query put by Mr. Fergus Hamilton of Winnipeg as to the name of author, and poem containing the line,

A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman.

I would refer Mr. Hamilton to a well-known study of Edward FitzGerald, by A. C. Benson, in the English Men of Letters series, published by Macmillan in 1905, page 62:

In December another of the FitzGerald family circle died, his sister, Mrs. de Soyres, leaving only Edward and Mrs. Wilkinson. Long years before he had told Tennyson of her engagement, saying that his sister was about to marry "a Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman." Tennyson had seized upon the fact that the words made a line of blank verse, and aptly illustrated Wordsworth's weakest manner. He and FitzGerald used laughingly to dispute the ownership of the line.

Other references to this episode will be found in the life of FitzGerald by Aldis Wright. Thus, Mr. Hamilton will see that the line in question never had any other context than the foregoing. I think I am quite correct in attributing the line to Tennyson rather than to E. F. G.

Paris

MADELEINE DE SOYRES

P.S. I am a grand-niece of FitzGerald.

23. DID BACH HAVE JEWISH BLOOD?—I am at present in Leipzig, and reading this question I called at the office of the Thomaskirche, the church in which Bach was organist 200 years ago. The people in the office there had a hearty laugh over my question, called the assertion that Bach's ancestors were of Jewish descent ridiculous, and referred me to the director of the Stadtische Museum in the Alte Rathaus. That gentleman found that a baker Bach left his home near Gotha in Thuringia in the year 1520 and moved to Hungary on account of religious trouble (it was the time of the Reformation), but returned later on to his native country and be-

came the ancestor of the famous cantor Bach. There is not the slightest indication that Bach had Jewish blood.

Leipzig

WM. EICHLER

24. NOVELS ABOUT SUFFRAGETTES.—"Fanny's First Play," by Bernard Shaw, 1911, is probably worth all the novels (if any) on this subject. He calls it "a pot-boiler," like his "Devil's Disciple," but it is not unlikely that these two pot-boilers of his will outlive the plays that cost him much more time and thought.

*La Palmeraie,
 Hyères, France*

A. J. MAAS

25. THE ORIGIN OF TOOTHPICKS.—In "The Satyricon", attributed to Titus Petronius Arbitor (circa 65 A.D.), is the following:

Ut deinde pinna argentea dentes perfodit . . .

which is translated "As he picked his teeth with a silver quill." It would seem that the little gold-mounted quills which dignified gentlemen of a few generations ago carried in cases in their vest-pockets had rather an ancient counterpart.

Baltimore

FRANCIS E. OLD, JR.

32. THE FIRST 100% AMERICAN.—Peregrine White was the child born on the *Mayflower*. For some of her descendants see the United States Catholic Historical Society's Records and Studies, New York, Vol. XV, page 85.

East St. Louis, Ill.

ROBERT HYNES

33. CAMBRONNE.—Count Pierre Jacques Etienne Cambronne (1770-1842), a general of Napoleon, was in command of a division of the Old Guard at the battle of Waterloo (June 18, 1815), and was captured by General Hugh Halkett. Surrounded by the enemy forces and called upon to surrender he is said to have replied: "La Garde meurt et ne se rend pas!" The phrase was not uttered by Cambronne and cannot be traced farther than Charlet's motto for his lithograph, "Grenadier de Waterloo" (1817). The *mot de Cambronne* which, according to reliable evidence, the general really did utter on that historical occasion was more emphatic, though less refined: "Merdel!"

*The Loomis School
 Windsor, Conn.*

PAUL H. PFEIFFER

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Oxford in Two Volumes

THE SHORTER OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY ON HISTORICAL PRINCIPLES. Edited by William Little, H. W. Fowler, J. Coulson & C. T. Onions. \$18. 7¾ x 10½; 2 vols.; 2475 pp. New York: *The Oxford University Press*.

THE New English Dictionary (NED), now usually called the Oxford (OED), is the emperor of all dictionaries, past or present. Work upon it was begun in 1878, and A and B came out ten years later, but it was not until 1928, an even fifty years after the beginning, that the last of the ten huge volumes was issued. The early volumes, of course, have become a bit out of date—in Volume I, for example, æroplane is defined as “a plane placed in the air for ærostatical experiment”—, but on the whole they stand up magnificently, and for the period before 1800 the work will probably never be replaced. The subtitle reveals its plan. Not only is every word carefully defined and its etymology given, but in addition there is a series of dated quotations showing its use and meaning back to the earliest ages. These quotations were gathered by a large corps of volunteers, who turned in millions. The labor of editing, first undertaken by Sir James A. H. Murray, was carried on after his death by other philologists of the first eminence, and it is unlikely that, in the whole history of the world, there has ever been a learned work of comparable bulk which showed so few errors.

Unluckily, the OED is so large, so expensive and so hard to handle that relatively few persons care to lay it in. I own

a set myself and use it pretty often, but I must confess that it is something of a nuisance, for it takes up a lot of space in my workroom, and I have had to have a special set of shelves made to hold it, for the volumes are too heavy to stand up in the usual manner, but must be laid flat. Moreover, opening any of them is somewhat hazardous to one's time, for many words are discussed at great length and in a very fascinating manner, so that the temptation to settle down for half an hour's reading is extreme. It would be, indeed, irresistible if the volumes were not so unwieldy. I usually read until my arms give out, which takes about half an hour, and then stagger back to the shelves damning Sir James and his colleagues for doing their work so well.

Long before the last volume came out there was a demand for a one-volume summary, in handy compass, of the OED's definitions and etymologies, and that demand was met in 1911 by the Concise Oxford Dictionary, edited by H. W. and F. G. Fowler. This little work, with its 1444 small pages, is now very widely distributed, and there is an American edition of it giving American spellings and listing many Americanisms. But it lacks the principal feature of the OED, which is its enormous wealth of illustrative quotations. To meet that deficiency, at any rate as well as it may be done in two volumes, the Shorter Oxford is now issued. It runs to 2475 large pages and weighs nearly fourteen pounds, but compared to the OED it seems a mere pamphlet. The extent of the boiling down may be gauged by the fact

that the word *that*, which takes up thirteen and a half columns in the OED, is given but two and a half in the Shorter OED.

Preparations for the abridgment were launched so long ago as 1879, nine years before the first volume of the OED was printed, but it was not until 1903 that the herculean labor was actually begun. It was put in charge of William Little, a fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and he went on single-handed until his death in 1922. By that time he had completed the whole alphabet down to V, with a few gaps here and there, and passed about a third of the MS. for the printer. After that the work was taken over by other scholars, including several learned ladies, and they gave most of their time for ten years to finishing it. The result is a reference book of the highest value. The almost endless quotations of the OED, of course, have had to be greatly reduced in number, and in many cases they survive only as dates, but enough of them are left to give the work the genuine flavor of its mighty original, and in the difficult business of abbreviating the definitions and etymologies an admirable judgment has been exercised. How many words are in the Shorter OED I do not know, though it is probable that the number is somewhat less than in the OED. But none of any interest whatever seems to have been omitted, and on one page, opened at random, I find such rarities as *ablegate*, *ablend*, *ablepsy*, *ablesse*, *ablet*, *ablings*, *ablude*, *abodement*, *aboding*, *abolla*, *aboma*, *abomasum*, *abomine*, *aboral*, *abord* and *aborsive*.

The Shorter OED also contains many words that are not in the OED, *e.g.*, *airplane*, *chassis*, *radio*, *picture-hat*, *to strafe*, *trench-feet*, *talkie* and *ouija*. Its weakness, if it may be said to have a weakness, is in the American department. I look in vain

for *home-run*, *bootlegger*, *booster* (in the American sense), *bartender*, *rubber-neck*, *ticket-office*, *baggage-car*, *chair-car*, *lumber-yard* or *Comstock*. *Prohibition*, *cowboy*, *Pullman*, *sauer-kraut* and *pretzel* are there, but not *gangster* or *hijacker*. *Kodak* is there but not *coca-cola*. *Racketeer* is sadly missing, and so is *bloc*. Here, however, it is not well to push the Shorter OED too hard. It is essentially a dictionary of English, not of American, and it cannot hope to enter into competition with Webster on Webster's own ground. But in its own field it is unsurpassed. No other dictionary, seeking to set forth the history as well as the meaning of English words, has ever done the job so well. It is quite indispensable to everyone with a serious interest in the language.

A Hollywood Martyr

UPTON SINCLAIR PRESENTS WILLIAM FOX. \$3. 5½ x 8½; 377 pp. Los Angeles: *Published by the Author*.

MR. SINCLAIR is one of those unfortunate publicists who are always backing the wrong horse. Let him set out to prove that a Dr. Albert Abrams is a pathologist superior to Virchow, and at once even the *Los Angeles Times* begins to suspect that Abrams is a quack. Let him spit on his hands and do a powerful tract for Prohibition, and almost before it is off the press the country rings with the exultant whoop of triumphant wets. He is a sort of one-man Oxford, forever cherishing dubious causes, incredible beliefs, suspicious names, and preposterous loyalties. Now he prints a fat tome in defence and celebration of William Fox, the movie magnate, who was lately given the third degree by the hellhounds of Wall Street. It is a superb piece of special pleading, and I have read every word of it with close

attention, but I can only report at the end that it leaves me very doubtful about Fox, and full of a fear that the hellhounds will presently take another hack at him, and probably leave nothing of him next time save Sinclair's encomium and a couple of square inches of his own bald head.

The very evidence for the defence, in fact, bears upon the poor fellow harshly. He was one of the first East Siders to horn into the movie game, and he made a great deal of easy money concocting such maudlin films as "Thou Shalt Not Steal", "My Mamie Rose" and "A Fool There Was". To protect himself against other art-fosterers who sought to sweat him he organized his own distributing company and began to pick up movie parlors, and in the course of time he was sitting, as the phrase goes, very pretty, with his studios vomiting forth miles of fillum every week and his parlors showing them to the enraptured booboisie. Thus he got it coming and going, and had an income of more than a million a year.

Most men, even most movie men, would have been satisfied with this gaudy success, but not Fox, *geb.* Fuchs. Every time he saw a parlor that did not belong to him he began to itch, and every time he thought of a rival producer he began to pant. So all the money he could scrape up went into extensions, and when it ran short he issued stocks and bonds on his companies, and unloaded them on a willing public. To do this, of course, he had to seek the aid of the bunco-steerers who used to be known as investment bankers, and naturally enough they demanded a rich share of the loot. So far as the record shows, he made no objection to letting them in; on the contrary, he was always approaching them with fresh propositions, of a steadily more grandiose character. But when, after he had hatched a scheme to

swallow two other large movie companies at one gulp, one in America and one in England, they began to have qualms, and he was forced to get money elsewhere—then, by some sudden intuition, he came to the conclusion that they were scoundrels, and began to keep notes for the book which Mr. Sinclair has now published.

Here I am reminded of a colloquy I once had with the late Wilton Lackaye. I met him in a speakeasy in Forty-fourth street, and to make conversation asked him what had become of his old buddy, Arnold Daly, who had once held a regular pew in the same place.

"Oh, Arnold!" said Lackaye. "Arnold, poor fellow, has fled the country. Once more the wolves have chased him out. He has gone to Paris."

"Wolves?" I said. "What do you mean by wolves?"

"I employ the word," replied Lackaye, "in Arnold's own sense. By a wolf he means anyone who has lent him money and wants it back."

In Fox's case, alas, the wolves really had teeth. What is more, they were suffering from that yen for the movies which afflicted all the fauna of Wall Street just before the Depression. Why let Fox keep his companies, and go on making his million or two a year? Why not grab them away from him, and so advance a step nearer the lovely movie gals? The brethren had him, in fact, on a very hot spot, for he was not only unable to meet his loans, but actually needed more money. Worse, the Department of Justice was showing an unhealthy curiosity about his latest and grandest scheme, and the only lawyers who could save him were already working for the wolves. So they closed in on him and would have taken him easily if he had been an ordinary movie magnate.

But he had long fangs himself, and when the battle was over he staggered off the field with \$15,000,000 in cash and a contract for a salary of \$500,000 a year for five years, and the poor wolves had nothing save a group of sick movie companies, a summons from the Department of Justice, and the prospect of some very uncomfortable patent suits.

Mr. Sinclair, it seems to me, rather damages his story by taking the Fox's side and by showing so much moral indignation. All of the gentlemen on the other side, including even so lofty a character as Mr. Chief Justice Hughes, are depicted as villains in plug hats and gun-metal mustaches. One almost expects them, at the end, to succumb to their consciences, break down into sobs, and hand the Fox another \$15,000,000. If they had done so, "Upton Sinclair Presents William Fox" would have made a swell pitcher in the best Fuchsian manner. But they are still holding out as the curtain falls, and the hero of the drama is consoling himself with dreams of putting moral movies into every school and Sunday-school in the land, to the glory of God and country.

But though Sinclair does not tell the story impartially, I must add that he tells it very well. It was no light task to get order and plausibility into the Fox's vast mass of documents, and his almost endless reminiscences. The result, if it is nothing else, is at least a capital job of reporting.

Pongo Americanus

LOSE WITH A SMILE, by Ring W. Lardner. \$1.50. 5½ x 7¾; 174 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Writing in this place in July, 1924, I permitted myself to predict that it would be a long while before the professors of literature would become aware of Ring Lardner

—indeed, I ventured to say that they would probably not discover him and begin to titter over him until years after he had got to the electric chair. That prophecy has now gathered a considerable age, as such things go, and is become mellow and even mossy. Lardner goes on publishing his incomparable studies of the low-down American, and the professors continue to look straight through him, just as they looked through Mark Twain in 1900 and Walt Whitman in 1875. A few critics outside the academic breastworks, notably Clifton Fadiman, have begun to write about him appreciatively, but not, so far as I know, a single debaucher of youth. He remains, by the classroom standard, a mere popular entertainer, clowning for the club-car and the locker-room in the *Saturday Evening Post*. But he is really very much more than that, and in some remote age, no doubt, a pedagogue rooting in the past will unearth him and be enchanted by him, as William Lyon Phelps unearthed and was enchanted by Mark Twain.

What are the hallmarks of a competent writer of fiction? By what attributes do we estimate and esteem him? The first, it seems to me, is that he should be immensely interested in human beings, and have an eye sharp enough to see into them, and a hand clever enough to draw them as they are. The second is that he should be able to set them in imaginary situations which display the contents of their psyches effectively, and so carry his reader swiftly and pleasantly from point to point of what is called a good story. And the third is that he should say something about the people he deals with, either explicitly or implicitly, that is apposite and revelatory—in brief, that he should play upon them with the hose of a plausible and sufficiently novel and amusing metaphysic. All of these kinds of skill you will

find in every really first-rate novelist. They are what make him what he is.

In Lardner, it seems to me, they are all conspicuous. No writer in our history has ever done livelier or more life-like portraits of the nether American. There can never be any doubt in a rational mind that his people are real. There is, indeed, an overwhelming reality in every detail of their clumsy and brutal behavior, in every tremor of their shabby souls, even in every grunt of their half-simian speech. Observing these dismal pugs, song writers, movie wenches, radio crooners and baseball players as they shuffle across the stage, it is quite impossible to doubt them. Never for an instant do they do or say anything that is out of character. Nor is there ever anything improbable in the tricks that fate plays upon them. If accurate character-drawing and adept plot-making were the whole of imaginative writing, then it would be difficult to think of even a pedagogue denying Lardner's high place in the trade.

What makes him suspect, of course, is the nature of his philosophy. He offends by denying the doctrine that the purpose of literature is to spread sweetness and light. He seems to be wholly innocent of any aim to make the world a better place to live in, whether for pedagogues or for the rest of us. What interests him is not human aspiration, but only human frailty, and his taste inclines him to examine it in some of its most sordid and discomforting forms. There is not the slightest reason for saying that he actually admires his wretched cowards and scoundrels; on the contrary, it must be plain that his contempt for them amounts almost to detestation. But certainly they interest him enormously—certainly he is far more interested in

them than he is in more seemly folk. So he is damned for not keeping better company, and under cover of that virtuous damnation his extraordinary skill is overlooked.

Sinclair Lewis, after "Elmer Gantry", suffered from the same stupidity. He had shocked American prudery by showing that a man of God could be also a rogue, and he was belabored for it violently and dishonestly. Indeed, until the Nobel Prize forced a certain respectability upon him and the sentimentality of "Ann Vickers" proved that his heart, after all, was in the right place, there was a general tendency to dismiss him as one who had degraded the inspiring art of fiction to the uses of atheistic propaganda. Lardner, unsuccored by the Swedes and sticking to his guns, is not likely to enjoy any such moral rehabilitation. He will be avoided by the champions of literary delicacy until he is no longer a menace to idealism, and then they will try to convert him into something that he is not, as they have long since converted Swift, Smollett and Sterne. But meanwhile he bangs on in his own way, choosing his own marks and his own weapon. He writes little, but most of that little, within its limits, is perfect.

There are no heroes in "Lose With a Smile". The baseball player who is its principal figure is a mephitic shape, and his girl is scarcely better. They are far too elemental to come within the orbit of Freudism. In their psychology there is no maze of complexes; they are simply souls whose only hope and aspiration is to scratch along. Nor does Lardner try to read anything into them that is not there. He takes them as they are, and lets them tell their own story. It is vastly amusing, but there is a great deal more in it than a series of laughs.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

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